

UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY



109 752

UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY

-

Historical Carvings in Leather

-



The Author and his daughter

DR. WILLIAM ALLEN MADDOX

Historical Carvings in Leather



A Lost Art Reclaimed

1940

THE NAYLOR COMPANY

PUBLISHERS

.

.

.

.

.

SAN ANTONIO

Copyright 1940 by
DR. WM. ALLEN MADDOX

All rights reserved. Reproduction of
this book in whole or in part, is
strictly prohibited without written
permission of the author.

Dedicated to my Mother and Father

ELIZABETH MADDOX

SAMUEL W. MADDOX

of Cooke County, Texas, who have passed their allotted three score and ten and are now approaching their Golden Wedding Day, and The Old Pioneers of the Great Southwest who suffered untold hardships in a new country in order that we of this generation might have a more abundant life, all of which has inspired me to write this book and create the carvings on Leather which depict the Great Southwest.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Introduction	ix
HISTORY OF FINE LEATHER, ITS ROMANCE AND IMPORTANCE TO MANKIND	1
A BRIEF HISTORY OF HISTORICAL CARVINGS	40
THE ART OF CARVING	70
THE WILD STALLION OR HORSES IN GENERAL INCLUDING THE COW-HORSE	117
CATTLEMEN AND COWBOYS OF THE GREAT SOUTHWEST	149
THE AMERICAN INDIAN AND THE BUFFALO	197
THE PIONEER OR COVERED WAGON DAYS	251
THE OVERLAND STAGE	316

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

THE AUTHOR AND HIS DAUGHTER	Frontispiece
	Facing page
WILL ROGERS	1
ROBERT E. LEE	33
THE STAGECOACH	65
THE PIONEER	97
A BUFFALO HUNT OF 1836	129
THE ROUND-UP	161
THE COMBAT	193
THE WILD STALLION ON GUARD	225
THE LAST SUPPER	257
OUR SAVIOR	289
TRANSPORT OF 1936	305

INTRODUCTION

I was born in Whitewright, Texas, Grayson County, on January 30, 1893. I was the oldest child of a family consisting of three girls and three boys. My mother's maiden name was Elizabeth Allen, and her father was an old Confederate soldier who fought under Albert Sidney Johnston in Tennessee, was captured at old Fort Hudson on the Mississippi River, below Vicksburg, and spent almost a year in prison. He lived to a ripe old age.

Grandpa Maddox was born in Tennessee, and his parents came from southern Virginia or North Carolina. Every Maddox I have ever talked with can trace his ancestry back to an old Scotchman who settled on the line of North Carolina and Virginia. He had twelve sons.

Mother and Father came to Texas from northern Arkansas in a covered wagon in the year 1892. They settled on a farm near Whitewright, Texas. They later moved back to Arkansas for a few years, but got the Texas fever again, and Dad traded one hundred acres of fine pine timber and a saw mill for a wagon and four mules to move back to Texas again. Grandpa Allen was a blacksmith and a wagon-maker, and I can remember that he and Father made the wagon that we moved in. I also remember incidents on the trip moving back to

Texas such as bogging down in eastern Oklahoma and having to be pulled out, and Mother worrying about the Indians and bad men. She was afraid they would steal our means of transportation in the dark hours of the night.

I grew up in an atmosphere of frontier life, surrounded by cattle and horses; in fact I can't remember being afraid of a horse. I was with them almost constantly from my earliest recollection up to the time I entered dental college in Dallas, Texas, in the fall of 1913.

Dad drew a claim in Caddo County, Oklahoma in 1900, and we moved to this new country in a covered wagon. This land had just been taken away from the cowmen by the U. S. Government, though cattlemen had held it by lease or free range and it was being cut up and drawn for by each individual, after the Indian Commissioner had let each one of the remaining Indians select for himself and each member of his family a tract of land containing 160 acres. What was left was drawn for by the white settlers. Father ran a store and we had many Indian customers. We lived here for eight years and then moved to a small town on the Rock Island Railroad in the southern part of Wheeler County, west of Shamrock, Texas. Father ran a livery stable and I was one of his drivers; driving cattlemen, land buyers and other travelers over the many counties of that vast cattle domain. My conveyance was a Spaldin hack or buggy, a great improvement over the old stagecoach.

During dull times I worked on different ranches in that territory. Some that I remember are the old Rockingchair, the Flying U, and the Y O U. I attended a round-up at one time on the old R O ranch, an empire of 250 sections of land owned by an Englishman named Rowe. He was drowned when the Titanic sank in mid-ocean in 1912.

On the Y O U, which was owned by a man named Johnson from Dallas, Texas, I was general flunky or roustabout. My nickname was Boss. The cowboy is an expert at giving all people nicknames; and what a bunch of old, hardened cow-punchers can't think of, when a boy is around to flunky for them, has already been scratched out of the book; but later in life I had the pleasure of placing several of these characters into one of my carvings of the great cattle industry—*The Round-Up*. However, art at that time was about as far removed from my mind as anything imaginable. A full-fledged cowboy would have ranked just as high as an artist, perhaps higher.

I have played with other boys among the old ruins of Fort Elliott, Mobeetie, the old county seat of Wheeler County, Texas, and at that time almost all of the adobe walls were standing (of course we had to push some of them over), and I imagine each coming generation of young America has had to do likewise, until they have all almost sunk back into the earth from whence they came. I may add that at

that time no one thought about the old fort enough to remind us we should not do this.

Some time in the year of 1910, we moved back to Grayson County, Texas. I attended school at Tioga and Era, the latter being the town where Mother and Father now live. Both are sound in body to this good day.

I completed my dental course in 1916, and practiced about a year before we entered the World War. I was married March 24, 1917, about three weeks before the United States declared war "to make the world safe for democracy." One daughter was born to this union. She is now sixteen and is living in Dallas, Texas. I served until the close of the war as a First Lieutenant, 64th Infantry, 7th Division. I was honorably discharged December 2, 1918, and resumed my practice in Gainesville, Texas, in the same year. I practiced there for several years.

Later I acquired property in Lubbock, Texas and moved there in the summer of 1929. I started building houses just in time to get caught in the slump of that year. I had plenty of time on my hands. I imagine my patients were in financial stress like I was. It took every dollar one could make to pay taxes and interest on what one owed, and to hold on to his property. Most professional men were forced to barter for the necessities like our forefathers had done. I remember Dad telling about the time he had owned a sawmill.

When I was a small boy money was very scarce, and people brought Dad corn to be ground on the halves, pork to be traded for timber, and logs to be sawed into lumber on the shares. I was like the two frogs that fell into a churn and started to discuss their predicament. One thought their case was hopeless and turned over and drowned. The other one was not ready to give up and he just kept kicking and trying to keep his head above the milk so that he would not drown. Before long he had churned the milk into a large chunk of butter and had crawled onto this and was waiting for developments.

Well, I am of a nervous temperament and have to do something to keep my mind employed, and nothing seems to do this so well as artistic, painstaking work with my hands. About this time when work was not too plentiful, my chest started slipping down and my waist-line started to increase, and I knew I was too young for that. I also knew that the average cowboy is not bothered in that respect, and that it had been over fifteen years since I had ridden a horse much. I had no saddle that I liked, so I made an exchange with one of the leading saddle makers in Lubbock. Several of his employees needed some dental work and he could take it out of their wages over a period of time, provided I would let the saddle man, A. L. Bettles, make the saddle on holidays and after work hours. This was agreed to and

I watched him do all the raised stamp work which had a peculiar fascination for me.

When the saddle was finished, I told Bettes that I believed I could do that work, and he said he thought so too, because I was a good dentist. He asked me why I did not make a carved handbag for myself. When I told him that I would not know how to put it together, he stated that he would show me.

In due time the bag was completed and I had so many compliments on this piece of work that I made several more, drawing some small sketches of horses, steer heads, deer, and various other kinds of animals. I was informed by old saddle men that my work was as good as that of men who had spent a lifetime in this business.

From this work I got the idea that if I could carve animals on a small scale, I could carve them on a large scale. My first piece was two large bull elks locked in a death combat. They were carved on a mural about three by four feet. This was followed by *The Covered Wagon*, *The Round-Up*, *The Buffalo Hunt*, and *The Stagecoach*.

Then I began to give some thought to the possibility of bringing out the personality of a man or human being. The first effort was a small bust carving of the Christ; the next was a small bust carving of Will Rogers. About this time the beloved humorist was killed in an airplane crash in Alaska, and I immediately started a design of him in a life-size carving.

Some eighteen hundred hours were spent in the completion of this piece of work.

A new hobby now was born, for up to this time no one has ever attempted to reproduce art on leather on a large scale; to bring out the personality in such a way that the subject is recognized at once. I should like to say that outside of the first instruction of the saddle maker, I have been my own teacher. I never had a moment of instruction in art in my life from any school or art teacher. I draw an animal or human being as near perfect as it is possible for me to do. It is not easy for me to draw; I keep drawing and redrawing my subjects until it suits me. I never drew an object until I was around thirty-seven years old; however, I have always had a feeling that I could draw almost anything if I wanted to. But I never seemed to have the time to get around to it.

During the depression years between 1929 and 1932 I found that my time was not very valuable, and so I started the work of carving. I enjoyed this hobby so much that I have continued it up to the present time.

I find it so interesting that I wish others to know about it. This is why I am putting my work into written form—I hope others may learn to enjoy the art of leather carving as I have, and also to appreciate the folklore of the Great Southwest.



WILL ROGERS

This noble character was one of the most universally loved men of the age, and his untimely death was mourned by the entire world. His wisecracks and philosophy of life have never been surpassed. His sense of humor and his love for all humanity should be a shrine built in the hearts of the American people to ever strive for. Dr. Wm. Allen Maddox spent 1800 hours in designing and carving this piece of art out of one solid piece of leather three by seven feet, a life-size portrait that has been valued by experts at from \$25,000 upward. The epitaph at the bottom of the carving reads: Will Rogers, AMERICA'S FOREMOST PHILOSOPHER. Presidents, Kings, Potentates, Actors, Stagehands, Cowboys, Laborers, Senators, and Congressmen, were his friends, but none escaped his sharp wit. Loved and admired by all classes yet he never lost the common touch. All humanity looked the same to "OUR WILL." He

HISTORY OF FINE LEATHER, ITS ROMANCE AND IMPORTANCE TO MANKIND

Fine Leather—There is no commodity more useful to mankind than leather. Throughout the ages and history of man as far back as we have any knowledge or records, he has made use of the skins and hides of animals for almost every conceivable purpose. Some of the most important dates in the history of mankind will never be known; such as, when did people first use fire? when was salt first used? or when did cooking first start? I remember reading a story in school of a boy who had a pet pig. Their grass hut got on fire and burned down, and the pig was shut up in the hut. The boy rushed up as the fire was dying down and grabbed hold of the pig to drag him out of the fire. Of course some of the cooked or burned meat stuck to his hands. We all know that if we burn our fingers, we instinctively put them in our mouths. The meat tasted good and there you have the explanation of one answer which sounds logical, to say the least. No one knows the true answers, nor does anyone know exactly when mankind first began to make leather

which undoubtedly is one of the most important items of use in prehistoric civilizations. Shoes and clothing of today seem commonplace; we take them as a matter of course, and have had no experiences of life without them. But, no doubt, there was a day when prehistoric man returned from a hunting trip with his feet sore and bleeding from sharp rocks, briars, thorns, or hot desert sands. He waked up lame and had to use his reasoning faculties to do something about it. He probably wrapped the skin of some animal around his sore extremities. Perhaps he found such comfort that the joy of his discovery was quickly communicated to his fellow hunters. Hence came the first inventor, maybe, or the faculties for reasoning out a problem, and necessity became the mother of invention, one of the first laws of nature.

Perhaps with the protection and comfort of this device, men could wander farther away from their caves and places of abode in search of food and need no longer go hungry as often as in the past. They could hunt more easily over a range or territory, wandering farther from home and moving about more quickly to avoid the dangers that beset them on every hand, for the skins eliminated the necessity of picking paths as cautiously as before, over sharp stones or thorny ways—all of which gave him a greater advantage over his enemies both animal and human. It has been wisely stated that civilization has advanced on foot; that the well-shod races have ever been the victors over the unshod. This is easy to believe.

But many centuries of leather making into sandals, shoes, and clothing passed before the days of written records. We know that the ancients used leather for many purposes before the dawn of history. The wandering tribes made tents for their homes; they used it for beds, carpets, armor, and shields in the days of the bow and arrow. They later made harness and saddles. No one knows positively when they learned that "leather breathes" and that water keeps fresh and cool in a leather bag, a discovery second only in importance to the invention of sandals and shoes. For, after this, tribes could move farther away from the locality of a spring or river bank; they could take a supply of water with them. Through many parts of Asia and Africa water is kept this way today. Water bags are made of leather as of old, so are the "wine skins" or leather flagons of the desert people, just as they were in the Old Testament times and even earlier.

This breathing quality of leather is very valuable to civilized man of today, for it allows a gradual evaporation of moisture, an important reason for its use in the shoe industry or in making other articles of clothing. This breathing quality of leather or skins, the power to pass or absorb moisture, is also essential to the animal in life as well as to the human being; for our bodies are also covered by skin which is as tough as most animals. We have only two means of eliminating poison from our bodies. The same applies to animals. One is by way of the kidneys and the other is in the perspiration which passes through the skin. If a horse

stops sweating when you are working him hard, you should do something for him immediately, for if you don't, you will soon be in the market for another horse. This same breathing or porous quality of the skin can be used when rubbing liniments or various things into the skin to soften and beautify it. Some of these are now highly commercialized by industry. In medicine and cosmetics this process is called "inunction." And to illustrate how quickly the skin will absorb liquids, Houdini, the world's famous magician, made a wager that he could escape from a straight jacket in a large vat of whiskey in a few minutes. He made his escape using more time than usual. He later said this was one of the narrowest escapes he ever had, for his body absorbed the liquor until he became so drunk he could hardly force his muscles to perform the task, and came near to drowning in the vat.

Ancient people found leather valuable for making bowstrings and shields for warfare. Strips of it were used in fastening arrowheads to the shafts and in making various implements and weapons, or ornaments. At a somewhat later date they probably made canoes of leather and crude drums used in calling the tribes together and maybe used these drums also as a means of communication for primitive ceremonial music. When America was discovered, our own American Indians had drums, to beat in their ceremonial dances, which were covered with leather or rawhide. Central jungle tribes of Africa and South America are known to have very complicated drum tap codes of com-

munication which are sent forth from village to village as a warning of danger or to announce the coming of a traveler. These codes travel with incredible speed like the grapevine system in our prisons. This leather or rawhide telegraphy probably extends back far beyond our written history. It may have been used by most of the primitive races from which modern man is descended. The first authentic records we have of any civilized state of existence goes back to the building of the pyramids in Egypt nearly five thousand years ago. From the carved tablets which the Egyptians used then, we have learned much about the history of leather. When King Tut's tomb was unearthed in this century, leather was found in a good state of preservation. Articles of leather such as sandals have been unearthed in the tombs of the ancients more than thirty-three centuries old and found to be in a perfect state of preservation. Some well preserved articles of leather now repose in the Metropolitan Museum of Ancient Art. In Genesis 3:21 we read: "Unto Adam and also unto his wife did the Lord God makes coats of skins, and clothed them." In all probability leather for many centuries was the material most used for clothing. Earliest records of human history reveal that leather was richly prized; it was even classed along with gold and silver and precious gems. It was given to kings and gods as tribute (or modern taxation). The ancient Arabs used leather extensively and their recipe for making it has come down to us through the ages. It is as follows:

"The skins are first put into flour and salt for three days and are cleaned of all fats and impurities of the inside. The stalks of the Chulga plant being pounded between large stones are then put into the water and applied to the inner side of the skin for one day. The hair having fallen off, the skin is left for two or three days and the process is completed."

The Arabs, as one might imagine, were famous artisans in saddlery work. The Hebrews are said to have been the first to discover the value of oak-bark tanning, and this method was considered as good as the best that had been discovered until the introduction of modern tanning methods in America. Another ancient method was the "shamoying process" which is described in Homer's *Iliad* in about 1200 B. C. In this process the pores of the hide are opened by repeated washing, with oil being forced into the pores by beating and rubbing while the hide is placed on a frame or stretched out. The soft leather called *shammy* or *chamois* is the result of this process. Much of the leather clothing used by the ancient world was made from this *chamois* leather.

Many books of the Bible were written in Hebrew on leather. So the Lord in his wisdom knew long before man that leather was an everlasting commodity. I have had enough experience with leather to make the statement that I believe leather will last indefinitely provided it is oiled regularly with Neat's foot oil or white vaseline, either one of which replaces the animal fat that the hide or

skin originally had when on the living animal. You can smear white vaseline on russet leather and the leather will take it all in within a few days. This process, if repeated at regular intervals, will give the leather the oil or fat it originally had when on the living animal. The writer has a piece of leather in his possession that is out of a shipload of leather that was started to France in 1917 and was sunk by a German submarine. The boat was salvaged in 1934, seventeen years later. Salvaging gold or precious stones would sound romantic, but salvaging a lot of water-soaked bundles of tanned hides does not. But I have never read of any salvaging operations with a more interesting touch than the one that follows.

On the second day of December, 1917, the Spanish steamer, *S. S. Noviembre*, bound for France with an American cargo, was torpedoed off the French coast. This cargo consisted of copper and one hundred and fifty tons of shoe leather for the French soldiers. Time passed and left the boat, its copper and shoe leather lying on the bottom of the sea. Seventeen years later a salvage job started. The salvaged vessel was a sister ship of the famous *Artiglio* so prominent in the romance of diving for treasure. The salvagers were going after the copper; but when the divers got into the long foundered hull, they found, as usual, that the heavy cargo was at the bottom of the boat and the lighter cargo on the top. This lighter part was the leather. So to get to the copper, they had to haul out bale after bale of leather, slimy

with the ooze of the sea. As this stuff was hoisted from the salvaged ship, it was received with disgust, and bale after bale was tossed over the sides again. One bale, however, was brought to shore for identification purposes, and that is where the sunken leather ran into the renowned French quality called "thrif." A French dock hand got hold of the side of the rescued leather since he wanted to see if it was still useful. It was, for he half-soled his shoes with it and found it good. When this news got around, the crew stopped tossing the leather overboard and it was hauled up out of the foundered hulk and taken ashore and turned over to a chemist who was an expert on leather. He proceeded to investigate. After a long study, it was found that most of the leather was still perfectly good. To make the saga complete, an American leather company, which shipped the original consignment, bought back from the salvage company a quantity of its own product which is in New York City on exhibition. The piece of leather I have was sent to me in recognition of my work with leather.

The foregoing story furnished undeniable proof of the durability and quality of good American tanned leathers. A test of this nature had never been made before or even thought of by leather experts or chemists; and it is doubtful if this test can or ever will be duplicated. It would seem that the decomposition of metallic salts from the erosion of the hull during this seventeen years of submersion would have rendered this or any other leather absolutely worthless. I don't see how leather could be

put to any more severe test than submersion for seventeen years in the sea.

From the *Talmud* we have learned that Jewish tanners of Babylon were not allowed to put hides into their vats on Fridays, as this would necessitate working on the Sabbath. A legend of the ancient Greeks describes Zeus, the great god, wearing the *aegis*, a covering supposed to have been the hide of the goat that suckled him. Other legends refer to the *aegis* as the shield Zeus carried; and Homer calls him the *aegis-bearer*. The *aegis* usually meant the leather coat or cuirass worn by the Greek soldiers. It is interesting to note that the horns of the goat that suckled Zeus were considered the magic horns of plenty. In early history and legends the Greeks are described as wearing leather helmets and shields in battle. Ovid describes the warrior Ajax; and tells Ajax to shield his ample breast; provide seven lusty bulls and tan their sturdy hides. There is also a famous legend of Carthage which tells how Queen Dido, when promised only as much land as she could encompass by the hide of a bull, cut the hide into very thin continuous strips and was thus able to encircle land enough upon which to build a strong fort. It must have been an extremely large bull. However, we have hides imported into this country from Germany which contain over ninety square feet of leather.

I imagine the steer formerly owned by Will Rogers that weighed over 3,300 pounds would have made a fair size piece of leather after tanning. I have seen this steer, and one could take

a nap on his back and have a very good place to snooze. Most of our hides are split down the back before the process of tanning, and the leather is sold by the tanners in what is commonly called "sides of leather." The best leather covers the choicest cuts of beef. Packer hides are considered far superior to any others in producing leather. The fatter the animal, the more desirable the hide. Hides from cattle that have died from disease or natural cause are called fallen hides. The western custom of burning a large brand all over the side of an animal should be discouraged, for it literally ruins the best part of the hide. I think tattooing in the animal's ears will eventually replace this old custom. It would leave the entire hide more serviceable for commercial purpose, and avoid a great waste in fine leather. We American people have never given much thought to saving, but the time is not far distant when we will be forced to give it more thought in order to compete with the more thrifty nations of the world.

From the earliest dawn of history, leather has ever been one of the most important items of clothing. The only dress of the ancient Ageans was the loin cloth, except for high boots probably made of leather which were worn by the men. Sandals were worn by both sexes. In the early days of Egypt a man of rank would be followed by a servant carrying a pair of sandals. This indicates how valuable shoes were considered at that time. They must have been very expensive and rare. In later days in Egypt sandals and other types of shoes were

worn, but their importance was signified in the court ceremonials when princesses appeared before the Pharaoh barefoot, the monarch alone being entitled to wear shoes on those occasions. The simplest type of foot-wear was a pad or sole of leather bound by two straps, one passing over the instep and the other between the toes. This type of foot-wear was common during the Bible times and was no doubt worn by our Savior. The ancients began to ornament leather with gold and silver thread and embroidery, also jewels, at quite an early period. Shoes and girdles of the princely class are mentioned in the Bible. We remember King Solomon's famous exclamation: "How beautiful are thy feet with shoes, O Princess! daughter." Leather is paraphrased in the thousand and one nights in the description of the splendid attire of princesses and sultans and heroes. The Romans gave us the word *tan*, which comes from *tannery*, meaning *oak bark*. In ancient Rome shoes also marked the rank of the wearer. The Romans commonly wore sandals or light-weight shoes, but with full dress, called the *toga*, the *calceus* had to be worn. This was a shoe with slits at the side and straps knotted in front. The senators' *calceus* had four such straps which were worn around the ankle with a tongue wound around the straps. They were made of black leather, while those of the patricians were made of red. The Roman soldiers wore heavy hobbled-nail sandal boots made with a number of straps wound around the lower part of the leg. The hunting boot that came up high was known as the *compagus*. A

leather cap was also part of the Roman costume, particularly that of the Roman soldier, from the earliest times. In the colder climates leather and fur have always been first materials for clothing purposes; and in all ages, both have continued to play an important part.

Our modern leather coats, wind-breakers and sheep-skinned jackets, are only adaptations of types worn by the earliest human beings of the northern races. Furs were worn until tanning was perfected; then leather came widely into use as it was more practical. Leather is less bulky and more desirable for many reasons. Furs are worn now for decoration, or luxurious ornament.

In olden days, the average man wore a doublet of soft leather, a leather cap, and leather buckskin boots or sandals. If the man was a warrior, he carried a leather shield. From time immemorial leather has been used for armor. The ancient Greek warrior wore greaves or leg-guards, a cuirass or shirt, and a helmet, all of leather, as well as his boots. The leather-covered shields retained their popularity, for they were light and very serviceable.

Strange, but true nevertheless, history tells us of several instances where human skin was used as leather, and even worn by the nobility. Louis Philippe, Duke of Orleans, habitually wore clothes made of human skin. He obtained these human skins from poachers whom he shot and killed for trespassing on his forest preserves. He was called Philippe Egalite, *Equality Phil*, because of his democratic tendencies. One of his eccentric traits was the

wearing of trousers made from human skin which he obtained from these poachers. This man was wearing these gruesome garments on November 6, 1793, when he lost his head on the guillotine in the French Revolution. Later one of his sons, Louis Philippe, became King of France from 1830 to 1848. In the University of Gottingen, Germany, there is an account of a book bound with human skin. A German physician directed in his will that his own skin be used as binding for a volume of Hippocrates as an expression of gratitude to this famous man who is known as the father of medicine. Our own American Indians wore clothes made from skins of animals, mostly of the deer family, which I will tell about in detail later in this discussion.

The Anglo-Saxons made practically all of their armor of leather or toughened hides. They also wore leather pantaloons which were decorated with steel lozengers called *mascales*. These metal pieces were probably designed to dull the swords of their enemies; but they served two purposes: one as a protection and the other as an ornament. They also wore cone-shaped skull caps of leather.

The earliest coats of mail in the days of knighthood or chivalry were doublets upon which rings of steel were sewed. Marco Polo, the famous thirteenth century Venetian traveler, who was practically the first European to penetrate Asia overland as far as China and Mongolia, tells us that the soldiers of Kubla Khan, the great monarch of the Tartars and Chinese, wore leather armor. They wore this

defensive armor which was made of the thick hides of the buffalo and other beasts and dried by the fire. Thus it was rendered extremely strong and tough. This man also gives a very interesting description of how the fierce Tartar soldiers prepared and kept dried milk for their fighting rations. After the fresh milk had been skimmed and boiled, he states that it was then exposed to the sun until it dried. Upon going into service, the soldiers would carry about ten pounds for each man and of this amount each morning they would place approximately one-half pound into a leather bottle, with as much water as they thought necessary. Through the motion in riding over the rough country, the contents would be violently shaken—same principle as churning—and this motion would produce a thin porridge upon which they could make their dinner when on the march. Marco Polo also gives a good description of the war tents of Kubla Khan which were made of leather from the skins of lions, streaked black, white, and red. And so well joined together were they that neither wind nor rain could penetrate. Inside they were lined with the skins of ermines and sables which are the most costly of furs. Probably no conqueror, before or since, has had such magnificent camping tents. But it is doubtful if at that time ermines and sables were as scarce and expensive as they are today. The palace of this Chinese emperor was, of course, more elaborate. Courtiers, Marco Polo records, were accustomed, upon going there, to take with them handsome buskins of white leather; and

when they reached the court, but before they entered the hall, they put on these white buskins and gave those in which they had walked into the care of the servants. This practice was observed so that they would not soil the beautiful carpets which were curiously and beautifully wrought with silk and gold. When Kubla Khan went into battle, which was quite often, he would usually take his station in a large wooden castle which was borne on the backs of four large elephants whose bodies were protected with coverings of thick leather which had been hardened by fire. Over this were housings of cloth trimmed with gold. These decorations, no doubt, made an elaborate appearance for this old warrior. Marco Polo also visited India, and he describes the merchandise of Guxerat by the Indian Sea. Coverlets for beds were made of red and blue leather extremely delicate and soft and stitched with silver and gold thread. Upon these Moham-medans were accustomed to repose. Thus were bedspreads or counter-spreads in the olden days made of leather.

When the Arabs and old Moors overran Spain and were in possession of that country from the eighth to the fifteenth centuries, they introduced to Europe the Arabian and oriental leather crafts, among them saddlery, which is really the starting point of our saddle industry of today. The Moorish and Arabian saddles and harness were beautifully ornamented with jewels and precious stones. In American colonial times this art was taken to the South American countries and old Mexico by the

Spanish *conquistadores* and enjoyed great favor there. From this early-day oriental art of fine jewels on saddles Col. Joe C. Miller of the famous 101 Ranch of Oklahoma and the Wild West Shows got his idea of having the most famous and most expensive saddle made in the world. It was decorated with over three hundred precious jewels. I will give a more elaborate description of this saddle in the chapter on "Cowboys and Cattlemen." Tradition tells us that the rich, aristocratic families of these old Moors in Spain decorated their homes and the walls of their rooms in fine hand-carved leather. This custom led no doubt to the starting of the original art of carving or stamping leather that was brought to this country in the early days from old Mexico and is now more highly developed in the great Southwestern part of the United States than in any other part of the world.

Leather in the Middle Ages was considered fifth in importance among the products of Russia which was almost an unknown country in 1588. This was about two hundred years after Marco Polo's time. Giles Fletcher who was Queen Elizabeth's ambassador to Czar Feodor of Russia in 1588 stated that one of their principal commodities was losh or cowhide: "Their losh or buffe [buffalo] hide is very faire and large. They hath been transported by merchant strangers, some years one hundred thousand hides. Richard Hukluyt sent a dyer, one Hubblethorne, to Paris in 1579, to learn the art of the Persians which would be useful to the English and amoung his instructions was number six. They have cunning

[artisans] in Persia who make buskins of Spanish leather, flowers of many kinds in most lively colors. And these, the Courtiers do wear there to learn which art would do no harm."

From this report, it would seem that the art of carving flowers upon leather might go back to the Persians as early as 1579, for the raised-flower stamp work so commonly used on saddles has many different flower designs. The writer himself has worked out some two dozen or more designs for raised-flower stamp work in the past. England had at that time many experienced leather workers and artisans, but Hukluyt, acting probably for the government, was anxious that all trade secrets be learned by the industrious and clever subjects of Queen Bess.

From the earliest Anglo-Saxon days leather was considered a most important material to Englishmen for clothing, armor, shoes, saddles, flagons, and other articles necessary to daily life. Leather was hung over windows which were commonly without glass in the early days to keep out the cold, rain, and snow. This method was used by the early colonists in New England and the Atlantic states.

During the Middle Ages, industry became organized into various trades, guilds, or fraternities usually called companies. These guilds were powerful and ruled apprentices and members with an iron hand in order to insure that the quality of their craftsmanship would be good. We find that leather workers were among the first to form a guild or fraternity. In France, the Fraternity of Leather Workers

was established in 1397 by Charles the Sage, and was controlled by the church. If a man wanted to become a tanner, the right had to be bought from the king for sixteen sous and every member swore to observe the customs and moral precepts of the trade. These guilds were powerful throughout all of western Europe, but reached their highest peak of development and power in London.

Each guild, having purchased the right from the crown, enjoyed special privileges. They created monopolies through their royal charters. Among the first organized in London was the Saddlers and Skinners Guild which later became one of the most influential. Its guild hall was one of the first to be erected. And we find in the year 1422 that out of one hundred eleven different trades listed in London eleven of them were leather trades, and an entire section of the city was designated as *cordwainers* or leather workers' wards. The word *cordwainer* comes from the French word meaning Cordovan. Cordovan was a Spanish leather center, and this name is given today to a fine leather made of horsehide. It was often used by the Moors; and the Arabs no doubt used it as coverings or clothing or for riding apparel, since it is one of the most popular leathers used today for making cowboy chaps, and for the protection of clothing in a brushy country. You can turn the fleshy side out and it is practically impossible to snag or tear it. This leather is very soft and pliable and makes riding comfortable. It is also very popular as a lining for fine hand-bags, as it gives off a

pleasant odor which is absorbed by the clothing.

During the Middle Ages, multitudes wore leather doublets, or hose, and upper slacks as the short breeches of that time were called. Shoes often took on fantastic shapes, with long points that at one period were fastened up to the knees with tassels and bells. That must be where the cowboy got the idea of jingling spurs. However, we find that the characteristic shoes of the Middle Ages did not have such exaggerated toes. Although they ended in a point, the point was of soft leather fitting closely over the instep, with a high tab both in front and above the heel. We find that in the days of Henry VIII fashion went to another extreme; this time to width. The shoes of the king had a toe so wide that it left a shovel imprint. The leather was usually slashed so that the gaily colored hose could show through. It would seem that the fashion makers and designers of old, as now, were forever changing styles and creating the desire in human hearts to possess something new or different to break the monotony or to outdo the Jones' family across the way.

I feel as if a story of the ancient history of leather would not be complete without a brief description of the important part leather has played in bringing data and messages by the authors of that day and age in book form or scrolls to people who were to follow them. It was during the Middle Ages that book-making perhaps reached its greatest perfection as an art with the parchment leather pages beautifully

decorated or "illuminated" with silver and gold and every beautiful color known to the artists of that day and age. These artists were usually monks. All books were lettered and illustrated by hand and most of this work was done in the numerous monasteries where the finest libraries were to be found, except in the palaces of the popes and kings. These days were before the invention of type, and the making of a book was a long, tedious process. Consequently, only the choicest materials were used. The reader will recall that even in Abraham Lincoln's boyhood a book was considered almost sacred, and this was after type had been in use for some time. Parchments of some sort or another have been in use from the beginning of recorded history. Skins were employed as writing material by the ancient Egyptians; there exist skin-rolls of writing which date back to some 1500 years before the birth of Christ. We find in Hurlbut's story of the Bible where wise and good King Josiah's men were at work repairing the Temple on Mount Mariah, removing rubbish to make the house holy and pure once more, when they found an old book written upon scrolls of leather. It was taken to the king immediately and found to be the law as given by Moses which had been hidden so long that man had forgotten it; and the good king commanded that all his subjects once more abide by the law. This parchment also contained the Ten Commandments that every law of the land today is based upon. The reader will recall that Moses was reared by Pharaoh's daughter and he no doubt,

was familiar with the Egyptian process of writing upon leather, for he was given a good education in the Egyptian culture of that day and age. History tells us that many books of the Bible as written by the old prophets were carried through the Dark Ages when man was trying to destroy the Bible, and that they were written upon scrolls of leather. So the Lord in his wisdom knew long before man that leather would last throughout the ages, for he made us a promise that His Word would not pass away. Masonry, which originated in the building of King Solomon's Temple, claims some credit for protecting the Bible through this period of the world's history. Some authorities claim that at one time in the world's history all Bibles were destroyed except two.

In western Asia, the practice of writing upon skins was widespread at a very early period. The Jews made use of skin-rolls for their sacred books and, it is reasonable to presume, for other literature as well. And this practice has been maintained by them up to the present day, for synagogue rolls are still inscribed on this time-honored material. The Phoenicians and the Persians also inscribed their records on skins, as did the Ionian Greeks, according to Herodotus. We find the great libraries of Constantinople, Rome, Alexandria, and those of the emperors, monasteries, and wealthy nobles were full of these wonderful books, for we must remember that books were only available to the immensely rich or the aristocratic peoples of that day and age.

Modern typing has brought the written

word or thoughts of man down to where every boy can read to his heart's content. We find that many of these fine old books were destroyed in later years by war. In the Roman Empire during the period of its downfall, and disintegration, and during the time in the early Middle Ages when fanaticism was responsible for the burning of many collections of pagan books, much of this ancient literature was lost; but some present great libraries of the world, both public and private, contain fine examples of "illuminated" scripture books and litanies with the parchment pages beautifully and intricately decorated in colors and gold-leaf, also in silver; and bound in handsomely hand-tooled leathers, often studded with jewels. There is said to be at least one example of the marvelous purple-dyed vellum with all the text lettered in gold-leaf. It is a Bible that was presented to Henry VIII of England as a coronation present by the Pope.

During the Renaissance, the art of staining seems to have been lost or discontinued. We have many lost arts; one is the Egyptian art of embalming bodies; another is the making of Damascus steel which tradition tells us could be made to cut one of our modern swords as easily as one of our swords of today could be made to cut a lead sword.

In the early times of the Romans, Greeks, and Pompeian tanners, most of the common workers were slaves, although a few were free men. One called Clion, the tanner, rose to great political power. During the early Christian era, France, while it was still a province

of the Roman Empire and called Gaul, gave us the patron saint of the shoemakers, St. Crispin. He is revered everywhere, but particularly in Italy, since Crispin was a descendant of a noble Roman family. He embraced Christianity which was then against the law, and fled with his brother Crispinianus to Gaul and worked at the shoemakers' trade in the town now called Soissons. This man distinguished himself by helping to spread Christianity and by his many deeds of charity. Legend tells us his benevolence was so great that he even stole leather to make shoes for the poor who could not afford them. Both he and his brother died martyrs to their faith in the year 287 A. D; October 25 is called Saint Crispin's day in their honor.

We find in the translation of the Bible in the year 1611, in what is known as King James version, that much of it was written on scrolls, or parchments of leather. How good King James came to translate the Bible from various books would make a volume within itself. He was evidently guided and inspired by the hand of God in this noble piece of work. This is recognized by all civilized nations as the spoken word of our Lord and Savior to all humanity.

This chapter would not be complete without giving some data on what our own American Indians knew about leather when America was first discovered. The settlers found the Indians well versed in the art of tanning. They used leather for many purposes, chiefly for clothing, tents, or tepees. These were usually made from buffalo hides. The tepee was the

Indian's house or home in practically all tribes. The women did the work of dressing skins. The Indian also used leather for canoes, bow-strings, and many other purposes too numerous to mention. In almost all leathers made by them one may see the famous buckskin tan which makes a leather of exceeding softness and pliability. It is remarkable in its ability to keep out water. Many tribes of Indians wore garments and clothing of buckskin. They used buckskin for moccasins or foot wear. Deer were plentiful in all parts of America at that time. The Navajos were known for their skill in dressing hides and their ornamental decorations of leather. This trait is probably retained by the tribe to this day, as they are skilled artists in making and decorating Navajo blankets of many colors and designs. They also used native dyes in this blanket work known only to the tribe. The Crow Indians were generally known to have the best tanning methods in the art of skinning and dressing hides. Skins were collected and heaped into piles; then they were wet and allowed to decompose long enough for the hair to slip; then they were scraped with bone tools or instruments until both the flesh and hair sides were perfectly clean. After that, the skin was rubbed with a mixture of brains and liver from the animal. This was rubbed into the skin until it was thoroughly softened. This process preserves the fur and makes a soft pliable skin. The Crow Indian usually produced the dehairing and scraping of the skins by immersing them in a solution of lye made from wood ashes

from their camp fires. As a final step in the process of curing skins, they were placed in a tepee in which a smudge wood fire had been built. The tepee was then closed as tightly as possible, and the skins were left in the smudge-smoked tepee for several days until all the skins had been thoroughly cured. The Indians also cut venison into strips, smoked and cured it in like manner, so that it would keep over a long period of time. Leather made this way and finished by smoking would withstand almost any kind of moisture and return to its original soft and pliable condition. Most of the North American Indian tribes fleshed their hides by scraping them with crude knives or pieces of sharp flint, scraping and cutting away all flesh that might still remain on the hide after it had been removed from the animal.

The writer has seen X-ray pictures of Eskimo women with jaws and teeth shown, in which the teeth were all worn off practically even with the gums from using them to remove flesh from the hides. In some instances, on certain kinds of skins, these women chew the skin on the fleshy side in order to make it more pliable and soft. This practice no doubt develops strong jaws, but it wears the teeth out worse than the chewing tobacco of the old trail driver in a dusty country where he chewed it continuously. Personally, I could not recommend this practice from a sanitary standpoint. Dental measurements show the Eskimos jaws to be stronger than the jaws of most husky football players. They are also known as champion biters. One of the larger museums

in Chicago has some good specimens of Eskimo skulls of these women of the Far North which show all the teeth worn off to a smooth surface, with no cusps left. Both the back and front teeth are worn off up close to the gums. Eskimo women often chew seal skins in making mittens in order to make them more soft and pliable. They are known to even chew a boot sole in order that they may pass the needle through the leather more readily. This is said to make the sole more comfortable to the foot. Although our Indians made an excellent leather, they knew nothing about the method of oak bark tanning known to the European countries for many centuries.

Leather, of course, played an important role in the life of the first American colonists, all of whom wore many leather articles made of the famous buckskin tan, and often patterned after the Indian's dress. High-top leather boots were worn much since roads and trails were crude. Saddles were in great demand in that time, and a first-rate saddler was considered a fine artisan. Later, sedan chairs and coaches were upholstered in leather, sometimes richly ornamented, probably hand-stamped or carved. The early day coaches were swung on stout leather straps instead of springs which were later used. Pony express riders carried the mail in leather bags to protect letters from the rain and snow, and every traveler had leather hand-bags.

About this time in the development of America came the slaughter of the buffalo or American bison. The Indians considered these

animals their property because they were the most important food of the Plains Indian, and they were here when the white man arrived. The Great Middle West from the plains of Canada to the mountains of old Mexico was literally teeming with them. The Indian never killed for commercial purposes; he followed the herd and killed what he needed for food and skins for his clothing and tepees. Along came the white man with his new, modern invention called the "repeating rifle." The tanneries had a set value for a buffalo hide; in most instances, it was a dollar. A plainsman with a good rifle could kill almost any number in a day with a crew called skinners following him up with nothing to do but skin the animal and leave the balance of the carcass to lie there and rot on the prairie, or for wolf bait and food for the vultures.

We are a wasteful people, especially in America. But of all the wasteful things that have ever been countenanced by the American people, the slaughter of the buffalo was the worst. These raw, dried buffalo hides were staked out and let dry in the sun; then they were freighted into the eastern markets by the multiplied thousands. The tanners bought their hides from all over the world. The slaughter of the buffalo and the beginning of the first scientific development in the process of tanning occurred about the same time. No doubt the tanners had to call in chemical experts to try to produce a quicker and cheaper way of tanning this great mass of hides thrown upon the market. So let's try to think that some

good to humanity came from this terrible waste and slaughter of our wild life.

Up to the latter part of the eighteenth century, no one had made a scientific study of the tanning process of leather. For many centuries, it had remained practically the same, all the way back to the records of the Hebrews and the Egyptians. Each tanner had his own recipe and one method for practically all leathers. After the chemist began to make a scientific study of the chemicals best suited for tanning each kind of hide or skin, leather tanning made a wonderful change and is now a highly specialized scientific art or process with millions of dollars being spent in study and research to make the finished product better and better. I will not attempt to cover this modern process of tanning all leathers, for it would take a book to describe it.

Looking back through history, we can easily account for what sometimes seems like the peculiar geographical distribution of tanneries. Those making hemlock leather for example, established themselves along the streams or line of growth of the hemlock tree, through Pennsylvania, New York, Michigan, and northern Wisconsin. Tanners that required oak bark, for oak tanning of leather followed a line through the mountains of Pennsylvania, West Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee. When gold was discovered in California, in 1849, this rush led to another discovery—that of the California tan-bark oak which provided a new source of tanning materials. To this day we have a wonderful russet leather for sad-

dle making called "oak-wood" which is made in California, not far from San Francisco. However, Pennsylvania remains our largest tanning state, for its forests contain both oak and hemlock.

The tanning or making of leather has advanced like everything else in this world; nothing stands still. In the old handicraft days of 1849 there were 6,686 tanneries in this country. During the eighty odd years between then and now, the number has declined until in 1935 there was only 383 in operation. In 1849 the 6,686 plants employed only 25,000 people, while today the 383 tanneries employ more than twice that number, or 53,000 people. Wages paid to employees in 1849 were approximately six and one-half million dollars, while the present annual payroll is more than fifty-eight million dollars. In 1849 the leather produced was worth about forty-three millions, while today's output would exceed three hundred millions annually. Tanning is one of America's most important industries. About four hundred million pairs of shoes alone are produced in the United States every year, which is more than any other country in the world produces.

Tanning is an old and honored occupation, full of romance and adventure, for into the making of leather comes its ancient history intimately connected with the story of civilization itself. Represented by it is the active cattle industry of our western ranges; and the home of our cattlemen and our beloved American cowboys is known in song and story as a part

of it also. The tanning of leather calls for workers in the northern hemlock forests; workers in the oak forests of the eastern mountains; workers in the mountains of California; adventurous men even of the *quebracho* forests of Paraguay and Argentina. This tree derived its name from the Spanish word, *quebrar* (to break) and *hacha* (ax) meaning therefore, *ax-breaker* or *iron tree*. This name was given the tree by the early Spanish explorers. Many a tropical jungle beset with poisonous reptiles and dangers of nature and climate helps in the process of tanning; and even the far away chromite mines of India contribute their stores. The oceans of the world lend their share of adventure to the men who kill the man-eating sharks; for shark leather has many commercial uses. Men hunt poisonous snakes, lizards, and alligators to provide exotic leathers for the shoes of our fair ladies. One bird is even known to produce a rare and little known commercialized leather, the African ostrich. They are raised primarily for their plumes, but the genuine leather has quill holes that are hard to imitate; and these holes identify the genuine ostrich leather.

From Australia there come 117 species of the kangaroo. Until about forty years ago when a thrifty American tanner discovered the kangaroo skin, no one knew that it was one of the best obtainable for shoe leather. Until that time the kangaroo was looked on as a pest which destroyed crops, and there was a price on his head. But now, owing to his particular type of woven skin structure—a mass of close-

ly intertwined and woven fibres running in every direction—people who know have come to think of him as having one of the strongest known leathers for a given weight of thickness. Kangaroo skins are used to make one of the finest of uppers for cowboy dress boots.

We have traced briefly the history of leather throughout the ages, and have witnessed the transition of it from a handicraft to a great modern industry. From every nation under the sun, the raw products of hides and skins flow through the channels of commerce into the United States. Animals both familiar and strange to the laymen, from every land, contribute to the raw materials of the leather industry. Chemicals and minerals from mines, tree barks, shrubs, and plants that contain minerals that are essential to the fine art of tanning come from practically all countries of the world.

It is obvious that hides and skins differ on all animals, for they have a marked difference in the finished product, and are suitable for different uses. The skin of a calf, for instance, is quite unlike the hide of a grown cow or steer. Leather made from the calf skin is therefore quite different from leather made of a full grown animal; it is used for different purposes in the commercial world. Cattle are one of the most useful animals known to man, from the days of old down to this present modern age. The hides that come from these animals have the most universal uses, for since the leather is thick enough, it can be split many times and each split has a different commercial use.

Leather that comes from cattle is practically the only leather made that is adapted to the engravers art of stamping or carving by hand.

There are five known processes of tanning today, which are as follows: vegetable, chrome, combination, alum or alum-chrome, and oil. By vegetable tanning we mean the use of oak-bark, for example, or the use of chemicals taken from the barks of different kinds of trees. Vegetable materials grown throughout the world are used to produce the vegetable tan. This process is used to tan more leathers than any of the other processes. Vegetable tanning is used altogether to produce all carving or stamping leathers. All these vegetables used in tanning leather contain one essential characteristic in common—they contain certain quantities of tannin which is a substance needed to produce a vegetable tan. Bark, woods, nuts, and leaves that contain this tannin are selected. Infinite care with each individual hide tanned is necessary. A hide is nature's product; it never grows wrong if properly treated. A well tanned piece of leather is something that cannot be approached or duplicated by anything that man can fabricate. It has the inherent quality of containing millions of fibers closely knit together. When properly tanned, these fibers become stronger than in nature and still retain their pliability. Their imperviousness to water still allows the leather to breathe by admitting a certain amount of air just as they did when they were on the animal's body. The other constituent parts of the hide are made nearly indestructible by tanning, and the leather



GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE

A Christian gentleman of indomitable courage, unswerving faith in God. He was offered command of the Union forces when war broke out between the States, but he declined stating he could not bear arms against his native Virginia and his beloved South. History accords him a place among the greatest military geniuses the world has ever produced. The fact that he fought for four long years, against unlimited resources in both men and equipment, while his men were poorly equipped, poorly fed and poorly clothed, lacking in all the necessities of war. His men begged him to go on when he surrendered. What other General has ever come out of any war in defeat the deified hero of his people? He was the South's guiding star in her darkest hour of war and reconstruction. His example will ever stand as all that is noble and best in life. If ever there was a man whom destiny seemed to intend for a fateful role that man was Robert E. Lee. Evidence of that fact was supplied by an experience of his mother. On one occasion, according to excellent authorities, she was pronounced dead and her body placed within the family vault. But for some unknown reason, someone investigated and discovered signs of life. She was revived and lived to bear the son who worshipped her in life—Robert E. Lee.

becomes a product which is impossible to duplicate. It has proven its worth through the centuries and has never been approached for quality in any way.

No two hides are alike; just as no two people are alike. It becomes a case of taking infinite pains with each individual hide tanned and the same principle applies to the leather worker—that he should take great care in making the leather into saddles, bags, or any other commercial product. I have found from experience in carving objects upon leather, that each individual hide has a distinct personality, or works just a little bit different from the one previously worked. All leather is produced from perishable hides and skins. The covering with which nature has endowed the animal is chemically a very complex substance. According to chemists, hides and skins are made to a large extent of proteins about the ultimate nature of which not too much is known even today. In the case of tanning heavy cattle hides, from two to six months time is required even today when all the modern processes are employed. Before the time of modernization in tanning, it required from one to two years in which to properly tan a thick cowhide.

Chrome tanning of leather was perfected in Philadelphia by an American named Robert Foerderer. It is purely a chemical process. The first development in chrome tanning was made by an American chemist named Augustus Schultz; however the first efforts of Schultz produced leather that was stiff and too hard for commercial purposes. But through Foer-

derer's enterprise in developing the discoveries of Schultz, chrome tanning was later firmly established. Most of the chemicals in chrome tanning come from chromite. This same mineral has become very useful in chromium plating of steel instruments and metal of various kinds. It prevents rusting. In tanning, the chrome salts form tanning sodium or potassium bichromate. Most of the chromite mines are found in British and Portuguese Africa, Greece, Brazil, and French Oceania. These countries provide the world's major supply. However, there are some chromite mines in the western states. It all depends on the kind of tanning method used in turning a cowhide into the kind of leather you want. If one process is used, you will have stiff, hard, compressed sole-leather; if another process, you will have thick, heavy, saddle leather; if another, you will have chap leather for cowboy breeches; if another, a leather for glove making; and if still another, you will have leather suitable for shoe uppers.

Glue and hair are by-products of the cowhide. Hair is used in the plaster work of buildings. One of the most palatable of foods comes from the inner side of fresh packer hides—gelatin. Scientists claim it is one of the purest of foods manufactured, as no human hands touch it from the process of making until it reaches the consumer.

There are a number of other raw materials in addition to those briefly mentioned which are essential to the leather industry. They are far too numerous to describe singly, but two are of enough importance to describe briefly.

Modern tanning depends greatly on the chemical industry for a large variety of products essential to the production of good leather: lime for dehairing purposes and synthetic tanning materials—acids, such as lactic, and sulphuric, and many other chemicals. Oxalic acid will clean leather after it has been stained. However, on russet leather it will darken the surface slightly.

Perhaps one of the most important chemical groups consists of dyes. A certain per cent of them are derived from plants and trees. Practically all of the Indian dyes come from this source, even today. But most of our leather dyes are a chemical product of coal-tar. The brilliant colors produced from coal-tar are superior to the hues of nature and enable the tanners to dye leather almost any color that fashion dictates. Owing to the porousness and the absorbing qualities of leather before it has all the finishing touches put on it, dyes will soak well into the leather and cause it to retain its colors better and longer than many other articles of commerce.

Many kinds of oil and grease, chemically treated are indispensable in the production of different types of leather. For, during the process of tanning, most of the oil and natural fat is removed from the hides and skins. This must be replaced after tanning in order to give beauty and long wear to the finished leather. You will recall that I made the statement in this article that if oil or suitable animal fat were replaced at least once a year, in all probability, leather would last forever; for it lasted many

centuries sealed up in the Egyptian tombs with no replacement of animal fat during this long period of concealment. This oil provides a lubricant for the millions of tiny fibers of which leather is composed. Many tons of cod and other fish oils, Neat's foot oil which is considered one of the best, linseed, white petroleum (vaseline), tallow, woolgrease, and many others contribute to the strength, life, beauty, and durability of good leather. They comprise one of the most essential products of all raw materials used in the manufacture of good leather.

We have only touched briefly, hitting the high spots, so to speak, of the important factors and uses of leather to mankind. To cover it thoroughly would require the scope of a small library which would doubtless have articles on the history of leather in the costume, in armor, and in other pursuits of man.

The everlasting quality of leather in transmitting the written word is made known to us in the Bible. There is the art of saddlery and its various branches, the ornamenting of leather with precious jewels, gold, silver, and precious stones, and the hand-carving of this product.

A good book could be written on the history of shoes. Moccasins recall pictures of American history: the Indian with his tepee of skin and his beaded buckskin clothing, followed by the frontiersman, with leather stockings, building log forts in the wilderness and blazing a trail for his posterity to follow. Sandals recall the Greeks, Romans, and Egyptians, and all classes

of civilization on the shores of the Mediterranean.

The word *boots* makes a romantic history of itself, and brings many pictures of the past down to the present time of the West. We see the jack-booted Elizabethians, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Francis Drake, Frobisher, and a host of others gallantly swaggering through romantic history; the Cavaliers and Roundheads, and later, the uproarious captains and pirates of the Spanish Main, and on down to our modern booted cowboy with a high heel so made onto the boot that his foot will not slip through the stirrup when he is topping off his mount on a cold frosty morning. It was not so many days past in the old West when practically all men and most boys wore boots at work or at play; and even to church on Sunday, or to see the lady fair, for a fine pair of cowboy boots made out of kangaroo leather looks good to anyone in any kind of society. In the West today, you will see many men who can grace the ballroom floor in any kind of society with their boots on and never make a misstep. I may say that I have not seen a cowboy dancing with spurs on his boots since I was a boy, but I have had the experience of watching dances when I was too small to participate in them, where the cowboys wore spurs while they danced. Many of the ladies also wore cowboy boots with fancy tops. I would like to add that I have never witnessed or heard of any lady getting spurred while performing "do-ce-do" or "circle four," in the middle of the floor. I have seen four couples perform a

square dance on horseback. All parties had boots and spurs on, and the horses seemed to enjoy the dance as much as the folks, stepping lively to the tune of the music of "Leather Breeches."

Leather is nature's own product, and the only substance comparable with the human skin itself. It breathes, or will allow the passage of air, yet remains practically water-proof. When thoroughly tanned, it is just as pliable as on the animal, and becomes stronger than it is in nature. In boot and shoe wear, it is absolutely necessary that heat and moisture from the foot be passed off, for the pores of our skin continually give off moisture. If this moisture should accumulate and could not be passed off, there would be great discomfort; also, irritations and foot ailments would follow. So we find designers and craftsmen trained in the art schools of the world using their genius to create improvements, new styles, beautiful oramentations, and new designs. Research laboratories are constantly experimenting to add new improvements and scientific discoveries in method or in use, trying to find new ways of improving the most historical of useful materials known to mankind—leather.

PULLIN' LEATHER

Yes, a Cowboy has his troubles, and he shore is out of
luck,
Out a dozen miles from nowhere and his hoss begins to
buck;

And he picks a place to practice on some mighty ugly
ground,
Fer you'd land amongst the cactus if he ever got you
down.

So you aim to keep a straddle and you'll ride him if you
can,
Else they'll be a dehorned saddle, or they'll be a one-
armed man.
You don't look like much *vaquero*, he is floppin' yore
shirt tails.
You have lost yore old *sombrero* and you've broke some
finger nails.

People say that pullin' leather don't show ridin' skill.
That's true.
But you'd like to stick together till the argument is
through.
When yo're a slippin' and a slidin', you'll admit at all
events,
If it doesn't show good ridin' that it shows a heap of
sense.

When yo're sure it ain't so pleasant with a dozen miles
to walk.
No, there ain't nobody present, and the hoss of course
cain't talk.
You are hangin' on a prayin'. You ain't makin' no
grand stand.
You jest aim to keep a stayin', and you do the best you
can.

—By Bruce Kiskaddon

—Used by permission of the Los Angeles Union Stock Yards

A BRIEF HISTORY OF HISTORICAL CARVINGS

The first large carving that I designed and made was of two bull elk fighting in a mortal struggle. I called it *The Combat*. It is approximately two and one-half by three and one-half feet in size. Up to this time I had carved several small objects on leather handbags, saddle finders, bill-folds, and other small articles. I had been designing and carving such objects as steers and horses' heads, and dogs, and deer being chased by mountain lions. One day I was visiting in the home of a lady in Lubbock and saw a large, beautiful painting of two bull elks fighting. The thought immediately occurred to me that I could reproduce this painting by carving the same things on leather, and so I sketched it off on paper and later reproduced it on leather. It looks far more natural than the original painting, for the elk stand out on the leather somewhat as if they were sculptured. In fact the original carvings as reproduced in this book are really a combination of art and sculpture work, for both principles are involved in completing a large leather carving.

The combat or death struggle of these two

bull elk is typical of the fights which occur among the males of the entire deer family, especially during the breeding or running season. Many times the larger or stronger male will gore the weaker one to death. On other occasions they will back off and run at each other striking their horns together with such force that the horns become interlocked. Then it is impossible for them to separate themselves, and both animals will die from starvation unless some rancher, hunter, or forest ranger comes along and discovers the predicament they are in and saws off one of the horns to relieve the locked condition. Fighting among the males, or the survival of the fittest, is one of nature's laws in building up and perpetuating the animal kingdom, and we find both animals and men often lose their lives in fighting over the lady fair of the species.

The next carving I designed and carved was *The Pioneer* or old covered wagon. After I was born, Mother and Dad got homesick as folks will often do in a new country, and moved back to their native state, Arkansas. But they had been there only two years when they decided the grass was greener in Texas; so they moved back there in a covered wagon. I was just old enough to remember some of the more important events of this return trip to Texas, riding in the wagon which was drawn by two very large mules named Jack and Jake. Old Jake was balky, and Father had been sick and could hardly drive them in tight, rough places. We crossed the Kiamichi River not far from the town of Antlers in the southeastern part of

the state of Oklahoma. When we started up the steep, slippery banks, old Jake balked. A big, strong fellow came along with a long black-snake whip and began to use it on old Jake. The mule soon decided it was a great deal healthier some other place, Dad said later that he believed the old mule was sorry he quit on the job, and he never gave the other mule a chance to help him pull the load. Mother and I got out and walked up the bank.

We made two more treks in covered wagons while I was still a small boy. However, the latter one was made when I had reached an age at which I was large enough to drive one of the wagons in the train all by myself. I drove a pet mare that was one of the first horses I ever owned, and a black horse called old Bob. I know he was the laziest horse that ever lived, and if he ever got scared at anything no one ever heard of it. He took his own good time at everything he went at. So Dad eliminated all possibility of a run-away, for old Pet would have had to pull the wagon over him if she had got scared and wanted to run away. Those treks made an everlasting impression of the Covered Wagon on my mind. Dad gave a good saw-mill and one hundred acres of pine timber for the two mules and wagon in which we moved to Texas.

When we lived in Oklahoma, I helped my Grandfather Allen make wagons in his shop. All of this knowledge which I had gained through first-hand information or experience as a boy was very beneficial when I started carving this old prairie schooner and four oxen, on

leather. This carving is a few inches over three by six feet, all carved on one solid piece of russet leather. I made an extensive study of all the old paintings of wagons and prairie schooners and found that many of them had been drawn by artists who were not familiar with all the working parts of a wagon. Most of them had no life about their pictures; they just showed the oxen or mules and nothing else. Human beings evidently drove those wagons into the great Southwest. So I endeavored to show in this carving life as it really was. It is made to show the wagon moving along on a moonlight night with old Shep trotting under the wagon and the plodding oxen leisurely trudging along their way. To show any life in the wagon, I had to tie the wagon-sheet up in front between the first and second bows which I have seen done on many occasions. By doing this, I could show the woman driving, with her sun-bonnet dropped back on her neck so that you can see her face looking to the west, approaching the rolling hill country. The little boy is sitting beside his mother with his hand in her lap, looking forward to new adventures and anticipations of all the tomorrows of the journey, for there are no thoughts of sorrow or sadness in a healthy youngster's mind; the world is before him and he is free to build air castles until they reach the skies or become lost in the distant mountains. It matters not with him, at this age in life, if later on he is able to make very few of his dreams come true. Little thought does he give to the adversities, droughts, storms, dangers, and heart-

aches that are before him. He is dreaming of the land of tomorrow that has become the land of yesterday to us of today.

We should live more in our memories, to do honor to our forefathers who had the courage and perseverance to carve a home out of a wilderness with all its sorrows and dangers so that their children might not know, and have to endure the hardships that they had endured. Long may their memories live in the hearts of men; and may we never forget that the blessings and luxuries that we of today enjoy were bought with a price—hardships, self sacrifice, heartaches, and often blood which the present generation can't conceive of. Our present generation takes advancement as a matter of course, seldom ever giving it a second thought.

The man riding the horse behind the wagon shows the father stopping the horse to look back, with his winchester across the hollow of his arm, ever looking for the danger that may be within striking distance of his little family. He feels a responsibility that lies heavily on his young shoulders, for every mile the oxen trudge into this new southwestern land is strange to him; he knows it is beset with outlaws, or degenerates of his own race, who are ever ready to steal, or even murder if that is necessary to gain what they want from the new settlers who are venturing into this strange land. And so the covered wagon has rolled along, singing a song, and rolled into history; and it is now known only in song and story.

The next carving I designed and made was of the Indians and buffalo, called *The Buffalo*

Hunt of 1836. It shows the Indian at a sport which was also a necessity: the killing of his winter meat supply. I have been asked many times by old timers how I ever designed a carving that was so realistic of Indians hunting the buffalo which really took place many years before my day and age.

When I was a boy I had an inquisitive mind; I was sincere in my questions and I endeavored to remember what was told to me by old men. And if you don't think an old gentleman or lady can relate experiences of life that are really interesting, you have missed something. I have never failed to contact an old person, regardless of his education or social standing, who could not tell me many things that I did not know. They have learned them in the school of hard knocks or the experiences of life. My grandfather said a few years before he passed on, that it would be a great pleasure to him to be able to transfer to my mind all the many things he had learned over a long, eventful life, from nature and observation. I have interviewed old buffalo hunters who had actually seen the Comanche or Plains Indians killing buffalo, just like this carving is reproduced on leather.

The Comanche Indians were expert horsemen and the best bareback riders the world has ever produced. I make that statement without fear of contradiction. They were also very efficient in the use of the bow and arrow and spears which they sometimes used in slaughtering the beasts. Each Indian had a prize buffalo horse that he valued more than almost any thing in his possession. I imagine the horse

was somewhat like our modern cutting horses that we work cattle with. Tradition tells us some of the requirements of the Plains tribes. Before one could become the chief of his tribe, he had to steal a buffalo horse from another chief while the horse was staked to the tent stake or wigwam of the rival chieftain. To do this stunt successfully was considered a great achievement; no doubt it was. The buffalo horse had to be swift of foot and must obey the Indian's commands or be guided by his knees and crowd in close to the old bull he selected in order to place arrow after arrow into his side before he would finally stumble and fall to earth never to rise. It was the buck's duty to kill the buffalo; it was the squaw's duty to skin and prepare the meat and hides for use. The buffalo may look like a clumsy beast, but it is a known fact that he could take a long swinging lope and keep it up for hours without slackening his pace in the least. And there were very few horses, regardless of how good they were, that could carry a man and overtake a buffalo while they were traveling down hill.

The Indian did most of his effective work in wounding or killing the animals while they were traveling up an incline or grade. As I have stated elsewhere in this book, he killed only the males except in cases of dire necessity. What a bitter pill of disgust it must have been to him to sit idly by and watch the white man's willful slaughter and waste! In the fall of the year, or almost any time except in the breeding season, the male buffalo would congregate together like other game; and so *The Buffalo*

Hunt was conceived. It depicted the Comanche Indians at their favorite sport of a century ago on their happy hunting grounds here on earth. When the Indian went home to the great spirit he had no thought in his mind other than that when he took the long, last journey from whence no traveler has ever returned, he along with his favorite horse and dog, would go to the last happy hunting ground in the skies.

The next carving I created was *The Stage-coach* which is three by six feet and carved on one solid piece of leather. It shows an old transcontinental, or overland stage drawn by four horses. This carving has the horses carved on the leather, and then the harness is carved on the horses. The horses are shown or carved in a long trot. The coach is loaded with five passengers; in the back seat is an old man with a cane and long beard, and alongside of him is an elderly lady. In the middle of the coach is a prosperous looking rancher and his wife, and in front of them sits a homesick boy adventuring into a strange land. Perhaps he has left a girl behind of whom he is dreaming. On top of the coach you can see a large bag of United States mail and a scout or lookout with a winchester watching all sides of the trail to protect the mail as well as passengers. The driver is shown with a long trail whip in his hand which he uses to pop over the horses' heads. This usually produced the desired effect or goad to urge them over the road at any speed he desired. Of course in some instances he would hit the horses with the whip, especially if they

were tired and worn out from a long trek and it was almost time to change them for a fresh team. Alongside of the driver is another guard or scout with a winchester who kept a sharp lookout at all times.

Many were the hardships and dangers the traveler of seventy-five or a hundred years ago had to endure, but they were all a part of that day and age and before the coming of the rails with the iron horse. After all, it is doubtful if the dangers which beset the traveler of a hundred years ago took as many lives proportionally as our modern automobiles of today take on our modern highways. The old stagecoach is like the prairie schooner; it has served its usefulness and rolled along into past history. It was a vehicle of vast importance at one time to the development of the West.

My next carving is *The Round-up* which is carved on one solid piece of leather approximately three by six feet, in memory of the great cattle industry of the Southwest. This vast domain at one time was considered the greatest cow country on earth. This carving shows a breakfast scene around a typical cow-camp. I designed and carved these characters from men whom I have known in the past and from the memory of associations with men of this type when I was a boy working on a cow ranch on the north plains of Texas. The right side of the carving shows the end of a chuck wagon with a typical ranch cook and chuck wagon box, placed therein, the lid let down using a plank as a leg to prop it up for a table or work bench for the cook to

prepare his meals on. Some authorities give Colonel Charles Goodnight credit for having introduced the first chuck wagon on the trail. The barrel of water, dishpan, bedding rolls, and saddles of the cowboys who have not as yet saddled their mounts for the day are scattered about the camp. We had a cook who was a chunky man and rather slouchy in his appearance, grouchy, and contrary as hell. His store-bought boots were usually run over and he cooked in his undershirt when the weather would permit. He usually wore an old slouch hat turned up in front and generally needed a shave. There is no doubt but what a cowboy topping off a bronc close to the chuck wagon can sure mess things up, especially if he happens to pitch in close to the wagon. So let's think that he is excusable in running at this cowboy with a butcher knife in one hand and a frying pan in the other yelling "Get to hell out of here." The poor cowboy is having hard enough time staying on the bronc. Another boy has jumped up in a hurry to get out of the way of the pitching horse, and is falling over a tomato box. He is trying to save his coffee and beans as he falls. We had a fellow whose first name was Cal, who always had a good horse and saddle and went well dressed. He has his rope down ready to catch the horse, in case it throws the rider and starts to run off. His horse is carved on the leather and the saddle then is carved on the horse—all in one solid piece. One corner of the rope corral is shown in the extreme left-hand corner of the carving, with a bale of hay on the ground and part of

two horses. We had an old, long, tall, droll boy from Arkansas, who always had a big dip of snuff in his lower lip when not eating; I have seen him take a drink of water many times and never remove the snuff. He is shown standing up by the chuck box, just about as excited over the performance as he ever got over anything. The foreman is sitting down on a bedding role finishing his breakfast, taking no part in the occurrence; however, after it is over, he will more than likely tell the boy to mount his bronc farther away from the camp next time. A large coffee pot and bucket are hanging on the anvil-irons over the fire; and nearby is an old Dutch oven with some live coals under it, baking the morning sour-dough biscuits. Near the fire is some mesquite wood with an ax lying across the wood. No cattle are shown in this carving, for the simple reason that they would create too much dust. The herd was usually held a quarter of a mile or more from where camp was made and the cook prepared the meals.

The Transport of 1936 is a carving three by six feet, carved out of one solid piece of leather, and shows a large tri-motored passenger plane banking and coming into port. This carving is purely mechanical, and shows no life. For that reason I was never able to work up much enthusiasm in designing and making it; however, the plane is now an important factor in our transcontinental travel and merits some attention in the field of art. Many brave men have lost their lives in the experimental development of it. It helps to make neighbors

out of other nations far away, and it may sometime help to destroy the resources of an enemy in time of war. No doubt it makes all nations closer to each other and can be used as a great instrument of defense as well as offence, if war should ever come to our peace-loving people. The airplane does not have to have expensive road-beds to travel over; it is somewhat like the ocean liner in that it cuts a swath, not through the water, but through the air. No doubt future generations will see far more development in the airplane; they may become as common as our automobiles of today.

The carving of *The Wild Stallion on Guard* is approximately three by four feet. It shows one of God's most noble creatures in the animal world. The horse has been domesticated and put to many uses in assisting mankind in either at work or play. He is ever willing to give his all. I have hunted deer in the Big Bend of Texas and have seen a fine, wild stallion standing on some wind-swept point, watching for his enemies; and of all the enemies he has to contend with, man is his worst, for it is man who can take his freedom away from him. The mountain lion is extremely fond of colts but seldom attacks grown horses. When man catches a wild horse, he breaks him to his will, often breaking his spirit while doing this.

This particular carving shows a fine horse that the hand of man has never touched, standing on a wind-swept point, with an old, gnarled and twisted, dead cedar tree hanging onto the edge of the cliff. In the background you can see two steep cliffs with two eagles soaring around

a point, probably watching over the two young eaglets that are hid away somewhere high up among the vastness of the mountains. When mortal man gets to feeling his importance here on earth he should make a trip far back into the big mountains. He should start early with his lunch and gun, and climb hard until about three in the afternoon. By that time he will have capped rim-rock after rim-rock, thinking that each one will bring him out on top. He will, by then, begin to realize that he is not more than half way to the top; but in looking back, down the mountain into the valley below he will be almost afraid of his distance from the bottom. He could get into a basket attached to a steel cable and glide for miles and miles before reaching the valley. Or perhaps he would prefer to sit down and meditate over this vast piece of earth and rocks where he is perched. He will then begin to realize that he is only as a grain of sand on the seashore. But he does not have long to meditate, unless he wants to reach camp long after dark.

The horse can go anywhere in the mountains or plains and never become lost. When domesticated, he has a homing instinct; and if you will give him his head he will bring you in to the old corral. Unless you watch your step or are familiar with the mountains, you should mark certain points or trees and impress on your mind that they are in a certain direction from camp; for the vastness is so great that you are liable to become lost and panicky unless you are a very level-headed person. If you do be-

come lost, it's almost a cinch you will become panicky.

This stallion in the carving is shown with a long mane and tail which nature provides for the horse that is left to run as a stud. He will also develop an enormous neck such as all males have, for you must remember no collar or hand has ever been placed on that neck to reduce it in size. He is just like his Creator made him, uncontaminated with the things that go with taming him or making him a horse accustomed to the ways and uses of man. I don't imagine he is bothered with the jitters or nervous insomnia. It is not uncommon for a wild or domesticated horse to live seven times his age at maturity. Maybe we human beings could do that also if we lived as simple lives as the horse family, as free from dissipations. The Bible tells us it is a sin to abuse our bodies, for they are only loaned to us to use for the short time we are here on this earth. It also tells us that we are fearfully and wonderfully made. Next to man's, I think that the horse's body is more wonderfully made as to beauty and intelligence than any other except the dog. The horse is very beautiful to look at, and regardless of how much you feed him, he will never get so fat as to get all out of proportion like human beings do. A fellow standing by the roadside one day remarked, "Look what a pretty horse!" A blind man overheard the remark and said "My, isn't he fat!" I have never seen a real ugly horse that was fat and in good condition.

Of all the carvings that I have created the one of the late Will Rogers has caused the

most interest and comment. I spent close to 1,800 hours in drawing, designing, and carving this life-sized likeness of "our Will." It is carved on one solid piece of leather three by seven feet; and is carved his exact size in life, even to the size of the boots he wore. The only criticism I have ever received on this carving is that it is too good; it should be more slouchy. My contention is that Will could look as nice as anyone when he wanted to; the carelessness in his wearing apparel was more or less a trade mark that he used for comment, for no doubt Rogers was at all times the master showman. This carving shows Will twirling a rope and cracking jokes. While he was spinning a yarn, he would let the outside of the rope sag down, all the while talking in his particular drawl, keeping the audience in laughter, usually about some friendly wisecrack or comment on some particular person whom they knew real well. Then, at the end of the joke, he would whirl the rope faster, working it higher while the crowd was doubled up with laughter.

I have been asked on many occasions what this carving is worth. That all depends on the value you wish to place on anything of this nature; but owing to the unusualness of the carving medium, the everlasting qualities of fine leather, and the likeness of this famous man, it should be worth a considerable sum of money. I have refused a tidy sum for it to date. Basing its value on labor alone, it would run into much money, for it is not uncommon for a good dentist to make \$10 an hour at the chair. Multiply that by 1800 hours and add

your material, and it should be worth around \$25,000. It will last indefinitely and retain its original likeness if given even reasonable care. Many fine old oil paintings have peeled and rotted until the workmanship does not look at all like the original piece of work; yet they are valuable. Why shouldn't a leather carving be, also? The epitaph, which is carved on a large leather scroll at the bottom of the carving reads: "WILL ROGERS, America's foremost philosopher. Presidents, Kings, Potentates, Actors, Stagehands, Cowboys, Laborers, Senators, and Congressmen were his friends, but none escaped his sharp wit. Loved and admired by all classes, yet he never lost the common touch. All humanity looked the same to 'Our Will.' He wise-cracked all of us, but often said, 'I never met a man that I did not like.' Born in Oklahoma, November 4, 1879. Died in Alaska, August 15, 1935."

My next carving was the one of *Our Savior*. It is carved out of one solid piece of leather three by seven feet. It shows the Christ approximately life size, standing in front of a door knocking, with a staff in his left hand signifying that he is ever the good shepherd. On a large leather scroll at the bottom of the carving, you will find the entire Lord's Prayer. Over his head on another scroll is carved the passage of Scripture that reads: Genesis 6:3 "*And The Lord Said, My Spirit Shall Not Always Strive With Man.*" This carving of *Our Savior* was conceived from the passage of Scripture that reads: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." The door is swung with three

silver hinges and has a silver door-handle and lock. This silver has been placed on the leather somewhat like silver plating on leather, even to the screws that hold the hinges on the door. The entire door is carved in panels, showing a mahogany finish which is one of the finest wood finishes known to man. The outside or door facing shows a continuous vine-work of carved raised-flower stamp work. If you can visualize a large piece of leather three by seven feet and understand the work of going over each square inch three and four, or sometimes more times, all by hand, using fine carving instruments, with sometimes as many as forty or fifty cuts or licks to the square inch, you can get some idea of about how much hard, tedious work it requires to complete one of these carvings. And remember that any time you let an instrument slip or make a miss-lick you have ruined a valuable piece of work; for there is no way of rubbing out your mistakes. Working under these conditions almost anyone will become nervous, and it is nearly impossible not to make some kind of a slip some place or some way. Perhaps the mistake would not be noticeable to anyone but yourself or some other expert leather worker, and practically invisible to the average person. Old leather workers will tell you it's almost impossible to complete a large piece of stamp work and not make a single mistake. But you can "believe it or not," there is not a single mistake or slip of the instrument in the carving of *Our Savior*. As far as the workmanship is concerned, it is as perfect as it is possible to carve so large a piece of work.

And as to flaws or mistakes, it is as perfect as the man. Many people have asked me what I used as a model for this Christ carving. Owing to the old Mosaic law of "no graven images," one man's conception of how Christ looked is as good as another's. Of course we have types and descriptions of men of that day and age, and can you visualize the man that lived a perfect life, the Lamb slain without blemish, having anything other than a kind intelligent face? Approximately 1800 hours was consumed in drawing, designing, studying the Bible, carving, and completing this work which should last for centuries to come.

The bust carving of *General Robert E. Lee* is approximately two by two and one-half feet in size. This carving was reproduced in memory of both of my grandfathers who were old Confederate soldiers, and to honor the few remaining soldiers of the South, who will soon all be gone; and to assist in perpetuating the memory of one of the noblest soldiers and Christian characters that the world has ever produced. It has been said that Lee was a Washington without his victory, a Napoleon without his Waterloo, and a Lincoln without his reward. Governor Rivers of Georgia in proclaiming a state holiday January 19, in observance of the birthday of General Robert E. Lee, has paid a worthy tribute to the life and memory of one of America's greatest and best loved sons. He was a Christian gentleman of indomitable courage, of unswerving faith in God; self-effacing, possessing unusual poise and self control, exemplary in character, lov-

able and loved. He became the idol of the South and its guiding star through the dark and troublous days of War Between the States. His example will ever stand as the symbol of all that is noble and best in life, and history will continue to accord him a place of ascendancy in the honor roll of the great. In his memoirs was written this quotation which in substance comes from the Bible: "In His own good time He will relieve us, and make all things work together for our own good, if we give Him our love and place in Him our trust." This quotation might be called a rule or guide that he lived by. And there is no doubt but that history is according him a place among the greatest of the great.

The story of *The Last Supper* is a very interesting one, and the painting of Leonardo da Vinci has been called a world-famous masterpiece. Millions in the past have viewed this painting on the plaster wall of the refectory of Santa Maria della Gracie, Milan, Italy. But unfortunately this great picture was painted by Leonardo da Vinci on the plaster wall of a little church up which the moisture has been creeping through the ages, causing this lovely picture to gradually fade away, and peel off. Every ruler since Napoleon has attempted to restore it, until no part of the original painting exists today; it is no longer the work of the great Leonardo. Our motive in reproducing this famous event on leather is twofold. One is the everlasting qualities of good leather. It will last indefinitely, and be here for future generations to see, to be inspired by, and to en-

joy—just exactly like it is now sculptured and carved upon the leather. Second, I wished to use the material that played an important part in bringing the Bible through the Dark Ages down to the translation by good King James. Before this time most of it had been written in Hebrew upon scrolls or parchments of leather, since the Lord in his wisdom must have known before man that it would last throughout the ages. Leather was found in King Tut's tomb in a good state of preservation. We also read in Hurlbut's story of the Bible where wise and good King Josiah's men were at work repairing the Temple on Mount Mariah, removing the rubbish to make the house of the Lord pure once more, when they found an old book written upon scrolls of leather. It was taken to the king immediately and found to be the Law as given by Moses that had been lost or hidden so long that the people had forgotten it. And the good king commanded that all his subjects once more abide by the law. This book also contained the Ten Commandments, which our law of the land is based upon. Of course we all know there is no actual picture or photograph of *The Last Supper* in existence, for when it occurred photography was unknown. The artist has read the Bible through and has spent some five years in Bible research, studying, designing, and carving this picture true to historical facts and conditions, based upon Bible research; and he has wrought from tradition and historical descriptions the types of men and objects of that time and age. The entire picture has to be seen in the mind's eye

of the artist's imagination. By declaring his body and blood to be the spiritual food and drink of mankind and thus instituting the Sacrament of the Holy Communion, Jesus asserted his true divinity.

The carving of *The Last Supper* is intended to portray a scene of movement or intense emotion, for Christ has just made the statement that "One of you shall betray me." Each figure vibrates and lives its own emotional character; all the Apostles are profoundly moved. Judas in his agitation has tipped over the salt celler, providing us with an explanation of our own superstition about spilling salt. Jesus alone is calm and unmoved. In my carving the characters are approximately one-half life size. In many pictures of *The Last Supper* the characters have no sandals on their feet. Christ lived under the old Mosaic law until he was crucified and the Temple was rent in twain. Under this law all shoes or sandals were left at the door on entering any kind of a room or place of worship. The Lord even commanded Moses to remove his shoes when approaching the burning bush, stating: "Thou art on holy ground." Tradition and history both tell us that people of that day and age ate reclining on couches. It is only natural to presume there would have been some couches in the room were thirteen men had assembled to participate in this supper. So I carved a couch, along with a water jug, and some garments strewn across a bench. I also made an extensive study of each individual character as to age, habits, and occupation—all of which leave a very noticeable mark on a

man's face over a period of time. Does a hard criminal have a kind, soft face like a Christian character? A doctor will have a face with certain markings that a lawyer's does not have. The doctor sees more pain and suffering than the lawyer. In other words, the occupation or profession, combined with the thoughts of the mind and the kind of life the man or individual lives, all have a bearing and leave their markings on the individual's face. The occupation helps to mould the character of the man. Studying *The Last Supper* from left to right one finds: (1) Bartholomew—Sincere and honest. He shows his surprise by jumping to his feet. He was a quick-tempered man. He has the expression on his face of, "Master, surely you don't think that I would betray you!" Probably this thought was in no one's mind except that of Judas. (2) James the Lesser—Youthful and slightly bearded, he was a brother of Christ. It is only natural to assume there should be some family resemblance, for Mary, the Mother of Jesus, was also the Mother of James the Lesser. (3) Andrew—He is shrinking from the Judas whom he suspects. Andrew was an old man at the time of *The Last Supper*. He was also the older brother of Peter. He was a strong, rugged man. (4) Judas—Isolated in the foreground, he has just spilled the salt. He has those selfish, pinched features which would indicate that he would betray his own brother and he did far worse, for he betrayed the Son of man. He was the treasurer of the Apostles, and no doubt he loved money too much for his own good. The Bible says, ". . .

woe unto that man by whom the Son of man is betrayed! it had been good for that man if he had not been born." (5) Peter—He is rugged and inquiring. He was one of Christ's outstanding apostles and loved the Master; but still he denied him and then wept over his weaknesses, which Christ had foretold. At the end of his life Peter was crucified, and he asked to be placed on the cross with his head down as he was not worthy of being crucified like the Christ. (6) John, the Beloved Disciple—The Bible tells us he was Christ's favorite. He was a fine looking man and near Christ's own age. His face was smooth; since the art of shaving was known in the Bible times. John and James the Greater were brothers; so it looks like Christ and his twelve disciples were one large family as almost one half of them were related. The center figure is of the Christ who has turned his head to talk with James the Greater who was a man that went right to point on any question that came up. It would be natural for him to get Christ's attention at once. More thought and time was spent on this one carving of the Christ than all the others put together. And I feel like it would be useless for me to make any attempt to describe this Man who gave His life as the Lamb without blemish, and shed His blood on Calvary for the remission of sin throughout the world, that every man who believed in Him might not perish but have eternal life. (7) Thomas—He was rugged and ever doubting. On Christ's resurrection when he was told what had happened, he stated he would not believe it unless

he could thrust his hand into His side. He would not believe that Christ had risen from the dead. (8) James the Greater—Horrorified at the accusation, he was a man that went right to the point on any question; so it looks reasonable to suppose he would have Christ's attention immediately, asking Him questions about the statement He had just made. (9) Philip—He gently offers himself to his master. He was a young man; so it would not be unreasonable to think of him as clean-faced and handsome. (10) Thaddeus—He is also questioning. He was old and quite naturally hurt to think someone of the twelve would stoop so low as to betray his kind and loving Savior. (11) Matthew—He asks Simon if he has heard this charge. Matthew was a lawyer, and evidently had a bright mind. He is discussing the statement that has just been made with his fellow Apostle Simon, asking him questions as a lawyer would. (12) Simon—With raised head, he expresses amazement, and in typical Jewish fashion, he is using his hands to express his emotions, as if to say, "Well, it's not I."

On the table are carved various articles of food that were common in that day and age. In front of Christ, you will find a small reproduction of the great Chalice or Holy Grail of Antioch. This container is intended to hold a small amount of wine for each person present, something like a quart. It was carved out of silver, and had thirteen characters carved upon it. It was unearthed in the ruins of Antioch. Some authorities try to connect it with the Last Supper, owing to the fact that there are thir-

teen characters carved upon the Chalice. These have been magnified many times and brought down until they resemble, to some extent the men of that time and age. I had this book of the thirteen magnified characters on this Chalice; about the time I had finished my sketch of the thirteen characters, drawn and sketched according to my interpretation of how I thought they should look, my good friend who is now deceased, W. A. Jackson, professor of history at the Texas Technological College in Lubbock, saw my sketch and we discussed it for several hours before I had completed the carving. This man had lectured on the Holy Grail some twenty-five or thirty times and had made an extensive study of it. It was his suggestion that I make no changes in my sketch. It was also his opinion, as well as my own, that there is no history, Bible or other kind, that would connect this Chalice with actually having been used at *The Last Supper*. It is possible, but in all probability it was not used. Professor Jackson saw my completed leather carving just one week before he passed on. He admired it very much, and said that it was as nearly correct as anything he had ever seen, based upon the customs and events of the Bible. I don't make the assertion that it is perfect; that statement no living man for many past centuries could truthfully make. *The Last Supper* has been reproduced many times by various artists, the most famous of whom is Leonardo da Vinci. It has also been reproduced in stained glass by a lady in Europe, a Miss Moretti, who is one of the last of her family of stained art

THE STAGECOACH

At one time, the stagecoach was our fastest means of transportation on land and was usually drawn by four good horses, changed at short intervals to maintain a fast schedule for that day and age. So, the overland stage had its part in transportation, and made things more convenient for the hardy pioneer who had gone on before to establish a home in the West, and to transport passengers and mail. It was often beset with constant danger from roving bands of Indians and outlaws, who pillaged and robbed the passengers, and thought nothing of taking a human life if opposition was met. For that reason the coaches usually carried some scouts, who were excellent shots and knew the surrounding country well and were constantly on the lookout for danger. With the coming of the railroads, the stagecoach passed from its usefulness, and is now more extinct than the buffalo.

glass workers. This reproduction is now in Forest Lawn Memorial Park, Glendale, California.

A brief story of the famous painter or man of many talents, Leonardo da Vinci reads like fiction, and should be of interest to any art lover. He was born in the village of Vinci between Piza and Florence, in 1452, and died in 1519. His portraits and madonnas are found in the leading art galleries of Europe. His masterpiece, *The Last Supper*, was painted on the wall of the refectory, or dining room, of a convent in Milan. Christ and his disciples are shown sitting at a table as described by Luke xxii. This enormous fresco, considered by many the greatest painting produced in all Italy, has suffered shameful treatment. In 1652 the Dominican monks desired to enlarge the refectory doorway. They cut off the legs of the figure of Christ and the nearest disciples. During the Napoleonic wars, French Hussars used the refectory as a store room for horse fodder. Tourists, too, at one time were carelessly allowed to dig out bits of plaster, and carry them away as souvenirs. Water stains and patching have helped to ruin the picture; but for the past hundred years every effort has been made to preserve this great work. Fortunately a great number of copies have been made. One artist devoted six years to the work. Leonardo's talent is summed up by saying that he taught Michelangelo force, Raphael beauty, and other artists grace. Leonardo was not only a great artist, but he was a leader in other departments of thought. He has been called a man of many

talents. His knowledge was almost supernatural. Long before Bacon he laid down the maxim that experience and observation must be the foundation of all reasoning in science, that experiment is the only interpreter of nature and is essential to the ascertainment of laws. Unlike Bacon who was ignorant of mathematics and even disregarded it, he points out the supreme advantages in this branch of learning. Seven years after the voyage of Columbus, this great man, great as an artist, mathematician, engineer, and architect, gave a clear exposition of the theory of force obliquely applied on a lever. A few years later he was well acquainted with the earth's annual motion. He knew the laws of friction and the principles of virtual velocities. He described the camera, understood aerial perspective, the nature of colored shadows, the use of the iris, and the effects of the duration of visible impressions on the eye. He wrote well on fortifications and anticipated Castelli on hydraulics. He occupied himself with the fall of bodies on the hypothesis of the earth's rotation. Some of his books treated of the times of descent along inclined planes and circular arcs, and of the nature of machines. He considered, with singular clearness, respiration and combustion, and foreshadowed one of the great hypotheses of geology, the elevation of continents. But with all of his talents and virtues, history and tradition tell us that the great Leonardo was negligent in finishing anything he had started. Perhaps a man with as many talents as he possessed was very busy and had so many things of importance on his mind that

he found it hard to spare the time to complete various undertakings. In painting *The Last Supper*, he would leave the work and be doing something else, and was an unusually long time in completing it, with the officials of the church becoming impatient. Finally when it was all completed except the faces of Christ and Peter, he became so annoyed and vexed that he painted for the face of Peter one of the church officials that had been annoying him so much, and another church official's face was used for Christ. All of this goes to prove that one man's conception of how Christ and his disciples looked is as good as another's, provided the artist bases his conception on how men in Bible days looked, and upon the types and history of that day and age. Leonardo da Vinci was a tall, strong, handsome man, and kind-hearted. History tells us that on one occasion he went into a store and bought a cage of birds and went outside and turned them all loose. A group of young men saw this act and laughed at him. He walked over to where they were standing and picked up a horse shoe that happened to be in his path and straightened it out with his bare hands. The boys wasted no time in scattering.

These leather carvings of mine represent over one hundred years of development in the Southwest, from the time the Indians hunted the buffalo with bow and arrow, down to modern transportation by the airplane. Many others, including *The Last Supper* and *The Christ*, were conceived from that Book of Books, which if you will read and study with an open

mind, you will believe and will receive an understanding that will justly be due you, for this is promised in His Word. Leather has lasted six thousand years in the past. May these carvings which have been carved and sculptured, all by hand, on the best of leather obtainable, last six thousand years more, if the Lord in His wisdom sees fit to let the world stand that long. This medium and oldest commodity known to man was used in many instances by the old prophets in foretelling the things that have happened in the past and the things that are still to come in the future. Other mediums have been found less expensive than leather to transfer man's thoughts upon, but let us not forget the part it played in bringing the Bible or Word of God down to the modern translation by good King James of England. Last but not least, the Ten Commandments on which all our laws are based directly or indirectly, were written upon leather and at one time were hidden away in the Temple; and good King Josiah's men unearthed them while clearing away the rubbish. They had been lost so long the people had forgotten the law. I know the Bible says Moses wrote on tablets of stone also, but did he not become vexed at the weakness or idolatry of his people and break those tablets of stone?

BUILDING AT THE CLOSE OF DAY

An old man going along the highway,
Came at evening, cold and gray,
To a chasm vast and deep and wide,
The old man crossed in the twilight dim,

The swollen stream had no fear for him,
But he turned when safe on the other side,
And built a bridge to span the tide.

"Old man," said a fellow pilgrim near,
"You are wasting your strength with building here;
Your journey will end with the ending day,
You never again will pass this way;
You've crossed the chasm deep and wide,
Why build this bridge at evening tide?"

The builder lifted his old gray head,
"Good friend, in the path I have trod," he said:
"There follows after me today
A youth whose feet must pass this way.
The chasm that has been naught to me,
He too must cross in the twilight dim—
Good friend, I am building the bridge for him."

—Author Unknown

THE ART OF CARVING

Carving is the oldest form of art known to mankind. The first records we have of the existence of the human race are carved on stone cliffs and the walls of canyons and caves. Crude as they are, these primitive designs reveal the first glimmerings of light or the faculty to reason. They transfer his thoughts and give expression to the soul of the Neanderthal man. In the same way, carving has left an everlasting and indelible record of the progress of the human race since the first sharpened stone chisel, which was perhaps made from the bone of some animal and used to gouge a design of some figure on the walls of a primitive cavern home. And practically all races of people have left traces of their handicraft in some form or another, some very crude, and some showing a great deal of skill and patience, considering the instruments they had to work with. Drawings tell of man's knowledge of animals and various objects of his particular time and age. When we take into consideration the tools or instruments these primitive men used who did the carving, they showed a great deal of knowledge, skill, and patience in accomplishing the tasks that they set forth to do.

Carving has been rightly called a branch of sculptural work from which it is distinguished by the use of softer materials, such as ivory, wood, and leather. A walking stick with a carved ivory head was an indispensable part of a gentleman's equipment in Babylonian times. The Greeks employed carved ivory in the construction of their statues and colossal gods. The remains of the early Christian art, whether in ivory or wood, were richly carved. The finest specimens of wood carvings, however, are found in the altar work, pews, chairs, tables, doors, and halls of the medieval churches, and in the homes of merchants, princesses, and rich aristocratic families. Many European towns, such as Prague, Nuremberg, Ravenna, Augsburg, Antwerp, and the cathedral towns and cities of the Hanseatic League, all have richly hand-carved woodwork. Oak carving predominates in stairways, halls, and pews, and altar work. Of all old English homes and churches Westminster Abbey is said to possess some of the finest carvings in wood, both medieval and modern. Germany has always excelled in this branch of art. The Black Forest regions still maintain an enviable reputation for carved woodwork of artistic merit to this day. They produce wooden toys and parlor and hall ornaments for clock work. Our manual training schools of America seem to be creating a revived interest in wood carvings of today. Our own American Indians have left some very artistic carvings in the great Southwest. They carved upon the sandstone ledges of bluffs, canyon walls, caves, and var-

ious other places where the figures have been protected from the elements of time. Their carvings come down to us of today in a good state of preservation. In Alaska and north-western Canada, you have a good example of the Indian carvings on totem-poles, usually made of wood on which their totems are carved—natural objects usually of animals or birds assumed as the token or emblem of the clan or family. A representation of the totem serves to designate the members of the clan just as emblems are used by the members of various fraternal orders of today. The totem of some Indian tribes was pricked in the skin, somewhat like tattooing of today. It was sometimes found on the clothing they wore, on weapons of war or the hunt, or on the domestic utensils they used. In a way, the figure of the tribe or clan totem is an idol. It is regarded with reverence by the Indians and is supposed to keep out evil spirits, or sickness and disease which the Indians dread. The city of Seattle, Washington, has a totem-pole erected as an ornament or emblem of honor to the North-western Indian. The poet, Longfellow, speaks of totem-posts in his famous poem *Hiawatha*,

“And they painted on the grave-posts
Each his own ancestral, totem,
Each the symbol of his household;
Figures of the bear and reindeer,
Of the turtle, cranes, and beaver,
Each inverted as a token
That the owner was departed.”

I read in the paper a few months ago where an Indian from a noted tribe in the Hudson

Bay country said, while visiting in the United States, that Hitler with his German Nazi "Swastika" emblem had copied it from his tribe, as it had been a tribal emblem of his race of people as far back as they had any records. The old saying that "there is nothing new under the sun" still holds good. So our own American Indians have a family coat-of-arms, or tribal crest, so to speak, and they used them in tribal ways and customs as we used ours in the days of long ago in England, and now use them on our stationery or over the doors of our homes.

Many of the carvings in the Southwest, on caves and cliffs, represent the Indian in war and also in times of peace, drouth, famine, and plenty. They also show him returning victorious from battle, or in defeat. A terripan signifies buried treasure, a crude outlined horse promises loot for thieves. These carvings were something like the Chinese letters in his alphabet; they represent a word or sentence. The Indian is short on words and long on signs, even when talking with you. One of these carvings on a cliff would be a whole book, so to speak, covering a period of time as represented by seasons or many moons; as this is the Indian calendar or way of recording time. A scientific department of the Texas Technological College, recently moved a large rock from a cliff in the Guadalupe Mountains in Culberson County, Texas, that has a well preserved carving in the Indian sign language that is perhaps many centuries old. Some of our American Indians were highly skilled in hieroglyphics or picture

writing. Some beautiful examples of this kind of work can be found on the Concho River bluff near Paint Rock, Texas. This place derived its name from these Indian picture paintings which are well preserved to this day. The Ojibway Indians made picture-writings of their ceremonial songs. The first hieroglyphics—pictorial writing—were literally sacred carvings or writings.

This name was first applied to the symbolic writings of the ancient Egyptians. It consisted largely of pictures of animals, plants, and other objects, from the inscriptions on timbers, tombs, and such things. Over one thousand characters have been made out. These pictures were used as we use our letters and words. The Egyptian hieroglyphics were either left in bold relief by cutting away the surrounding materials which in some instances were carved by sinking below the surface and leaving the object to stand out, or else they were traced or painted with a reed-pen. Black ink was made from bone charcoal. Red mineral ink was also used. The Egyptians, when writing, made the animals and representations to face toward the beginning of the sentence so that the reader would meet them face to face. They were placed together very neatly so as to cover a space almost as evenly as print. In many instances, it took several hundred pictures to represent words—ideographs, they are called. For instance, the picture of the dog meant dog. A woman beating a tambourine, meant joy. A picture of a jackal meant either a jackal or cunning, according to the sense of the sentence. A

bird wading in water indicated fishing. A precious stone of any sort was indicated by a circle or ring. Walking was indicated by two legs.

There was another method or system of spelling by sound in which many pictures were used to illustrate the sound or pronunciation of the word. The two methods were combined freely so that a sentence may be partly pictorial and partly spelled by the signs of sounds. Egyptian scholars later wrote more of a running hand in which the original pictures were recognizable. In this connection, it may be said that some of the letters in our own alphabet were originally the pictures of animals, birds, and other things. Who knows but what this was the origin of the method that we use in writing longhand of today? The language of the writers of these queer characters was spoken until the middle of the eighteenth century by the Copts, a people of Egyptian descent. The Aztec people of old Mexico, when Cortez arrived, had a well developed system of hieroglyphics or picture-writing.

Another beautiful example of Egyptian carving is the Rosetta Stone which has parallel inscriptions in three languages. Hieroglyphic, domestic characters, and Greek, all of which are engraved on a slab of black basalt. It was discovered in 1799 near Rosetta, Egypt, by a French engineer of Napoleon's army who was engaged in excavating the foundation of a fortification. Three years later, it was secured by the British Museum and became the subject of study. It is about three and one-half feet long

and two and one-half feet wide, and a foot thick. For centuries, scholars had been striving to read the hieroglyphics of Egypt, but they were unable to get a start. The Greek text of the Rosetta Stone was easily read. It proved to be a lengthy inscription in honor of one of the Alexandrian Ptolemies, under the date of March 27, 196 B. C. A French scholar surmised that the hieroglyphic inscription was a duplicate of the Greek. This shrewd guess proved to be true and the Greek inscription served as a dictionary for the other, much to the delight of those versed in the antiquities of Egypt. The substance of the inscription is a resolution of thanks passed by a synod of Egyptian priests in session at Memphis. Many beautiful Egyptian hieroglyphic carvings in stone were found in King Tut's tomb. Also many articles of leather.

The art of carving reached its zenith in the magnificent examples of Grecian sculpture work which are still in existence to reveal to us the culture and glory that once belonged to Greece in the days of the *Iliad* and the *Odessey*. Though the earliest form of carving was done in stone, and rarest marble sculpture, it all perpetuates the record of the glorious onward march of man and civilization. According to traditions, Rome was founded by Romulus 753 B. C. It was built on seven hills spoken of in the Book of Revelations. Probably some of the most noted carvings in the world are on the numerous buildings and arches of the political and commercial centers of imperial Rome. The Colosseum or Roman Forum is one of the

most famous. Its real name is Flavian Amphitheater and it was started by the Emperor Vespasian and completed by his son, Titus, in 80 A. D. and remains today as one of the architectural wonders of the world. These carved stone historical buildings saw the life and death of Caesar. The Arch of Constantine is one of the best preserved of the Roman triumphal arches, with figures carved in bold relief. It was completed in 312 A. D., to commemorate the Battle of Saxa Rubra by which the triumph of Christianity was assured. Mark Anthony's rostrum has some remains of beautiful carvings and sculpture work of animals in stone such as the sheep and bull that were symbols of pagan sacrifices, and these are carved in bas-relief. History tells us this rostrum was where Mark Anthony made his famous address over the body of Caesar. The Arch of Septimius Severus built in 203 A. D., commemorating the victorious campaigns of Severus against the Parthians, has battle scenes carved in bas-relief on the arch. Figures on this arch are not so well preserved and no doubt the workmanship was of inferior quality as compared with some of the others.

Many mediums of expression have been freely used by sculptors and carvers of modern times. But to the dyed-in-the-wool Texan, there is only one medium that surpasses all others, not only in appropriateness, but in artistic expression as well—"The hide of a Texas Steer." Leather has been used for centuries as a favorite medium for carving rare pieces of artistry, both for human use and adornment.

We have countless beautiful examples of Moorish art leather work and Mexican and Indian craftsmanship in leather, dating back to the days of the Aztecs. These primitive Indians were in Mexico when Cortez invaded that country in 1519, some 420 years ago when it was ruled by Montezuma. The Spaniards were much surprised to find a people so advanced. They could see the advancement in the work on their temples and palaces, which is in a fine state of preservation today. They were highly skilled in carving objects and various designs on stone. Their work would compare with much of the modern stone masonry or sculptured pieces of today. They were very adept in carving animals and birds in stone. Some of their designs carved into stone have some resemblance to what is called "set stamp work" done on many western cowboy saddles. To do this work, you have a design carved into the instrument that resembles the work and it can be transferred to the leather by hitting the instrument when the leather has been prepared for such work, which I will describe more thoroughly later on in this chapter.

History also advises us that the old Moors who overran Spain left many traces of their art in carvings or handicraft in that country. The rich or aristocratic families had their walls adorned with fine leather carvings, as well as wood carvings in some instances. Hand carved leather was more commonly used to portray various designs just as you or I would have a room papered with a certain design that suited our fancy. No doubt various designs were

carved upon the leather to represent certain families or clans of that day and age. No doubt, they had the family crest or coat-of-arms as we know it today.

I want to call the reader's attention to the fact that the Spaniards brought the art of leather carving to old Mexico, so it can be rightfully called "a lost art reclaimed," or a revival of an old lost art; for it was brought into Mexico only twenty-seven years after Columbus discovered America on October 12, 1492. The Mexicans have been skilled craftsmen in what the saddle industry calls raised-flower stamp work for many years, that has been so universally used on almost all saddles produced in the Great Southwest. No doubt but what they brought the art into Texas when this state was part of old Mexico, or an independent state under the lone star.

The actual date this work was first done in Texas or the United States is purely a guess. Recently, I talked with an old Spanish-American War Veteran who had been stationed in Porto Rico for sometime, which is now an American possession but at one time belonged to Spain. He said practically all of the old buildings in the larger cities had richly carved stone work in which the stone masons had chiseled out the stone and left vine-work with various flower designs that were almost identical in design with those of the raised-flower stamp work on western cowboy saddles of today. I have been told you would also find this kind of stone work throughout the West India Islands, and also in Manila, the capital of the

Philippine Islands. These islands were Spanish possessions before Spain relinquished them to the United States. So it looks reasonable or logical to believe that the set stamp work on our western cowboy saddles came down to us from designs worked out by the Aztecs. I don't say all of it is exactly like their designs, for we have worked out many more and carried the idea further than they did. No doubt, our raised-flower stamp work with the tangled vine effect which is so universally used on the better grade of western cowboy saddles of to-day, comes to us from the Spaniards. Leather workers have taken the art and revived it, working out far more artistic designs and patterns than were ever used in the old art of stone masonry.

So far as we know, credit will have to go to the old Moors for originating the art of carving designs in raised-flower stamp work on leather. No doubt credit should go to them collectively as a race of people that used leather extensively in their everyday life and trades. No doubt they were the first people that experimented with leather and learned that you could put designs or objects upon leather when it was in a certain stage, and these designs would remain throughout the life of the leather.

There have been some fine Mexican leather workers or men of Spanish decent in this day and time that were fine raised-flower stamp men. One of them was Garsea who worked for S. D. Myres of El Paso. Another was Savantee. Such men as Johnny Ratton who along with S. D. Myres built the famous 101

saddle which I will later give a more accurate description of. A man named Dudley did as fine raised stamp work in the past as I have ever seen. A. L. Bettes of Lubbock, Texas, is considered one of the finest all-around saddle makers in the trade. It is to men and American workmen, of this type that I want to pay a tribute. They have brought the art of leather stamping up to a finer perfection than any of the old stamping I have seen. In the past I have seen the work of many raised-flower stamp men. Practically all of these men are natural born artists and picked the work up from their fellow workers. Through determination and preserverance they have mastered and perfected an art which will be a credit to their posterity.

There have been no books heretofore written on the art of leather carving, describing just how to go about doing this work. There have been no schools or colleges for them to take a study course in the art of leather carving; they have been their own teachers. Some schools and colleges have made an effort to teach what is known as "hand-tooling leather," which is far different from hand-carving or hand stamping leather. In doing this work the pupil is taught to take a damp piece of leather usually "stamping calf" or leather seldom heavier than calf or sheep skin. They take a tool or instrument and push or mash the object or design into the leather, using plenty of ground work to make the design stand out, which shows the object more readily than they want to bring forth on the leather. They do not cut into the surface of the leather with a cutting knife to

outline the design, or use a mallet to beat or pound into the surface of the leather the design. The art of hand-stamping or hand-carving of leather must not be confused with hand-tooling of leather which I have just described.

Another form of placing the designs on leather is known as embossing which is done by plates, or machinery that has an etching of some design or letter they wish to imitate. The design they wish to transfer to the leather is placed on the plate. This work is usually done with heated metal rollers that are engraved with patterns. Owing to the peculiar construction of the surface of leather which comes from cattle, it is more universally used for this purpose than all other leathers combined. The art of embossing by leather manufacturers is so perfected that they can imitate various other leathers so perfectly that it takes a leather expert to tell them from the original leather.

The writer will endeavor to give the reader a brief description of how stamping and hand-carving is placed upon leather. You have been given heretofore a brief outline of the art of carving throughout the ages on various materials. I contend that carving is a combination of art and sculpture work, for both principles are involved in completing the work. A man has to be an artist to design and arrange his vine and raised-flower stamp work in an artistic manner with symmetrical curves that have the proper proportions and uniform arrangements in order to bring out the work in a pleasing, artistic manner. He beats down his background and makes the work stand out just like

the sculptor chisels out what he does not need, and lets his work stand out to represent the object or design he wishes to make. Carving on leather, is more difficult work than painting for the simple reason that an artist can paint out his mistakes or go back over them and correct them. A leather carver cannot do this. If his instrument slips, and he cuts or makes a lick with the mallet where it should not be, it is there to stay, and stands out like a sore thumb tied up with a white rag. There is no way of erasing the mistakes or working them out so they will not be noticed—all of which tends to make the leather carver more or less nervous. I have talked with old stamp men who said if they stamped all day without doing some other work in between times to relieve the tension on their nerves, that they would get so nervous they wanted to scream or pull their hair, or throw their instruments down and run, or do almost anything to relieve the wrought up condition that the nervous system gradually gets into when stamping over a long period of time. This accounts for the reason that many good stamp men will get to drinking more than they should to relieve the tension. Many fine Mexican stamp men are dope fiends.

Old stamp men will tell you a story of a fine Mexican stamp man in El Paso who was asked by his employer to design and carve a steer's head on the fender of a fine saddle. He made several attempts to design the head to his liking and finally threw down his instruments and said, "Me see no steer's head," and walked out of the shop. He came back in about an

hour all "hopped" up and as happy as you please, and went to his work bench and said immediately, "Me sees steer's head now," and proceeded to design a beautiful head of a Texas steer, for the saddle.

A fine architect has to see his building in his mind's eye before he ever draws a line or perfects the picture of the building, as plain as you can see the building after it has been finished by the builders. I have found this to be true in the carvings that I have designed; I study until the completed picture is perfected in my mind before I ever start to draw the picture; then I work to bring the drawing up to the picture that I have in my mind. This is often hard for me to accomplish but I keep plugging away at it until I get the desired effect or drawing just like I think it should look before I ever attempt to reproduce it on the leather. I was around thirty-nine years of age before I ever made a serious effort to draw any kind of an animal or person, or designs of any kind. I always knew that I could draw but never seemed to find time to do any art work, or the occasion never arose where I needed to do it. I have never been to an art school, or had one moment's instruction from an art teacher. In rural schools when I was a boy, they never taught drawing or manual arts. I have never had any instructions through the mail on art. I draw an object like I think it should look; if it is not up to my standard I rub it out and draw it over, keeping this up until it looks like it should to me. No doubt, if I had been instructed by a competent teacher when a lad, I

could draw an object far more easily now. Yet I have been told by many ardent horsemen that my proportions of horses are far better than those of many commercial artists that had been painting for ten years or more. I think the secret of any good artist's work is for him to know all of the bones and muscles—or anatomy of the subject he wishes to reproduce.

In medical school we make a thorough study of the human body including all bones and muscles. Some of the finest artists, the world has ever produced, have been doctors. They know the human body down to its minute details. That is the secret of their success as artists. I was reared on a horse, having petted and pampered them, treating their cuts and bruises when a boy; also I have spent many long hours in the saddle which has familiarized me with the anatomy of the horse. The draft horse I have plowed; the trotting horse I have driven; the saddle horse I have ridden and worked on the cow range. Cow work brings out and develops muscles that are seldom used by horses in other lines of work.

Taking into consideration the time in life that I started this work should be sufficient evidence for any young man that it is never too late in life to start doing anything that you have a desire to do. You never know what you can do until you try. In carving *The Last Supper* if I had ever given it a second thought as to the undertaking that was before me in going over each square inch of leather three and four times all by hand on a carving five by ten

feet square, I would have given it up before I ever started.

In drawing or carving, the smallest details are of the utmost importance. Those little things are the difference between a masterpiece and a crude piece of work after it is finished. A house painter could take his brush and make a crude outline of each of the thirteen characters in *The Last Supper*, so you could perhaps distinguish what he had started out to do. It has been my experience to contact many men and boys that rush through their work just any old way to get it off of their minds never taking the time or pains to do their work right. I can truthfully say that I have never made a denture, or finished any fine piece of work, that I did not think I could go back and make it over and do it just a little bit better. My mother always taught me that anything worth doing at all is worth doing the very best you can.

If any young man will start life in his allotted task by doing his work to the best of his ability every day, he is sure to advance and improve in his chosen work regardless of what it may be, so long as he still takes pride in his work. If you do not enjoy your work or can't create an interest in it, by all means change your work, for no one can be a success at something he does not like. If I have made any success of my life's work, it is due to the fact that I learned this lesson early in life, for if you are really and truly interested in your work regardless of what it may be, it is really not work. It is a pleasure that affords you one of the

greatest joys that you receive from life. I can get deeply interested in a carving and forget that I am hungry or sleepy. I have worked on several of them twenty-four hours without stopping. You become so interested in the work you can't seem to find a stopping place. No human has worked his eyes any harder than I have mine. No doubt my work has weakened them to some extent, as they have to be focused down to such a small area which is unusually hard on anyone's eyes. Work will help you to forget the heartaches and sorrows that come into every human's life as you are tossed back and forth on life's stormy seas. All of which helps to build character or goes to the other extreme; it all depends on the kind of fiber you are made of, just like different kinds of leather are made of various kinds of fiber; some weak and some strong.

It takes much hammering to produce fine steel; it takes plenty of trouble and work to produce a fine character. The Bible tells us that man shall earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. Some people are fine character actors; some can play a violin and some can sing or work at a new invention; people do different things to satisfy their emotional desires. I could learn law, medicine and dentistry all combined more easily than I could learn to play the violin. However, the violin produces a feeling or emotion within me that is indescribable. I have always had a desire to play some kind of musical instrument. Science tell us that the desire of the father is often manifested in his child. Perhaps this is so, for my daughter

Merthel seems to have an unusual musical talent which time alone will develop. My hands are small and dexterous and by working with them I seem to be able to work off the thoughts and feelings within me somewhat like the musician works his soul into his music. But my talents are not musically inclined. They go more to the mechanical.

I am never more content or happy than when I am making something new or different. In my designing or carving, I have never had the desire to reproduce the same piece of work twice. A new idea or carving that has never been produced is constantly in my mind. I might say in producing the many carvings that I have made to date in order to make borders and designs different and to produce vine-work, I have made with a small vice and fine file, and by using my dental burs, something like one hundred various designs in instruments that I use in producing a carving. Most of these instruments were made from broken dental instruments: nails, bolts, or bits of steel that came handy. My astrologer tells me that I could have made a great success in the inventive world; perhaps so, I was born under the same sign as Thomas A. Edison, but I have accomplished many things with leather that the leather experts did not know could be done. So perhaps that is what my Creator intended for me to do. So far as I have been able to find out, no one heretofore using instruments of his own creation and with nothing but them and his hands has brought out the personality

and expression of the human character on leather to where you can recognize it instantly.

If there are defects in a carving of a particular human being, when placed on leather, the camera will find it. I have been told by some of Will Rogers' closest friends that he never had a picture made of him in his life that looks any more natural than the carving I have reproduced on leather. It is a life-size carving of the famous humorist. Yet I never had the pleasure of seeing Will Rogers in life. I studied his actions and movements in his many moving pictures and reproduced the carving like the impression his image on the screen made on my mind. I might say that I have always admired him and was a close reader of all of his humor and most human remarks about all humanity. Will was perhaps more talented with his tongue than I am with my hands, for he literally talked himself into the hearts of all humanity. His talking was quite profitable, to say the least.

My work in carvings will be invaluable to future generations. Whether it reimburses me in a material way during my lifetime remains to be seen. Many people have said to me, "Dr. Maddox, how do you do this work?" If you should ask me how to practice dentistry it would be almost as easily answered, for it takes a great deal of thought, time, and study to become efficient in producing a large historical carving. Just how I bring out a facial expression is part of my trade secret, but I will endeavor to give you a description of the art of stamping and hand-carving of leather.

If you have the patience and desire connect-

ed with the talent and ability, determination, and perseverance, to stick with it long enough, you can perhaps become as efficient as I have in this work, or perhaps more so. This will all depend on your talent and determination to carry through, regardless of the set-backs and discouragements you may encounter. All can be overcome if you have the talent and stability to stick at it.

Hand-carving in the hands of an expert on good leather will increase the wearing qualities of the leather at least fifty per cent. This statement is backed up by many years of observation and experience on my part and statements from men who have been in the leather business for a half century or more. You can take an inferior piece of flanky leather; wet it and stretch it out, and rub all of the wrinkles from it; then hand-stamp it with a good design; it improves both the appearance and texture, and even strengthens the leather to a great extent. Leather that is made from cattle has a solid criss-crossed body or base that is more or less solid. On top of this is the grain or hair-side of the leather, or finished side after tanning which is composed of a fine network of minute fibers running in every direction. On heavy saddle leather made from a fully matured steer, the leather is around one-fourth of an inch thick. In some places of the hide, it will run over this thickness and in some places slightly less. The thicker the cowhide the deeper you can cut and stamp the design or your stamp work. In collar, skirting, or strap leather, it will average just about one-half the thick-

ness of saddle leather, or approximately one-eighth of an inch thick. The trade world uses it mostly in what is called six and eight ounce thickness or weight. In stamping calf, it will average just about one-half the thickness of the collar or strap leather, or approximately one-sixteenth of an inch in thickness. These three different grades of leather are the most universally used in hand-carved stamp work. The thicker your leather is, the deeper you can cut the surface without going into the body or main base of the leather. On the thickest of saddle leather, I think you can safely cut the surface close to one-eighth of an inch without injuring the base. By wetting your leather thoroughly, the surface that is composed of these fine fibers raises or swells to some extent. On the collar or strap leather, you could perhaps cut it close to one-sixteenth of an inch, and on stamping calf, you would cut it just one-half of this distance or one-thirty-second of an inch.

It takes a very steady hand with a delicate sense of touch to cut stamping calf the right depth, for if you go too deep, you have ruined the leather, or too shallow your stamping does not show up well. However, it is just as adaptable to your stamping tools as the thicker leathers, the only difference being that you cannot make your work stand out as much or beat your ground work down as low. In carving leathers of all grades, it should be cut or designed while wet, for then the cracks or cuts in the leather will dry open and your work can be more easily finished, and it will look more

artistic. The secret of turning out a fine piece of stamp work is in knowing the exact time to start working on it, in pounding in your designs, and doing your ground work. If you start the work too quickly, it will be spongy and your stamping will bounce back on you and will not stay down where it should. It will also discolor the leather, and produce a coarse, dingy product when worked too wet. It will never look as well as it should, but will have a dead looking appearance—no life. If you wait too long, the leather will become too dry and hard for your stamping to be done to the best advantage.

A wooden mallet made of some hard woods such as hickory is the best kind of a mallet to use in stamping. The weight depends on the thickness of the leather you are working upon. A cutting knife is so made that you can hook your forefinger over a swivel and turn the knife in any direction you want to cut. In this way, you can cut a circle or curve which a good craftsman always does, especially in vine work. You take your thumb and other three fingers and turn the knife to cut the outline of the design or flower you wish to create. The leather you are carving should always be cut uniform, not deep one place and shallow another. You will develop a delicate sense of touch in time.

All good dentists have a delicate or light sense of touch developed to a high degree more or less. In fact, the term "painless dentistry" is more in the operator than in any other thing. A good operator in dentistry always has some of his fingers or his thumb resting on some par-

ticular tooth at all times. This acts as a safety in case his hand should slip. A good leather operator will find this same precaution necessary to perform delicate work, for if your hand slips, you have not caused the leather any pain, but you have ruined that particular piece. If it happens to be a carving, you have lost many months of hard work. This is why leather carving is so tiring, for you get so self-conscious with the thought continually on your mind of caution at every move, that it finally makes the operator very nervous.

The ground work is usually made by a small instrument with several small holes in it. You stamp down all the leather but your vine and flower-work. This makes your work stand out and is known as the background. Many people think it is burned into the leather, but this is a mistaken idea. Nothing is done that will injure the wearing or lasting qualities of the leather. In many instances, the background is dyed black which makes the stamping or carving stand out more readily. If you wish to dye the background, this should be done before you oil or grease the leather, in order for the dye to penetrate the pores of the leather. Caution at all times is necessary in dying the background for if this dye gets onto the stamping, or vine work, it is just too bad, for it is there to stay. A small camel's hair brush is best to dye your background with. Instead of painting the ground work, you merely touch or dab it and let the dye run or spread all over the parts you wish to dye; and have no fear for the ground work will absorb it

as readily as sand absorbs water. In stamping thick leathers, like saddle leather, a harder blow is required than on thinner leathers, and so on down, to stamping calf which requires a light uniform tap of the mallet to produce the best results. A well stamped or carved piece of leather will have the outline of your work or carving showing through on the flesh or reverse side. In fact, on many of my carvings, you can recognize the characters I made by looking at the flesh side of the leather.

But in no instance should there be a cut or mark of any nature showing through on the flesh side. This is where caution is required never to cut too deep, but just deep enough for each particular thickness of leather. This can be acquired by plenty of practice and study of leather. You know the old adage, "Practice makes perfect" can be wisely used by the beginner.

I remember watching an old boot-maker stretching a vamp of kangaroo leather over a last to make a pair of boots. I asked him how much he stretched the leather, and he replied that he stretched it until it was just ready to tear, then he quit just before it tore, and then he tacked it down. It takes experience and knowledge of your work to do all fine mechanical or art work. The better you know your product and develop that sixth sense of knowledge or delicate sense of touch, the more efficient you will become. By the skill shown in your work you will be known as a fine workman or a poor one. The world is full of poor workmen who do their work just any way to

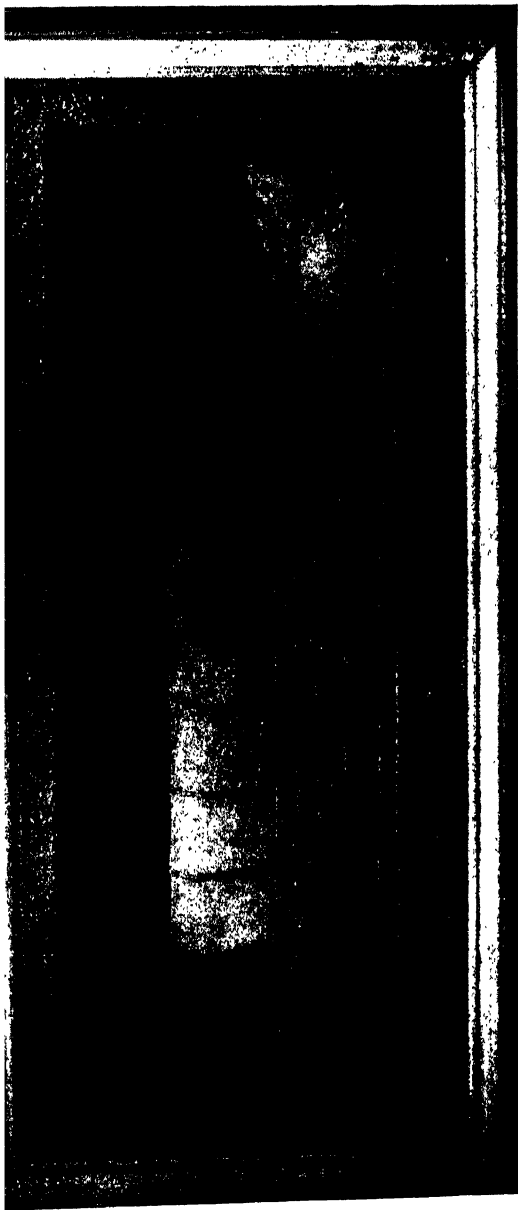
get by, with the pay check in mind only. This will apply to many trades exclusive of leather workers.

In wetting your leather or preparing it for carving, you will find that it will dry much faster in dry, windy weather, when there is no moisture in the atmosphere. When it is raining and the atmosphere is laden with moisture, the process of drying is much slower. I have found that you can produce a finer piece of stamping in damp weather than you can in extremely dry weather. The surface seems to puff or stand out more readily and it is more adaptable to the working tools of a skilled craftsman.

I have also found that each piece of leather is just a little different from every other piece, or it has a personality, so to speak. No two human beings are alike and neither are any two hides. I imagine the condition of the animal at the time it is butchered, or the different breeds of cattle produce just a little difference in all cattle leathers. However, the general characteristics of all cattle leathers are practically the same. This difference is not enough to be hardly noticeable. If you want your finished stamping or carving to look its best, the leather, when not being used, should be kept covered up with a woolen blanket or sheepskin, or be kept in a drawer away from the free circulation of air. In this manner, it will dry and retain its original luster. Never lay the leather in the sun to dry or place close to heat of any kind. A good stamp man will soon acquire all of these precautions in turning out fine work.

To do this, the leather worker needs to acquire skill and knowledge of it and give it his individual attention, just as the original hide requires individual attention in the tannery. One hide of a particular texture will take more tanning solution than another hide; while to the inexperienced workmen they both would look practically the same. When leather is wet and dry enough to be in what is known as the best stamping stage, it is very sensitive to any kind of a scratch or cut. Almost anything with any weight laid upon it will leave an impression on it, or any kind of a cloth with dyes will go into the surface of the leather and be hard to remove. Diluted oxalic acid can be used to remove pencil marks or grease spots or various stains that may occur on the surface of the leather, but it is not advisable to use this acid to remove spots unless it becomes absolutely necessary, as it will leave a slight discoloration on the leather.

To stamp properly a piece of leather, it will be necessary for you to have a stamping block made of a thick piece of smooth stone or metal, usually built into a wooden frame that will give some when a blow is delivered to the leather, in reproducing your design. In set-stamp work, where you are using an instrument that you wish to produce a particular kind of border for your work, you will find it necessary to strike the instrument a harder blow to produce the desired effect. This is more particularly true of saddle work, for the leather is thicker, and for this purpose a mallet is usually used which is made of rawhide around a metal



THE PIONEER

Most of our ancestors came to this country in a covered wagon drawn by the old plodding oxen or mules. The covered wagon has been immortalized in song and story, and, like the buffalo, its usefulness has passed, but it long will be remembered as the traveling home of our forefathers, who set out to conquer the West, and lay the foundation for a modern civilization that we of today enjoy, although we seldom realize the hardships that it took to establish. We should cherish the memory of that band of hardy pioneers who blazed the way into a land that was unknown to them. They had the courage to take their families into a wilderness, and suffer all the hardships of establishing civilization; they were constantly in danger from savage beast, Indians, and, last but not least, the outcasts of their own race who were more to be feared than all other dangers. So what we enjoy today was bought with a price, and that was often blood.

core that has been loaded with shot to produce weight. Many set-stamp saddles are produced in the Southwest. This is the kind of stamping that in design has some resemblance to the stone work of the Aztec Indians of old Mexico on their temples and palaces.

The writer has designed and made something like one hundred instruments with a vice and file, using the dental engine with fine steel burs to cut grooves and holes into the surface of the instrument to be transferred upon the surface of the leather. In doing this work, it is necessary to have your leather just right, neither too wet nor too dry, to produce the best results. Owing to the unusual sensitiveness of leather it is well for the beginner to first draw or perfect all of his drawings or designs on some fairly strong paper, such as heavy brown wrapping paper. You can then erase and redraw the vine-work or any designs you wish to create until you get them perfected to suit your taste. You can then lay this paper with the perfected design over the wet leather and retrace all of your drawings onto the leather, being careful at all times to not let the paper slip. It is not a bad idea to tack the paper down on the corners with small thumb tacks. In this manner it will not slip. Be sure to put the tacks on the extreme edges, for they will stain the leather to some extent.

If you wish to do raised-flower stamp work, in drawing your designs, work out flowers, twigs, and leaves that suit your fancy, drawing them on the paper; and remember the more tangled your vine work is, the better it will

look. Remember also, that the vine should be carried along with your work, remembering at all times, your work will look better in curvatures and circles in both the general outline of the main vine as well as in the smallest part of your work. A good rule to go by is never to cut a straight line, but let the twigs or branches extend off from both sides of your main vine, with a large flower placed at intervals with the stem of the flower always attached to the vine or main design you want to use throughout your work. Old stamp men usually work out several flowers or designs to their liking and then cut them out of leather to be used as patterns. Instead of drawing the designs first on paper they just take this flower and lay it on the wet leather to be stamped, tapping it lightly with a small flat hammer which leaves an outline. Then they arrange the vine work in symmetrical order around the flowers connecting them all together. But it takes years of experience to do this and unless you are a natural born artist I would not advise any beginner to even attempt this last method in producing a design.

In case you want to have a steer's head, or horse's head, in a scroll or somewhere on your stamping, it is best to select a place about the middle and put some kind of a carved border around your work. This will give it a more artistic setting. Another thing to remember, is, that the profile or side view of an animal or person is all that can be brought out on leather to any satisfaction. If leather were a foot thick, you could probably mold the front view

of a horse's head or human's face to the point where you could recognize the human instantly, but this is not the case, owing to the fact that the thickest of stamping leather is only around one-fourth of an inch down to one-sixteenth of an inch in thickness.

Many people have asked me why raised-flower stamp work is not done by machinery. The answer is, that there are so many different ways and kinds of flower-work that you can carve into a saddle or bag, that it would necessitate large steel dyes to do all the work and this would cost a fortune. Then it could not be made to look like real hand-work, for there is no doubt but what a skilled craftsman in almost any kind of hand-work can turn out a product that is far superior in artistic beauty than the product of any kind of a machine. Especially is this true of saddle work, for so many different styles of saddles and sizes of trees are used. In fitting the seat, they are all just a little different in size, even when using the same size tree; and that would make it necessary to have hundreds of designs of the same pattern to fit all saddles; and with orders coming in for some high and some low cantles; some swell, some medium forks; some saddle seats to fit fat men and some to fit lean; some for short-legged men and long legged men; and each man with a different idea of the particular kind of a saddle he needs to suit his fancy, it is almost out of the question to have any one set of dyes or patterns to fit all saddles. So the saddle of the Southwest—the real cowboy saddle—is still principally a skilled, hand-made product. Styles

and makes of saddles vary as much as the individual, leather-faced hard riding cowboy's taste of a working saddle, that is ornamented with sterling silver and precious jewels. Prices of these saddles vary from one hundred dollars for a good raised-flower stamp job with no ornamental work to as high as you want to pay.

Many readers may not be familiar with the cowboy saddle, so the following is a brief description of the present-day cowboy saddle and names of the different parts used in its construction; also sizes compared with saddles of thirty and forty years ago. First, you must have a foundation to build your saddle on. This is known as the saddle tree and must be good if you expect to have a good saddle, for nothing is good without a solid foundation. The best cowboy saddle trees are made out of white pine covered with bull rawhide. Some trees are made of hardwoods but they are heavier and sometimes warped which makes a poor saddle. The strongest horn is the iron horn built into the tree and covered with rawhide. Then it is covered with leather when saddle is completed. Some horns are made of German Silver which also have a base that fits down into the tree. They are not considered as strong for roping or heavy work. The front of the saddle is called the fork or pommel. On a modern saddle it will average nine inches in height and around thirteen inches in swell. Saddle fronts of thirty and forty years ago averaged ten to twelve inches in height and from fifteen to twenty inches of width or swell. The

average size saddle seat of today is around fourteen inches. The back of seat is called cantle. On saddles of today it will average around three inches in height. Years ago, they were from four to six inches in height. The sides of a saddle are called skirts, which, on the old style saddles made years ago, were square and would almost cover a small cowpony. On modern saddles, they have rounded the corners and lessened the sides or skirts considerably. The reader might not think that saddle styles change, but they do and have, in my lifetime. The fender or sweat-leather that swings off each side of the saddle, which the stirrup is fit into, also protects your clothing from the horse's side. They vary in shape according to the purchaser's taste. Stirrups years ago were made of iron; today practically all stirrups are made of hardwood and covered with leather. Cowboys in a brushy country usually have what is known as *tapaderos*, or taps, placed on the stirrups to protect their boots. Mexicans are strong for these *tapaderos*, which is a Spanish word. Practically all saddle-skirts are lined with sheep-skin with the wool part next to the horse. The saddle is tied and sewed together with saddle strings running through leather rosettes or buttons or *conchas* that can be made of sterling silver or gold. The saddle strings are usually left long, in order to tie various articles on to the saddle; such things as a slicker or rope. The saddle is fastened on the horse with two girts or cinches usually made of mohair of the Angora goat. The cinch is fastened to the saddle and girted tight around the

horse with a tie strap or *latigo*. Like the cowman or cowboys of early days, the modern cowboy prizes his saddle above everything else. You have heard the old song about a ten dollar horse and a forty dollar saddle. It is nothing unusual for the saddle to cost more than the cowhorse, even today. It takes a good, strong, well-built saddle to hold a full grown steer or bull. If it were not for this well-built saddle, it would be impossible for the cowboy of today to perform the rough and many times dangerous work of the cattle ranges of today. That is why the saddle is so important to the Westerner, quite apart from the fact that it is a heritage of the ages handed down to us from the mail-clad *conquistadores* to the trimly-booted and spurred leather-faced horsemen of the modern Southwest of today. You are, no doubt, aware of the fact that the well-trained cowhorse and saddle are indispensable to the cowboy.

There was a day when the horse was king, and he is still king in this modern age when there is real cow work to do on a western ranch. A king of England once said on Bosworth Field, "My kingdom for a horse." I doubt if there are enthusiastic horsemen of today who stop to realize the important part or influence the horse and his equipment or working togs have exercised on the history of the world, from the earliest recordings of history down to these modern times. It's doubtful if but a small minority of horsemen of today have any idea of the antiquity of the accessories of the art and showmanship of the horse in saddlery,

from the earliest times down to the present. Some noted historians tell us that Bellerophon was the first to ride a horse. When horses were first ridden, neighboring tribes thought both the horse and man were one animal.

Some authorities tell us that Pelethronius of Thessaly, was the inventor of bridles and saddles. However, a Greek legend gives credit for the introduction of the bridle to the goddess Athena who enabled Bellerophon to master or control the winged horse, Pegasus, so that he could accomplish better the feats the King of Lycia required of him. The first saddles were little more than a cushion or pad, perhaps a blanket placed between the horse and rider. Something like a century before the Christian era a light wooden framed saddle was used by the Romans, perhaps in their cavalry, as they were constantly at war. Several centuries later, the armor-clad Norman Knights adopted a saddle made of wood, with high pommels and cantles. No doubt these saddles were designed from the deep saddles evolved by the Nomadic pastoral tribes that roamed the Asiatic steppes. This is probably where the wooden tree of today, which is covered with rawhide, had its origin. From this crude beginning, an idea originated from the Norman Knights of old, there came to horse lovers and craftsmen the saddle trades or guilds, with their ideas presented to them from service and necessity. They have slowly but constantly improved the saddle, until we have the wooden framed rawhide covered tree for a foundation. It is then covered with leather that is a masterpiece of art as

well as durability and is used throughout all of our western rangeland.

When William, the Conqueror, who was a Norman, invaded England, there were different crafts that supplied the mail-clad knights of chivalry with equipment. They were organized into Guilds with headquarters in the City of London, and were under the direct control of the King of England. Of all these Guilds in operation, the Saddlers Guild claims the distinction of being the oldest. They produced a document which is still in existence, dated in 1154, to back this claim. The Saddlers Guild received their first royal charter from the crown in 1272 when King Edward the First was ruling; and from that date until the introduction of the hackney cab and stagecoach, they were one of the most powerful and wealthiest Guilds in the world. Tradition tells us they enjoyed many special privileges granted by the King.

In Westminster Abbey among many fine wood carvings, you will find one of the first old English saddles made by this Guild. It hangs over the tomb of Henry V. The saddle tree is made of oak and was originally covered with blue velvet, all embroidered with gold. This bears out my contention that perhaps the first saddles were covered with cloth or almost any substance available. Experience perhaps taught them that leather was more practical.

All of these old saddles were built with a swelled front, which is typical of the modern cowboy saddle of today. However, the swell was narrow and high, and not as rounded as the present-day cowboy saddle. It was also

minus a horn that would resemble our modern saddle horn. It would seem that the swell of the old English knight's saddle was designed for the sole purpose of keeping the rider from pitching over the horse's head when he stopped quickly. The war type saddle of these early days was designed in a manner that would resemble our western saddles to some extent.

In the days of chivalry of long ago, the knights and ladies were not content to ride on plain leather saddles. They had them richly embroidered, carved, gilded, and inlaid with silver and gold. They even went so far as to have them studded with gems and precious stones. Tradition tells us this was where Colonel Joe C. Miller of the famous 101 Ranch in Oklahoma got his idea of having the most expensive saddle in the world made. The back of the old English cantle was high and resembled a chair back to some extent, like our first automobiles had high wheels resembling a buggy; the front or fork was extremely high. These high fronts and cantles were the favorite field for the display of the saddle maker's art. It was about this period of development in saddles that the sidesaddle for ladies was first introduced by Queen Anne, the wife of Richard II.

But the sidesaddle never became universally used until years later when adopted by Queen Elizabeth; then it spread to all parts of the world except the Far East. When my own mother was a girl, she said most of her suitors had an extra horse and sidesaddle. This was the way they attended their social functions. We find that when stagecoaches and carriages

were first introduced into England, the Saddlers Guild viewed this new, modern development with alarm and appealed to the King to issue a decree to forbid the use of such contrivances. Later, they went so far as to have their lawyers draft a bill which was introduced into Parliament, asking that all stagecoaches and passenger vehicles be abolished on the grounds that they infringed upon their rights or charter previously granted by the King. Thus, the futility of trades trying to stop progress. This continues in a way down to modern times. It was during these times that apprentices from the Saddlers Guild emigrated to Spain, France, and Russia. So they were the first saddle pioneers who no doubt became dissatisfied with the modern things of that day and age.

The horse certainly has his place in any new country. These men took new ideas with them and made new improvements in the saddle and horse equipment of their adopted countries. We find that through the introduction of gunpowder there was another step forward in the use of plate armor, with the exception of the cuirass. Its helmet and back piece went out of date. This led to several progressive changes in style, shape, and weight of the European war saddle, which now began to gradually assume the shape of our modern Mexican saddle in use today. Our western saddle makers have gradually improved on this type down to the present.

History also tells us that the first saddle brought over to the new world by the Spanish *conquistadores* or followers of Cortez, when

he invaded old Mexico in 1519, were of the war saddle types used by the armor-wearing knights. But shortly after this time, radical changes in the Spanish saddle took place. When the old Spanish Dons first started cattle ranching in northern Mexico, local conditions and necessities of cattle work lead to a modification of the old Andalusian saddles which finally evolved into two distinct types or patterns. One of which has a thick neck and a large, flat horn. It was perhaps more in favor in California than in other Spanish or Mexican provinces of that time. Tradition tells us it was this saddle that drifted eastward over the Sierras and across the plains in the early day when the West was really a magic unknown country of adventure and romance.

American saddle makers copied it and from these early models the present various kinds of cowboy saddles of today have been evolved. These cater to the individual taste and likes of our modern cowboys, with many different kinds of trees and seats. Some with swell forks and some with low cantles. A well known saddle with extremely low fork and cantle is made on what is called the *roper tree*. It is easy for the cowboy to dismount quickly when he has roped an animal. A rider used to one particular shaped tree, which has been made to his own taste and fancy, would be quite disturbed if he were suddenly placed in another saddle preferred by some other puncher. The writer's own personal saddle is made on a Ellensburg tree, which might not suit some other cowboy. Many

rodeo men have saddle trees, and special rigging named after them.

The older type of Spanish saddle is a direct descendant of the old war type of saddle with the high, carved front, fashioned to ward off a blow or sword thrust and a lance aimed at the rider's body by the rival knight. In the new world, this front was not needed, and was lowered gradually; it was altered and re-designed, until it became the broad, flat topped horn style of hull so popular today in Old Mexico. The hand-carved beautifully decorated saddle was a product of the old Moors from Algeria. The art found its way into Spain then to Mexico and later migrated into our own western cow country or cattle land. Beginning with the *conquistadores* of Cortez, saddle lovers of Mexico and California took naturally to the most ornamental types of saddles. The American cattleman and his cowboys are now the successor of the Mexican *vaqueros*. They have inherited many of their tastes. Outstanding among these is the beautiful hand-carved raised-flower stamped saddle of today. Some cowboys have adopted the Spanish saddle with the large, broad horn smartly turned up in front. However, most cowboys are content with the plain, beautifully hand-carved leather saddle. But a wealthy Mexican rancher can and does often have his saddle covered with sterling silver, gold, and mother-of-pearl tracings, from the jewel incrustated cantle down to the gold and silver mounted stirrups. Some of our own noted cowmen and showmen have endeavored to outdo anything in the past in the

way of hand-carved saddles. Theirs were often trimmed with sterling silver, gold, and precious stones set in elaborate designs and craftsmanship of the highest order, that run the cost of construction on some of these saddles into thousands of dollars.

The chewing gum magnet, P. K. Wrigley, who owns an island ranch off the coast of California, has a silver mounted saddle with all the trimmings, that cost \$5,250. Many famous moving picture stars have elaborate silver mounted saddles running into thousands of dollars.

But it remained for one of our old time cowmen of the Southwest, Colonel Joe C. Miller, of the famous 101 Ranch of Oklahoma to have one of the most elaborate saddles made in this day and age. It is considered among the world's finest. Mr. Miller, after having enlightened himself on saddle history back to the earliest times of the old Saddlers Guilds of England, decided to have one of the world's finest saddles made. As the great state of Texas has, beyond any doubt, some of the finest saddle craftsmen in the world of today, S. D. Myres of Sweetwater, Texas (now of El Paso, Texas), was granted the contract in 1914 to construct this famous saddle, at a total cost of ten thousand dollars. Into its construction went 166 genuine diamonds, 120 sapphires, 17 rubies, 4 garnets, and fifteen pounds of sterling silver and gold. The leather used in the construction of this saddle was carefully and specially selected and placed upon a specially constructed saddle tree of the highest type genius could

produce. No expense was spared to produce the highest quality of leather and materials throughout its entire construction. All leather work is hand-stamped or hand-carved in scroll effects and is so skillfully and artistically done that it has the soft even appearance of velvet, rather than the hard sharp-edged finish that often results from the stamper's tools. All leather parts are hand-stamped. The fenders are finished in scroll effect with a typical "Texas Longhorn" steer's head in the center; while around the edges, butterflies are so perfectly stamped that one scarcely needs to draw on his imagination to see them flutter off on their wings. The initials J. C. M. are stamped on the front of the cantle. All buckles, rings, and other metal parts are solid silver. The horn is of gun metal, handsomely chased and decorated with silver inlaid in colors. On the crown of the horn is a diamond brooch in horse head effect, in which are set seventy cut diamonds of rare beauty. Each of the four corners of the housing and jockeys is supported by a sterling silver wreath surrounding a five pointed star in the center of which is a handsome three carat garnet. The points of the star are studded with genuine cut diamonds with a one carat sapphire imbedded in the wreath at the points. Each corner of the four corners of the skirts is supported by a similar wreath of corresponding size. In the center of the wreaths on the skirts is a solid gold steer's head with genuine diamond eyes and ruby nostrils, and surrounding the steer's head are five gold stars set with rubies and diamonds. The front and cantle

bindings are solid silver, handsomely engraved in wreath effects. The fork plates on the side of the swell are of solid sterling silver with the figure "101" inlaid in gold. Covering the entire back of the cantle is a solid shield of silver with the figure "101" in the center inlaid in gold. In the center of the "O" in the "101" is a large solid gold five pointed star in the center of which is set a blood-red ruby, set off in bold relief by fifteen diamonds of proportionate size, gracefully arranged along the points of the star. The stirrups are covered with silver shields with a large rosette in the center at the top, where "101" again appears in gold. The writer has seen this famous saddle on a number of occasions and can vouch for its beauty and unusualness. Mr. Miller, who had this saddle made, has passed on to the last round-up, but this saddle will remain for future generations to admire and visualize the pomp and glory that went with the cowman of the old Southwest.

A well constructed saddle will last through many years of hard service. In fact, I have seen shop-made saddles that have been in service on the range practically every day for a period of forty years or more, taking all kinds of weather as it comes. If a saddle will last that long, how long will the carvings I have constructed out of the finest leather obtainable last if placed under glass where there is no air upon them? Many noted teachers have seen these carvings and have said that they would be invaluable to posterity.

One of the hardest things I have had to contend with is describing these carvings to people

that have never seen them. The work is indescribable; you have to see it with your own eyes to appreciate its value and enjoy its beauty. If you will allow me to say so, I am pioneering in a new field in art or leather carvings. No one heretofore has ever attempted to bring out a facial expression carved upon a side of leather to where you can recognize the person instantly. If someone sees a fine painting by some unknown artist and tells you that it compares with some noted artist's work, you immediately get the idea that this man is worthy of recognition. The large carvings which I have produced or created should not be confused with saddle raised-flower stamp work. It is more on the order of sculpture work on leather; however, the same principle to some extent is involved in doing this work. I go a step farther and bring out an object or personality that will retain its shape and beauty for future generations to look upon and admire its beauty and artistic or mechanical skill in perfecting it.

My contention is that a fine artist or mechanic has that certain something born or bred within him, and no amount of training will bring this talent out unless you are mechanically or artistically inclined, for in doing this work, you must have a delicate sense of touch in nomenclature (use of instruments). In addition to that, you must be a good artist in order to bring out your proportions and make your designs symmetrical. You should also have a fair knowledge of the principles involved in sculpture work. If you are to make ar-

titles of use for your fellowman, you must be a good mechanic. Many young men have been educated in trades and professions which they are not suited for. "Square pegs in round holes," they would be more successful in some other occupation—salesmen, or even plowing corn. In all raised-flower stamp work that I have seen, by many fine stamp men, it is all just a little different; each workman has a style or kind of work that differs from the other fellow's. You could perhaps describe it something like hand writing or personal signatures, which are never the same. This brings to my mind that passage of Scripture about men with different talents; some have more, some less. We are all held accountable for these talents; all of which strengthens my belief and admiration for my Creator who created man in His own image. But in the millions of human beings, there are no two exactly alike, either in disposition, talents, personality, or looks. If you will look close enough, even in twins, you can learn to tell them apart almost as far as you can see them. The writer had twin sisters no one could tell apart, except the immediate family.

No two of us see things exactly alike, which reminds me of the story of the old fellow that got up in church and said he was glad that all men did not see alike, for if they did, they would all want his wife. This got under another old fellow's skin and he jumped up and said that he thanked the Lord for this fact, also, for if all men were like him they would not have her. This fact of people not seeing

things alike is manifested many times in witnessing an accident or murder trial. No two will tell the same story when placed upon the witness stand, which brings us back to your appreciation of beauty, or how or what you call beautiful. It all depends upon how you look at art. Did you know that a painting of a mother and her two children valued at one million dollars was painted upon the lid of a wine barrel by Raphael? It was given in payment for a twenty-five cent dinner check. The mother was the tavern keeper's daughter and her two children, yet some folks can look into the face of a baby and see no beauty there. The Duke of Brunswick, whose family can trace their ancestry back to Charlemagne, has a vase made of one single piece of onyx all beautifully decorated with fine, artistic hand-carvings, which is valued at three million dollars. So the value of almost anything depends upon the way you look at it.

In conclusion, I will tell you this true story to illustrate my point. I was visiting my uncle last January in New Mexico. His youngest boy, who is around seven or eight years old, was watching me tie my necktie, and place a small diamond stick pin in it. He asked me what it was. I replied, "Dick, that is a diamond." He said, "What is a diamond?" I replied that it is a precious stone worth lots of money. He wanted to know how much; and I told him over a hundred dollars. He gave a grunt of disgust and replied, "It's not worth a penny." No doubt, this boy would have exchanged it for a five-cent chocolate bar, think-

ing he was making a good deal. So the value of art, sculpture work, or leather carvings, all depends on the way you look at it.

Training in manual skills should be encouraged in our schools; the youngster will not need much encouragement, as we are born with a natural creative impulse. My advice to any young man is to spend some time in manual training, even if he intends to be a doctor, lawyer or preacher, for hand training is an essential part of brain training; your brain worker will have more practical sense if he is a skilled workman with his hands. Brain training is likewise an essential part of hand training. The best men of today and the past are men who combine the learning of books with the actual experience of doing things with the hands. The father of our country was a hard working surveyor. Benjamin Franklin was a printer, also an inventor and one of the best electricians of his age. Abraham Lincoln split rails, and built and worked with flat boats.

Skilled workmen are as much in demand today as in the past. America has advanced through the skill of her mechanics, for the genius of America depends upon production, and our American standard of living depends upon our skilled workmen. It is no disgrace to work with one's hands at any honest toil; it should be something to be proud of. In fact today we see too many so-called well-educated young men our schools are turning out who have all the theory in their heads, but do not know how to sit down at a bench and bring this theory into a reality with their hands. Many of these

young men are unable to secure a job that will pay as well as the job of a skilled mechanic, who may have had very little book theory training.

Medical research has proved in recent years that occupational therapy is a fine treatment for the nervous business executive, or college professor or society woman. The psychiatrist puts them to working with their hands weaving baskets or carving wood or making furniture. Possibly if these people had originally had a useful side-line involving manual skill the breakdown would never have occurred in the first place. Skilled labor with the hands, the ability to produce something, a thought or vision moulded into a reality gives a certain indescribable satisfaction, or sedative for the mind, so to speak, to the skilled workman. It drives away "the blues." Henry Ford made his first car which was the foundation for one of the largest fortunes in America today. All of our modern machinery of this modern machine age has to be first designed and made by some skilled mechanic who has learned to utilize his two hands that God gave him.

THE WILD STALLION OR HORSES IN GENERAL INCLUDING THE COW-HORSE.

The horse has been one of man's truest friends and help-mates throughout the ages. His constant association with man has made him one of God's noblest and most intelligent creatures. There has been many heated discussions about which was the most intelligent, the horse or the dog. Well, it would be hard for me to decide, for I love them both, and both of them have shown a loyalty and devotion to man which is seldom duplicated except in a mother's heart. The encyclopedia tells us that the horse is a well known, domesticated wild animal, allied to the wild ass, the zebra, and quagga which was an animal something like a horse, but more closely related to the zebra. It was formerly abundant in South Africa. Large droves roamed the plains of Kaf-firland. It was hunted by the natives for its flesh; and was the natural food of the lion. It is now believed to be extinct.

The ass is supposed to be a native of Africa, possibly of Abyssinia, and is more closely akin to the zebra which is also a native of Africa and

is classified between the horse and the ass. The mule is a hybrid animal produced by a jackass and a mare. They may be of either sex but do not ordinarily reproduce. The mule has been called the animal that man made. It has been truthfully said, "The mule is without pride of ancestry or hope of posterity." He favors his sire more than he does the dam; but the fact that the ass and horse will cross would indicate that they are of the same family, to some extent like cattle and buffalo. George Washington was given two jacks by the King of Spain, thus introducing the first mules into the United States. Petrified bones of prehistoric horses have been found in the more recent geological formations of every continent except Australia; but for some reason, the prehistoric American horse became extinct. The ancestry of our horse is not known positively, but it was probably a native of central Asia where two species of wild asses still exist.

Our modern horses all come from the old world or Europe. The wild horses of South America and the southwestern part of the United States are descendants of horses brought over by the Spanish explorers and conquerors of Mexico. Cortez landed sixteen head of horses near Vera Cruz, Mexico, in 1515. Columbus brought horses over on his second voyage to the West Indies, in the year 1527. The first horses were landed in that part of the United States now known as the State of Florida. In 1604 French horses were introduced in Arcadia. In 1609 English horses were landed at Jamestown. In 1623, Dutch horses

were brought to new Amsterdam. The New England colonists introduced horses in 1629. Among the European breeds to which the great Southwest is indebted are the Arabian and Barb, for they were agile and of riding stock. Our own Spanish mustangs were direct descendants of these horses. Inbreeding lessened them in stature, but they are tough as a boot, by nature. The horse has always had his place throughout history and ever been the servant of man. Since 1870, horse-flesh has been a popular article of food in Paris. It sells for about half the price of beef. Horse hides make an excellent leather suitable for razor strops, shoe uppers, gloves, cowboy chaps, and many other articles of use. The Mongolians of Central Asia have a fermented liquor known as Koumiss which is made from mare's milk. It is a favorite intoxicating beverage in that country. Of all horses that possess the most intelligence, I am of the opinion that the Arabian horse has just a little edge on all other breeds. But he is treated like one of the family and is constantly associated with his master from birth until he leaves this world for pastures that will always be ripe with clover.

A Toast to the Horse

"Here's to that bundle of sentient nerves, with the heart of a woman, the eye of a gazelle, the courage of a gladiator, the strength of an ox, the docility of a slave, the proud carriage of a king, the blind obedience of a soldier; the companion of the desert, mountain or plain—one that turns the moist furrows in the spring

in order that all the world may have an abundant harvest; that furnishes the sport of kings; that with blazing eye and distended nostril fearlessly leads our greatest generals through carnage and renown; whose blood forms the ingredients that go to make the ink in which all history is written; and one who finally, in black trappings, pulls the proudest and the humblest of us to the newly sodden threshold of eternity."

—*Author Unknown*

The Arabian horse has one of the oldest ancestries of this noble animal. Tradition hands us down a story of the Arabian horse. Mohammed was a great lover of horses, and wanted to produce a particular breed that would be fleet on foot and could withstand great hardships. But at the same time, he wanted horses with super-intelligence, that would obey his commands. So he selected a large group of choice mares and put them in a lot or inclosure not far from a running stream where they could see and smell this water. Then he fed the mares nothing but dry fodder until the third day and then turned them out almost famished for water. Quite naturally they all made a break for the water. He gave the command to halt on a trumpet and only five of the mares stopped. All true Arabian horses come from these five mares which obeyed his command. My youngest brother, Warner V. Maddox, who is now with the State Extension Service Department of Texas A. and M. College, had a classmate from Mesopotamia who lived in Bagdad.

When he was attending Texas A. and M. College. This boy told my brother many interesting stories about horses. He was from an old aristocratic family that owned many horses and lands in the irrigated district of the two rivers, Tigris and Euphrates, that the Bible speaks of when explaining the diverting of the waters by the Medes and Persians. It was in this district that Nebuchadnezzar ruled, and where Daniel and others of the Hebrew children were taken to be placed in bondage. This boy tried to get my brother to visit him in Mesopotamia. He told him to come to Bagdad and anyone there could direct him to the House of Honn. He said they had many horses that were born and died in their possession. Money would not buy them; it would be just like trying to buy one of the children in the family. In fact, it was considered an insult for anyone to try to purchase some of their horses. These horses are known for their stamina as they are reared in a hot, dry, desert country. A horse absorbs into his general make-up and bones a certain amount of his surroundings, just as man does.

Our own Kentucky thoroughbreds are raised in the Blue Grass region of Kentucky, where the soil is underlaid with limestone and is noted for producing good bones in a horse; bones which are essential for stamina and speed. Limestone soil produces good bones in cattle as well as horses.

I know from my own experience that a cow-horse raised in the sand hills will have a wide flat foot and walk or run way back on the frog or back part of his foot. At one time, I owned

a small ranch in the Big Bend of Texas, an extremely mountainous country where there are plenty of rocks. The mountain horses raised in that country will develop a long pointed foot not nearly so wide as the sand horse and will walk and run on their toes, so that the rocks will not hurt the frog or tender part of their feet. You can exchange locations with each of these horses after they are fully grown and they are practically worthless for cow work in the country where they are strangers. The mountain horse develops muscles that are almost unbelievably strong. He can fox trot with a man and a forty-pound saddle on his back over ground so rough that the sand-reared horse can hardly walk on. In fact, it would be dangerous to attempt to ride the sand-reared horse in the mountains at all, for there would be danger of him falling and injuring himself, as well as the rider. I have ridden mountain horses down places which were so steep he would almost slide with all four of his feet extended forward and his rump down within a foot of the ground. All he asks of you, is to give him his head and let him pick out the trail. He can find a better one than you, any day. Both game and horses will cut back and forth like the letter W up a long mountain. If you will follow this trail and take your time, you will hardly know you are climbing. To contrast this with going right straight up the mountain is ridiculous, but if you are inexperienced in mountain climbing, you might think going straight up the mountain was the closest and easiest way to the top. It might be,

but I will guarantee that you will reach the summit exhausted. By taking the course or trail the horse and game have worked out when unmolested on the range, you will reach the summit feeling like a different man, for on much of his cut-backs you are on a level path with a deep chasm or canyon on one side and a steep cliff on the other.

The mule has far more caution than a horse; he will not take chances with himself, for he looks out for number one. The Grand Canyon sightseeing companies use mules far more extensively than horses, for they will take care of themselves and in doing that they care for the tourist or sight-seer as well. I talked with an old Grand Canyon guide once who said that they had been asked the question so often about whether a mule would ever run or make a misstep and fall off a bluff or cliff, that they decided to answer it for themselves. They picked an old mule that had been on the trail for years who had about served his usefulness, so several of the guides led him down the trail to a bluff and tried to run him off. They failed. Then, they tried to push him off. The mule finally sat down on his hind-quarters with all four feet extended out in front of him, pushing back with all his might and bawled like a dying calf. They felt so sorry for him that they quit, in disgust. That mule knew the bottom of that cliff would be death for him. I have seen mules run away and go straight toward a high barbed wire fence, then turn at the last second and never get a scratch.

A horse gets so excited that he does not al-

ways do this. However, I have seen some horses that used a great deal of discretion which will usually account for the long life in some of them. This horse sense could well be applied to many humans in their everyday life. I once owned a dun horse that was foaled in 1910. He was always fat and lived to be around twenty-five years of age. It is not uncommon for a horse to live seven times his maturity, and man could do this also if he observed the laws of nature. I am going to relate one incident that will give the reader an insight into the nature of this horse.

One morning I went to the lot to feed the horses which had access to a certain pasture. I whistled a few times and they all came up immediately; all but this dun horse. He was young at this time being hardly three years old. I kept calling him and he would nicker and throw up his head, switching his tail every time I called; but he never moved an inch from where he was standing, which was down a fence row from the barn and next to the orchard. I fed the other horses and still he did not budge from where he was. I walked down to where he was standing and he had some loose barbed wire all tangled up around all four of his feet and legs. He whinnied softly when I approached as if to say, "Boy, ain't I in a jam!" And he certainly was, I looked carefully; he was not cut anywhere, not even a scratch where the blood would run. I started mashing the wire down, around one leg at a time; and when I got the wire pressed down around one foot, I would punch the leg with

my thumb and he would hold his foot up until I had removed the wire; then I would take hold of his foot and set it down. I repeated this performance until I had removed the wire from all four of his feet, and still he did not move until I dragged the wire away and spoke to him; then he trotted on to the barn for his delayed breakfast. This horse never had a blemish on him at twenty years of age, the last time that I saw him. His half sister was very high strung. She was only one year older than he, and she died from natural causes before reaching the age of seven. She came near to cutting off one of her forefeet in the wire while I was trying to stop her so that I could lift her foot out of it. There is a good lesson for human beings in this true horse story.

When our forefathers came to the great Southwest, they found many herds of wild horses roaming the prairies and mountains as free as the air that they breathed. These horses were direct descendants from the first horses the early Spanish explorers allowed to escape. Our American Indians took to these horses just like ducks take to water. They were very beneficial to the Indian in hunting game such as the buffalo, and in making raids on white settlements. The redskins also used the horse in making war on other Indian tribes. The Indian paid little attention to breeding in his horses which resulted in a great deal of kinship for one generation after another. This inbreeding made the horses he had inferior in quality and smaller in size. In Oklahoma in the early days, we called them Indian ponies. They were usually small

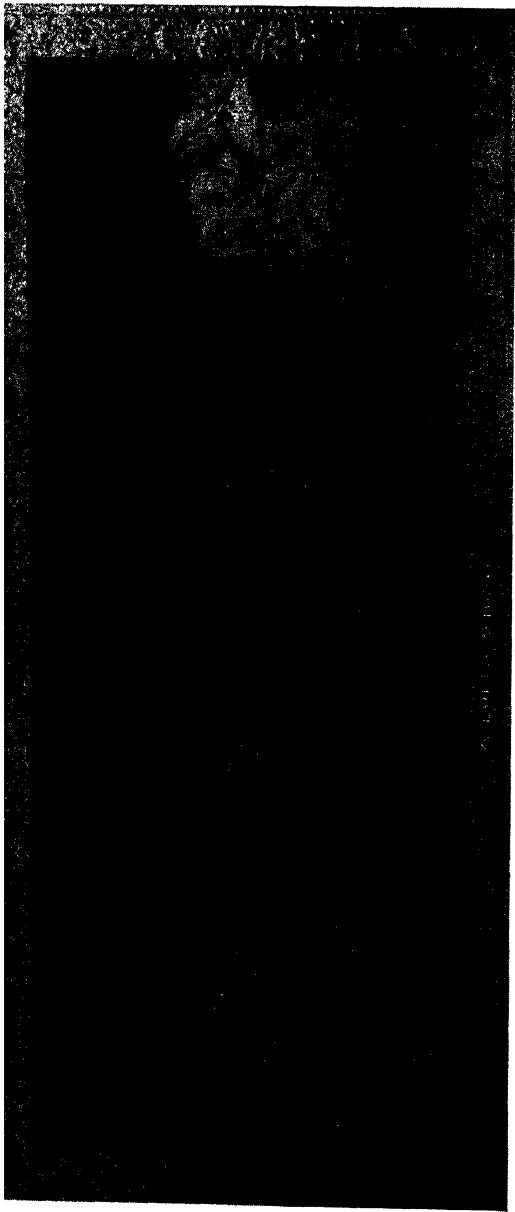
as a rule, but were tough, with plenty of durability. Many are the stories that have come out of the West regarding the wild mustang horses, especially the wild stallions. The wild stud will grow a mane that will come to the end of his nose, and a tail which practically drags the ground. This mane and tail are his plumes that he uses to entice his lady fair, as the male fowl entices the hen. And if you don't think he knows how to arch his neck and strut or spread his stuff, so to speak, and show off his plumage to the best advantage, you have never seen him in action. These wild stallions that the hand of man had never touched were the sole monarches or rulers of a certain range, and their herd of mares averaged from fifteen to thirty head, and sometimes more. His rule was the survival of the fittest, for his leadership was constantly disputed by younger horses coming on and leaders of other bands of mares that were in need of more breeding stock to increase their harems. In fighting, the wild stallion will usually stand on his hind feet, pawing or striking with his forefeet, biting or whirling and kicking with his hind feet if the opportunity affords; or doing almost anything or using any method that can be used to an advantage on his adversary. These stallions had to be constantly on the lookout from man as well as beast, and to hear his shrill whistle of warning to the herd that danger is near, on a cold frosty morning, is a thrill long to be remembered. And if you are of the West, it will make you want to be as free as he in this world of cares and woes. Nature had ways of taking care of

her children which, if left alone, would prevent inbreeding; and the survival of the fittest will build up the herd. I have heard old mountain men say that a wild stallion will cut out all the fillies in his own herd before they had reached the age of two, and will drive them out onto another range for some other wild stallion to claim. Of course he weeds out all the young horses that dare to dispute his authority. By doing this, inbreeding which has a tendency to weaken animals as well as human beings, is prevented.

Many old time western men can tell you of the pacing white stallion that roamed the Texas plains in the early '70's and '80's. They will tell you that his range was from Coleman County, Texas, westward. From their description of this horse, he must have been truly a "wonder horse" with snow-white mane and tail, and fleet as a shadow. He out-raced the best horse flesh of his day in order to escape the branding iron and rope, and ended his princely days somewhere in the West. Uncle Sam Moore of Seguin, Texas, is now past eighty. His father came to Texas during the Texas Revolution and was a personal friend of General Sam Houston who has been called the George Washington of Texas. Uncle Sam will tell you this stallion was as pretty as a gal at a candy breaking, and the swiftest thing that ever lifted foot in a wild herd. This sheik of the plains would never break a pace. The moment a rider approached, he would put in flight his herd of mares with flying manes and tails, and with zephyrlike speed he would keep beyond

the heartbreak of lasso or corral that would mean the loss of freedom to him and his harem. Many men gave up good jobs trying to catch this wonder horse and prince of the prairies. If anyone was ever successful, it is not recorded in the tradition of the West. And he was left to roam at the head of his harem and ever drifted westward ahead of the settlers, outsmarting top horsemen in the best cow outfits of that day. No doubt, his bones now rest in some grass-lined valley. Uncle Sam believes this monarch of mustangs was a thoroughbred, else whence came his stature, his speed and his spirit? Or was he a throw-back to the gilded Spanish stallion brought over by Cortez?

My uncle Sid T. Allen, who now lives south of Roswell, New Mexico, has a close friend named Longnecker who has owned many large bands of horses that ranged in the foothills of the Sacramento and Guadalupe mountains of New Mexico. He told Uncle Sid of a sorrel stallion with long flaxen mane and tail that went wild and took unto himself a small harem of mares and defied capture for years. Mr. Longnecker had so many horses that he paid no particular attention to this one until he began to get so many reports about what a beautiful horse he was. Then he decided to try to catch him as he would be a valuable horse for breeding purposes. He picked six or eight top cow-hands who were considered the best ropers in that part of the state, looked the country over, and finally located a blind point between two box canyons. This is a point where canyons run together and the walls have been caved



A BUFFALO HUNT OF 1836

The buffalo provided the Indian with every necessity of life. The hides were used for clothing and tepees, and the carcass for food, and, unlike the white man, he only killed for necessity; he was like the mountain lion, that killed only the males except on rare occasions. An Arizona lion hunter examined the carcasses of around 2400 deer, which were killed by mountain lions, and found only three carcasses of does. The only way you can account for that is that the all-wise Creator must have endowed the mountain lion with some kind of an instinct to preserve his future dinner, and the American Indian had this same instinct or knowledge handed down to him; and up to the time the white man started ruthlessly slaughtering the buffalo, the Indian was as free and independent as the buffalo and usually migrated with the herds to where the grass grew the greenest, for where the buffalo roamed there was his happy hunting ground.

straight off so that there is no place where a horse can go down. These men maneuvered the herd around and got them started down this blind point, advancing on the stallion, all riding fast abreast. They let the mares and other horses all cut back since the stallion was all they wanted. They ran him down this narrow point and were confident that one of them, at least, could get his rope around the neck of this swift animal, when he would have to run back by them to regain his freedom. Longnecker said this horse, when he saw he was trapped, ran toward them just like he anticipated running the gauntlet. Every man had his rope down ready to cast the fatal loop that would mean the end of his freedom. When the stallion was within about forty or fifty yards of them, he whirled on his hind feet and ran about one hundred yards. This gave him a good start, just like a man would do in making a running jump. He never slacked his speed and left the ground right on the brink of the box canyon. He jumped across a deep chasm that a thirty foot lariat could not swing across when thrown by a man standing on the bank that the horse jumped from. Mr. Longnecker said the horse looked like he sailed across the canyon as a flying squirrel will make a leap from tree to tree. If he had failed in his jump, he would have fallen over a hundred feet, to certain destruction. Longnecker was so impressed by the jump the horse made for his freedom, that he said, "Let him go, and if I ever hear of another cowboy trying to catch him, he will have me to whip." A horse that could figure

out, in the twinkling of an eye, what to do to escape, and then have the courage to risk his life to accomplish his purpose, was entitled to his freedom so long as he might live. Thus thought Mr. Longnecker.

This story was told my uncle in 1933, so there are still places in the West where the wild horse still survives. He uses a range that is as rough as that of the deer, and it is harder to get close to him than it is to a deer; for these wild stallions are ever on the lookout to protect their harems as well as themselves. Many old horse hunters resorted to trickery to catch these wild stallions. One of the most favored was to take a strange mare into a wild stallion's range and tie her out to a long rope. They would usually place the strange mare in a box or dead-end canyon. When the horse went up this canyon to pay a social visit to the strange lady, they would close the gap in the canyon below him with rails or some kind of a stout fence and then proceed to catch the horse. Thus, the horse would come to the end of his freedom over a strange lady who had been placed in his path as a decoy, like many men have come to their downfalls over strange ladies.

Some old time wild horse hunters and cowboys in the early days replenished their herds by creasing the best looking wild horses. It took a fine shot to do this but those days and times produced many fine shots. If they killed a horse now and then, there were plenty more horses. The way this feat was accomplished, they would catch the horse standing or running sideways to the man that did the

shooting. He would draw a fine bead, creasing the horse's neck just behind the ears a short distance. The shot was intended to go close enough to the spinal column to stun and knock the horse down; and while he was in this condition, they would put a rope on him strong enough to hold him when he regained consciousness. If the horse hunter's rifle bullet went too far down in the neck, of course, it would break the spinal column which would mean instant death. If this was done properly by a good expert rifle shot, the horse would be none the worse from the experience, as it only stunned him or rendered him unconscious for a few minutes.

Some of these wild horses could not be broken or tamed to the ways of man. They preferred to die fighting rather than give up their freedom. This extreme stubbornness was generally among the older horses. Hence the old saying, "It's hard to teach an old dog new tricks." The most successful taming was done among the younger horses that had not reached the age of maturity. And when they grew up their memory of the old range life was not so deeply imbedded in their minds. You can raise a bunch of range horses in a certain locality or part of the country, or let them get the range well established in their minds, then move them several hundred miles and they will always try to go back to the old range. Plenty of authentic stories come out of the West of horses that return distances that are almost unbelievable, swimming swollen streams, enduring many

hardships in order to return to the land of their birth, or locality in which they were reared.

It is also natural for game, such as the deer family, cattle, or range horses to know where the grass is the greenest. They will be ranging on a certain side of the mountain one fall because the range or forage is good there. The next fall or spring they may be in another part of the country. You can journey to their old range and you will invariably find it dry and the grazing poor. So nature endows her children with an instinct that serves them well in time of need. I have heard old time ranchmen say when the country was open range, they had left home on a journey to be gone for perhaps ten days or two weeks. On leaving, their range was extremely dry and on returning home they could not find any of their cattle. Inquiring around from neighboring ranchers, they would find where there had come a good rain, some eight, ten, or fifteen miles from their native range, and they could go there and find their cattle. I know of no better barometer as to the time bad weather is coming than a bunch of cattle grazing on the plains in the late fall, when it's about time for the blue northers to come sudden and soon. Some old range cow will raise her head long before any sign of the storm is visible to man, and sniff the air, then leisurely start for the breaks or deep canyons where she will be protected, to escape the cold north wind. The younger cattle will accept her leadership and follow. Horses or game will also follow this same rule. I have heard Grandfather say on numbers of occasions it was almost use-

less to go deer hunting when an east wind was blowing, for the east wind will chill you to the bone, and deer will always be lying down in some place where the wind will not strike them. They will hear you coming and sneak off. Both horses and cattle have a summer and winter range, and if left unmolested by man with plenty of territory to range over, they will always know where the grass grows greenest at all times of the year. They will stay in good flesh, except in extremely unseasonable years.

Many western men have captured wild mustangs, where their range was not too large, by walking them down. At first, this might sound unbelievable, but nevertheless, a strong healthy man accustomed to walking can mosey along and cover a great deal of territory in a day. They usually worked in relays with one man continually following the herd day and night, never giving them an opportunity to water or graze. In about a week's time you have got a bunch of horses that are so tired, gaunt, leg weary, thirsty, and completely fagged out, that they can hardly go another foot. It is no trouble for a good horseman to catch any of the choice animals he wishes after they have been walked down.

The southwestern cow-horse is truly a wonder horse, and no story of horses would be complete without giving you a brief sketch of him, since he is of a mixed ancestry like Americans; and his development or improved breeding can be traced back to the closing days of the open range. With the coming of the barbed wire,

the Longhorns went out, and the white-faced Herefords made their appearance. This brought about a change in the cow-horse from the wiry mustang with four hundred years of heritage back of him. These mustangs played an important part in helping to bring about civilization to the West just as the Longhorn cattle did; for it would have been impossible to drive the cattle to market up the long trail to Kansas without the aid of the horse. Perhaps the heyday of the cow-horse, roughly speaking, occurred in the decades between 1866 and 1890. The Longhorn period of the Southwest could have never been built up without the horse. The latter part of this period saw a great change in cow-horses, taking place in some localities in such a way that you would scarcely recognize the old mustang, for the ranchmen were constantly importing into the range country fine stallions from the East. Most of them had the idea they needed larger horses, taller or more slender.

In Oregon, they used Clydesdale sires; in Montana and the Dakotas Percheron sires. Both were crossed with range mares with practically the same results. You got what the cowboys commonly called puddin'-foots. These ranchmen thought they needed larger horses to carry a man over the rough, mountainous country. They were breeding up the cattle, and it was only natural that they should try their hand at changing the horses. But in many instances they found these crosses a failure, for every pound of weight they added to the horse lessened his endurance, and increased

his clumsiness. They were also lacking in natural "cow-sense," the most important thing. No doubt it was hard for many Easterners to believe that a horse not much larger than a stocky pony could have more intelligence, endurance, and stamina on the cattle range than a half dozen of their imported horses, which lacked "cow-sense." The eastern horses, which were originally from northern Europe, seemingly lacked this "cow-sense." Many northern ranchers bred horses that were larger, faster, and stronger, but were soft and unfit to work cattle in a rough country, where sometimes, you were compelled to ride a horse hard all day without food or water, and even then possibly you must move the herd after dark, using the North Star as a compass, sometimes sleeping out in the open on icy nights with dry winds parching the range. All these conditions must be endured and then your mount would have to make his living off the range; maybe stay out in the cold all night without a blanket, or the feedbag filled with oats. It did not take the ranchman long to find out that his half-breeds produced from draft stock, were not very good; but there was no doubt that the Spanish horse or range mustang should be made heavier and improved in other ways.

It was up to the southwestern ranchman to find the proper cross. The ranchmen of the Southwest must have had an idea that this change should be brought about more gradually since they did not need too large a horse to do good cow work; but only needed a horse of around nine hundred to a thousand pounds in

weight that was quick on the get-away and could turn on a dime, giving you back fifteen cents in change; sit down on his hind-quarters at a moment's notice or hold a large steer when called upon. So a new factor entered into the picture among the southwestern ranchers. Their cross was Steeldust which really brought about the desired results or change from the old Spanish or mustang cow-horse, and produced a real southwestern horse that can truthfully be called an American product. He is commonly known as a quarter-horse, quick from the start get-away. He can fairly fly over short distances, and while running at full speed, can stop suddenly, sitting down on his hunkers to throw a yearling at the end of the rope. In cutting cattle, he can stop, whirl in short order, and be running just as fast in another direction, in a few seconds. All of these requirements are necessary in a good cow-horse. The quarter-horse or southwestern cow-horse can be called a mixture of many breeds. He has been bred by the merciless law of the survival of the fittest until his endurance and stamina are unequalled. On the dam side, in many instances, he has Spanish, Arab, and Barb blood in his veins. The cowman of the Southwest demands that a good cow-horse have the following qualities: speed to overtake the fastest calf, weight to hold the heaviest steer, endurance to work day after day, and finally, a desire and love to work with cattle, and to out-think the cow.

The endurance of the old Spanish pony, in some instances, was almost unbelievable. As

to their breeding and ancestry, they were somewhat like the boy's dog—they were just horses. I want to relate a true instance of a little Spanish mare I rode one fall on the North Plains in 1909. She would not have weighed over 650 or 700 pounds when in good flesh. A boy with whom I was associated had owned her from the time she was large enough to ride. He always rode her very hard; in fact, you seldom ever saw him riding her except in a long lope or a fast run. She was fractious, and kept her head in the air just as high as possible. I have had her to run away with me and cut my fingers while I was holding to the saddle-horn. She would do this by throwing her head up so high that her neck would hit the horn. You might think a horse of this size could not run away with a man, and I thought so too, but she changed my mind completely. When she wanted to run away, she would in spite of hell and high water, regardless of who was riding her. When she ran away, the only way I was ever able to stop her was to reach over, doubling up my thumb on one side and clinching her nose, gripping it and cutting off her wind; and even then she would keep going until she reeled. The boy who owned her ran her in races, and everywhere he went until almost everyone said she had been run to death, for you could hear her getting her breath one hundred yards when she was running. He traded her to a fellow named Joe Swann that owned a small cow outfit joining the old Y O U, and I was helping him with the round-up one fall. This mare had been ridden hard

all day, working cattle. The ranch was about six miles from a little town on the Rock Island Railroad named Ramsdell, Texas, where we lived at that time. One evening Joe decided we would go to town. He saddled Old Gray, a horse of medium size that he worked in the field at times, and said I could ride the mare, making the remark that he hated to use her as she must be ridden down but we would take our time. We had ridden about two miles when the sun went down and it started getting cold fast. Joe remarked we were going to get very cold before we reached town unless we rode a bit faster. So he kicked Old Gray in the sides and the horse immediately swung into a lope. This mare had been run in many boys' country races and she must have thought a race was on, for she immediately became unmanageable. She passed Old Gray just as if he had been tied. I tried to stop her, but it was no use. We had killed hogs a few days previous and Joe had given me a flour sack about a fourth full of sausage, to take to Mother. I had this sack tied on the front of the saddle and it came loose. I had to hold it in one hand, wrapping and folding the reins round and round each hand, and she kept right on running, getting her head higher and higher. This one-sided duel continued until I had my hands wrapped around the bridle reins up to within a few inches of the bridle bits. The bits were not ordinary, but were made with a long shank in the middle that had a roller on it which extended way up into the mouth, of Mexican make. This type of bit would usually set any ordinary horse

down on his hunkers. I pulled with all my might but she never slacked her pace. The section of land the town was built on had a four-wire fence around it to keep the town cows from straying off into the surrounding rancher's herds. Each road running out of town had a large swinging plank gate across it. This mare ran the entire distance to this gate which was fully three miles from where we had started, and slid into the gate, breaking the bottom plank. Needless to say, I had forgotten all about the cold norther blowing in my face. The sausage gave the saddle front on one side such a fine grease job, where it had beaten back and forth that it still showed many years later when I sold the saddle on entering dental college. I was around seventeen years of age at the time this runaway occurred, and perhaps I was not as strong as a grown man, but this same little old Spanish mare would run away with a full grown man that weighed around one hundred and seventy-five pounds, and in addition a saddle weighing forty pounds; it made no difference to her. She was unruly, and not a good cow-horse, being like some children too head-strong; and she would not respond to your hand guiding her with the reins.

I have ridden many good cow-horses; you could work cattle with them using nothing but a halter or a rope around their necks. I have a friend living in Lubbock, W. W. Pollard, who at one time owned a large ranch southwest of Lubbock. In 1915 he traded for a bunch of young horses. Among them was a

small bay pony that developed into an exceptionally good cow-horse weighing around 900 pounds. He was used mostly by his wife, being very gentle and easy to guide. The fame of this horse spread over the country. He was quick, would go anywhere you wished him to, at full speed. A man came around in 1920 when the horse was eight years old and offered Bill \$250 for him. Bill sold him, thinking he had made a wonderful sale. The buyer proved later to be a polo scout. The horse was immediately put into polo games which he took to like a duck does to water. He was sold several times in quick succession, bringing a higher figure each time until two years later when a rich man in New York City gave ten thousand dollars for him to use in a national polo match.

When my mind dwells on horses, I can't help but recall a fine black mare we raised called Bess. We raised her from a colt and she could all but reason. Her mother was coal black and we called her Black Satin. She was of Hamiltonian stock which are fine all-purpose horses. As an unthoughtful fool-hardy boy, I killed this mare or was the cause of her death. Dad had me herding some yearlings on the open range, riding her. He had cautioned me that she was heavy with foal. It was misting rain on this particular morning and I rode her across some slippery sand rock. She slipped and fell and was not able to regain her footing without the assistance of several men. She lost her colt from this fall and later died. Dad threatened to skin me alive for this stunt, and if it would have brought the mare back, I

would have gladly submitted to the skinning. Uncle Sid finally talked him out of the licking. We owned several of her colts. They were all fine, intelligent horses, but Bess was better known to me. I could catch her anywhere, for I always petted her or led her to water. Father had to hem her up in a stall to catch her, for she knew he was going to work her. She was high-strung and always went against the bits. You never had to touch her with the whip or reins to get all she had, in any kind of work. All that was necessary was just a slacking of the reins. Knowing the mare as I did, I am confident she would have gone against the bit in any kind of work or driving until she dropped dead in the harness. She must have weighed around eleven or twelve hundred pounds.

Dad was always very good to his horses, treating them with the utmost kindness at all times. This mare seemed to be really fond of him, but it is Father's nature to be afraid of horses, unless they are very gentle, while I can truthfully say I have seen very few horses that I was afraid of. Strange but true, nevertheless, if you are afraid of the horse, he knows it before you realize that you are just a little bit afraid of him. I have had this trait demonstrated to me to my own satisfaction. There is an inner-born sixth sense that tells the horse this; just like a baby knows who likes him and who does not.

We were running a livery stable in the southern part of Wheeler, Texas, in 1908. A cattle commission man named Witherspoon was

working out of Kansas City, Missouri, stock-yards. He stopped at our little town and hired Father to drive him to several large ranches in the southern part of the county. It was nearing Christmas time, and they had driven hard all day inspecting and buying cattle. When night overtook them, they were about seventeen or eighteen miles from home. It was necessary for them to return that night for the man had to catch an early morning train for Kansas City; so they left the ranch for home and had not gone far when a real blizzard blew up. The entire distance back to town was due north facing the blizzard, with plenty of barbed wire ranch gates to open and close in the long journey home. Father was driving Bess along with another broom-tailed pony that had never amounted to much, but it was a double buggy and you needed some kind of extra horse to hold up the other end of the neck yoke. It was an extremely dark night and it started sleeting and spitting some snow. They had the buggy top up and lap robes wrapped around their feet and legs, but they were compelled to face the cold winds. The cattle buyer soon got so cold he had to get out and walk behind the buggy to keep from freezing. He opened and closed the gates and they had no trouble with Bess. Father said it was so dark you could not see your hand before you. Dad could always stand a great deal of cold, but this night they had only covered about half the distance home when he began to get so cold he realized he would have to walk some or else freeze. So when they came to a gate, the man got into the

buggy to let Father walk. Dad opened the gate but the mare would not budge. He thought there must be something wrong, so he laid the gate down and led her through, and went back and closed the gate and told the man to drive on, that he would walk. Bess refused to move an inch. The man hit her with the whip and she started kicking. Dad went around to her head and led her about fifty yards. But the wind was so severe and strong that he needed to walk back of the buggy which helped to break the wind. He dropped back behind the buggy and she stopped and would go no further. He got into the buggy and took hold of the lines; before he could speak to her, she immediately started off. He then decided to slip the lines to the man and ease out of the seat, swinging off behind the buggy with the horses trotting. He had not more than hit the ground until Bess stopped and would not budge. No matter how much the man coaxed her or hit her with the whip she would not move. If he hit her more than once or twice with the whip she would start kicking immediately. So Father finally took the tie ropes and tied them on to the end of the buggy lines, running them on through the buggy, and held the lines and walked behind the buggy, for the wind was so strong that he could hardly stand up without the buggy top as a wind-breaker. With this arrangement Bess would go right on either walking or trotting. Anyone could drive this mare in the daytime, for we hired her out to different drivers on a number of occasions. She evidently knew that this blizzard had created

an unusual situation. It being pitch dark and freezing cold, she must have been afraid to risk anyone else to drive her. But how could she tell who was driving her under the circumstances that I have just related? That is something I have tried to figure out. She must have been able to tell how Father held the lines while driving. Anyway, your guess is as good as mine.

The horse has ever been the friend of men. He has been bred up until you can have almost any kind that suits your fancy, from the smallest Shetland pony not over three feet high and weighing only a few hundred pounds, up to the largest draft horse that weighs more than a ton and can move unbelievable loads. I have seen these fine, intelligent Percherons in the oil fields being used in loading large steam boilers, on skids and trucks, with their master talking to them as if they were human beings. They would stop and hold the weight of the boiler at any point, until men could place scotches or skids under it to keep it from slipping. In fact, you can have a horse that is suitable for almost any purpose. It can truthfully be said they have been mankind's greatest friend and help-mate throughout the ages. Many noted horsemen will tell you that in many instances horses have more sense than their owners. They are somewhat like bright children left with dumb relations; they never get a fair chance. You have no doubt heard the old saying "just common horse sense."

Many of our noted men of the past have owned famous horses. It would seem possible

that the horse responds to his master's intelligence. General Scott rode a famous horse named *Yellow-Jacket* through the streets of the Mexican capitol at the surrender of Santa Anna. This horse was from Kentucky and was owned by William Jackson Moore, the father of Sam Moore. Mr. Moore, Sr., was a personal friend of General Sam Houston, having ridden a mule all the way from Virginia to join the Texas Army. After the Mexican War Mr. Moore sold him for \$500. Robert E. Lee owned the famous horse, *Traveler*. Lee's writings about this horse are beautiful to read, revealing a sincere affection for him, which was returned by the horse. Washington had a famous horse. Alexander the Great built a tomb for his favorite war horse *Bucephalus*, which still stands to this day in Mandra, British India. I could go on and on relating stories of famous men and horses that spent many years of their lives together as constant associates and companions. No doubt each understood the other's moods, love and sincere affection displayed on the part of the men; devotion, loyalty, and faithfulness on the part of the horse. I know of no better insight into a man's character and disposition than the way he treats his horse. My mother used to say that the way a man treated his horse was a good indication of the way he would treat a woman when married. So when a young lady of today goes to take unto herself a husband, she might observe these words, wisely spoken by an elderly lady, and profit thereby.

Horses respond to the treatment or mood of

their owners. If the man working the horse is high-tempered and fractious, and abuses his horse, he is sure to transmit this disposition to the horse; on the other hand, if the owner is kind, calm, and considerate, the horse is almost sure to be the same way. There are several ways to break to harness or to the saddle. You can rope him and tie him up to a snubbing post and ear him down, saddling him regardless of how much he paws, kicks, or resents the rough treatment you are bestowing upon him, using no precaution whatsoever. But if he is a young horse, he is sure to do his best when mounted to pitch all this strange contraption from his back in any way possible; especially when the rider mounts him and rams two sharp spurs into his sides. It is only natural for the horse to pitch and fight back with all his might. I imagine you would do the same if placed in his position. In this way the man shows the horse, regardless of how he may pitch or resist the load, that he still shall remain on his back, and the horse is finally convinced that it is useless to try to buck him off. The writer has broken many young horses, using no particular cut-and-dried method except kindness. In gradually teaching the horse to carry a strange load on his back, I have placed a saddle on a young horse and have led him around with another horse for several days, until he became accustomed to the saddle; then I have placed a sack of wheat or some other heavy object in the saddle and tied it down fast and repeated the leading process until he was accustomed to carrying the

load. Then if you have been handling, feeding, and petting him all this time it is very rare for the horse to pitch if you mount him alongside of another gentle horse someone else is riding. He will usually go right along without any trouble to speak of. Horses can be broken to harness practically the same way. By exercising good judgment, putting the young horse alongside of some older well-broken horse that will do your bidding, the young horse soon learns to do likewise. In breaking a young horse with kindness and gradually bringing him around to doing your bidding, you will have a horse that is far more serviceable and not near so apt to revert to his unbroken state when something unforeseen goes wrong. And so it has ever been throughout the ages of civilized man, the horse has been always willing to give all his magnificent strength to lighten the burdens of mankind. Either at work or at play, he is one of mankind's best helpers, and one of God's noblest creatures. The poet Gene Lindberg, gives a contribution to the few remaining wild horses of our Western plains and mountains when he writes:

Tho he's a monarch of mesa and plain,
Free as the breezes that ruffle his mane,
Riders are stalking his trail once again;
Hunters who break and brand.

He may be fleet, but the wind on the slope
Whistles less swiftly than circling rope.
He may be strong. But what player can hope
Always to play and win?

Soon he'll be feeling the cut of the cinch.
Saddle and spurs will be making him flinch.
Halter and bridle will throttle and pinch,
Bending his will to man's.

—By permission of *The Denver Post*

MY OLD STETSON HAT

Stained with alkali, sand and mud,
Smeared with grease and crimson blood,
Battered and bent from constant use,
Still you have stood the danged abuse.

A true companion through all these years,
Fanning broncs, and longhorn steers,
I dedicate this to the old gray lid,
For the useful things the old hat did.

Used to decoy some rustler's lead,
Or as a pillow beneath my head;
Coaxing a smoldering fire in the cold,
Panning dust in search of gold.

Pushed up big and knocked down flat
Has been the lot of my stetson hat,
For carrying oats to a piebald bronc,
Security for drink at the Honky Tonk.

Mistreated, abused on a round-up spree,
Walked on, tromped on, old J. B.
Fighting fire in a clapboard shack,
And stopping wind in an open crack.

Been everywhere that a hat can go,
In forty-eight states and Mexico,
I've grown old as we trailed along,
While you, old hat, are going strong.

Tho' battered and soiled and all out of shape,
From the sun, wind, and rain I have no fear,
You have been a good pal through all of that
You dirty, old grey, old stetson hat.

—*Author Unknown*

CATTLEMEN AND COWBOYS OF THE GREAT SOUTHWEST

No story of the great Southwest would be complete without including the cowman and his hard-riding leather-faced range riders, for they have played a vital part in history throughout the ages in bringing civilization down to us today. They have ever been the pioneers. The patriarchs or pioneers of old were cowmen. In the first book of the Bible we read of Abram who was a Chaldean of the land of Ur, whose name was later changed to Abraham and to whom God made a promise that through him all the families of the earth should be blessed. Abraham was very rich in cattle. He was bothered with the same things that cattlemen of today are bothered with in the great Southwest—drouth, and wells going dry, difficulty in finding new ranges for his cattle. Abraham and Lot had so much stock that the Bible tells us they could not dwell together in harmony. There was strife between the herdsmen of Abraham's cattle and the herdsmen of Lot's cattle. Abraham gave Lot his choice of the range or country in which they dwelled, and stated he would take what was

left. Lot lifted up his eyes and beheld all the Plains of Jordan. He observed that it was well watered everywhere, what more could a cowman ask for? So he took it, and Abraham took the hill country or the land of Canaan which was not so well watered. He had to dig many wells, and so the old patriarch or pioneer and man of God, Abraham can rightfully be called our first great cattle baron.

The Bible also tells us that his grandson, Jacob, was a good cowman, for he drove what proved later to be a shrewd bargain with his father-in-law, Laban, who was rich in cattle. Jacob asked to be paid his wages or services for which he had worked fourteen years, receiving his two wives, Leah and Rachel, the latter whom Jacob really loved. His father-in-law stated how he had found favor in his eyes for he had learned that the Lord had blessed him for his sake, and Jacob replied, "Thou knowest how I have served thee and how thy cattle was with me." Then he reminded Laban that his sustenance was little when he came to serve him, and told his father-in-law that he would again serve him for another seven years, feeding and caring for his flock if he would take all the speckled, spotted, and brown cattle from the herd. Laban agreed and sent his sons three day's journey with all the off-colored cattle; and for his hire Jacob was to receive at the end of the allotted time all the speckled, spotted, and brown cattle. Jacob must have known plenty about the breeding of cattle in those days, for he did something to make the unborn cattle change from solid colors back to the spot-

ted and off-colors; for the Bible states that, "Jacob took him rods of green poplar and the hazel and chestnut tree; and piled white strakes in them and made the white appear which was in the rods. And he set the rods which he had piled before the flocks in the gutters in the watering troughs when the flocks came to drink, that they should conceive when they came to drink. And the flocks conceived before the rods, and brought forth cattle ring straked, speckled and spotted." Jacob went so far as to place the stronger cattle of the flock before the rods or eyes of the cattle in the gutters, that they might conceive; and the weaker ones were not allowed to drink the water thus prepared. So the feebler ones were Laban's and the stronger ones were Jacob's. And Jacob beheld the countenance of Laban and beheld it was not toward him as before. Thus, we find many stories in the book of Genesis pertaining to cattle.

But the cattle country that I want to cover briefly is known as the great Southwest which covers all of Texas, Oklahoma, New Mexico, and perhaps all of Arizona. Some authorities might include the southern portion of California. The writer is a native born Texan and has pioneered in Oklahoma as a boy among the Indians. He has worked as a young man on many of West Texas's largest ranches, and at this time he owns a large ranch consisting of about a township (36 sections). This ranch is west of the continental divide in New Mexico.

Of the 254 counties in Texas I have personally been in all of them except a scattering few.

A noted railroad engineer from Tennessee once made the statement that none of Texas should ever have been put in cultivation, for there was enough grass here to raise cattle to feed the world. Did you know that if Texas was lapped south it would cover Old Mexico and Central America, even reaching into South America? Lapped north, it would reach into the Dominion of Canada; lapped east, it would pass Florida and extend into the Atlantic Ocean; lapped west, it would pass California and reach into the Pacific. This great state has many counties covered with heavy pine timber. But the greater portion of the state at one time was covered with as a fine growth of native grasses as the world has ever seen. Nature has so adjusted these grasses as to make them more adaptable to drouth resisting and the climatic conditions of the soil in which they grow, for you can find an extremely cold climate in Texas where the blizzards in the winter sweep down across the northern plains with a fury that will freeze the marrow in your bones. Texas has several mountains in the southwestern portion of what is commonly known as the Big Bend district that are higher than any mountains in the United States east of the Mississippi River. You can go to the extreme southern part of the state and find a semi-tropical climate where the oranges and grapefruit grow the year round. In the Gulf Coast country of Texas is located some of her largest ranches of today.

Before the days of the Civil War practically all of Texas was considered open range with

no wire fences, for that was before the invention of barbed wire. During the Civil War days almost all of her able-bodied men were in the Confederate army, with no one left at home except the women folks and old men and boys, to look after the cattle. They were unable to brand the increase from the herds. Many men went away to the army, leaving large herds when they went to serve the South in the Lost Cause. They came back home four years later to find these herds increased by the multiplied thousands. A man named Maverick, who is well known in Texas history, had thousands of cattle. One of his direct descendants served in Congress and is now Mayor of San Antonio, Texas.

A custom soon developed on the open range in those days. It was that you could use your brand, which you had selected and recorded in the county seat in which your ranch was located. You should state the general locality and location of your particular range; then you could place your brand upon any animal that you found unbranded. This custom was later called branding mavericks. Many of the unscrupulous or too ambitious cattlemen often crowded the issue to some extent by placing their brand upon a young calf that was following a cow with some other rancher's brand. Many men in the early days have been killed for this one thing. It might be of interest to you to know that during the years following the Civil War, cattle in South Texas, in what is commonly known as the brush country, were so plentiful they were slaughtered by the thou-

sands for their hide and tallow alone. Many small factories sprang up for a short period of time to take care of this surplus of cattle, which lasted until railroads were built into central Kansas, thereby establishing a market for the cattle. The ranchmen soon learned that the old longhorn Texas steer could walk like a span of mules, covering plenty of territory in a day, grazing or foraging off the country which he was driven over. And in many instances, he reached market in better condition than when he left his native habitat.

I do not know that I cut my teeth on a saddle-horn, but I can truthfully say that I cannot remember the first horse I ever rode. When in Oklahoma as a small boy, I had been riding one of our horses with a large cowboy saddle that belonged to an uncle of mine, and the time came for me to unsaddle the horse, I untied the girth and was not able to remove the saddle from the horse's back. This particular horse had high withers which made the saddle stick onto his back rather snug. I kept jumping up as high as I could grasping the saddle horn with both hands and swinging all of my weight on it, trying to dislodge the saddle. My efforts were finally rewarded, for it came off with a flop and the opposite stirrup came over and hit me in the mouth knocking one baby tooth out and breaking a small corner of one of my front teeth which shows to this day. The point I want to impress upon the reader's mind is that many authors write regarding the cowboy and cattlemen from what they have heard or been told by various people. I will endeavor to re-

late some things that have been told to me first hand, by men that have actually experienced them, and whose honesty I have no reason to question. Many of the experiences happened to me personally or I was present when they occurred; so I should be able to write with some authority and speak in an intelligent manner regarding the cowman and his leather-faced punchers of the Southwest.

I was born, reared, and grew up in the midst of the greatest cow-country the world has ever known. I have seen this cow-country coated with as fine grasses as ever grew out of mother earth, which later was turned under by the plow and in its place now grows many agricultural products of the soil. Many of these acres should never have been touched by the plow, for the land is rolling and not much of it is rich enough to be profitable in farming. The top soil, which nature has been many years building up, is washed away in a few years and the soil will not produce crops that will pay a profit. Much of it has to be turned back to grass, so that nature can rebuild the soil once more. It takes many years for the grass to resod and rebuild this fertile top soil. Some authorities say it takes nature a hundred years to build one inch of top soil. Many of these wise old cowmen argued with the nester that the land was more valuable left with the native grasses thereon, and would be more profitable in stock-raising or stock-farming than it would be in raising cotton; but the nester or our first western pioneer farmers disregarded the advice and time

has proved in many instances that the cowmen were right.

To impress this thought on the reader's mind, I only have to refer you to the great dust-bowl of the Central West which they are now trying so hard to resod with native grasses, and even planting belts of trees across the country at regular intervals, trying to stop the wind from blowing the top soil away, down to the clay or rock. One of these terrible dust storms rolling across the plains of Nebraska, Kansas, Western Oklahoma, and West Texas, is a sight long to be remembered. The amount of dust and dirt that one of these storms carries for miles into the air, and settlings it leaves over some far distant places is almost unbelievable. In many instances, the wind will blow in the opposite direction and carry the dust back and settle some of it at least over the states where the soil was devastated.

I was in New Mexico last year visiting my ranch in the western portion of the state, and the question came up as to whether that part of the state would some day be a farming country. An old cowman told a story of an old man who had been in this particular locality for years. Someone had asked him his opinion of farming in this country. He snorted and replied that you could put a quart of whiskey in each hip pocket and take a six-shooter in each hand, and you could not raise hell on a section of land.

This statement is typical of many old-time cowmen. They have a rough outspoken exterior but no bigger-hearted, kinder or more

chivalrous group of men ever lived. I do not say that it is right to take the Lord's name in vain but using curse words is to many western men only a way of expressing themselves in conversation. I know them well enough to make the statement that they never meant any disrespect for their maker in using a curse word occasionally, such as *dang*, *damn*, or *hell*, in their conversation. These same men were always kind and considerate, and at all times they displayed chivalry in the presence of ladies. If some family was in destitute circumstances in the community, they were the first to come to their rescue with a fattened calf or a quarter of beef or some kind of a donation. They were always courteous and respectful to any lady or man of God that came into the community to preach the Bible. They would give of their means and services to the betterment of the community at large. They lived in a rough, wild, new country and had to deal with all classes of men. They were known and respected for their fair dealings with their fellowman. Many of the old-time circuit riders or preachers of the early day were western men who had been born and reared in this sort of environment and knew how to look beneath the surface and see the inner soul of the man.

An instance was related to me not too many years ago that happened in a church in Amarillo, Texas, where the pastor was a western man who knew the lingo of the range. One Sunday night he preached a rather scorching sermon, giving the devil his just dues from all angles. At the close of the sermon he was at the

door shaking hands with the congregation as they passed out the door. A cowman walked up to him and handed him a five dollar bill and remarked, "Preacher, that was a damned good sermon you preached tonight; I certainly did enjoy it." The preacher replied, "Fine, Brother, I am glad you enjoyed the sermon. Thanks for the bill; it takes a hell-of-a-lot of money to run a church these days." This conversation may sound very bad to anyone except a western-reared man. Most of them would never give it a thought. I don't want to leave the impression on the reader's mind that every western man swears by note, for this is not true. A western or pioneer woman who would swear was a rarity. It looks like some of these fine old ladies now receive some good lessons in swearing from their modernistic daughters; but not all the daughters are bad. Hearing a woman swear reminds me of a sign I have seen in many western cafés and public places that reads: "Please do not swear in here; it's all right with us, but it sounds like hell to strangers." I have never seen a woman swear that could make it sound all right. It just sort of seems out of place.

I do not want to convey the idea to the reader's mind that all people from the Southwest are rough and uncultured and wear horns. I have visited in New York City several times, and on those occasions I have been asked by many intelligent people questions like these: "Does everyone in Texas carry a six-shooter? Is there any farming in the state? Isn't all of Texas just cut up into big ranches?" Well, to

anyone that really knows the state, those questions are worse than ridiculous.

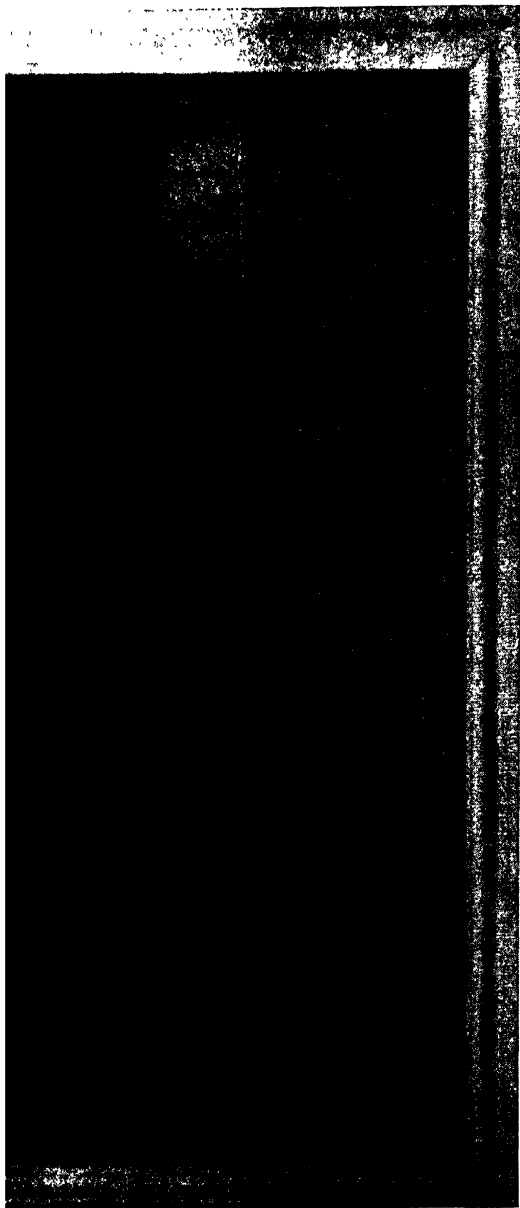
The City of Lubbock, with a population of around forty thousand people, has a trade territory in area about the size of the state of Ohio, which is ninety-five per cent tillable. Forty years ago there were very few acres where the sod had been turned upside down. In 1903, Lubbock's trade territory made eighty-eight bales of cotton; and in 1937, over one million bales. The County of Lubbock is only thirty miles square, and in 1937 this county ginned 172,207 bales of 500 pounds each in lint cotton. This county has several ranches that have not been placed in cultivation. Lubbock County was organized on March 10, 1891, just forty-eight years ago. Rollie C. Burns, who is now living and is eighty-two years of age, is known by this writer quite well. He was foreman of the old IOA Cattle Company. Their north line was Nineteenth Street, one of Lubbock's busiest thoroughfares. Mr. Burns told me that when the election was held to organize the county, they had only 132 voters in the county. The law required them to have 150 voters to organize same. So he put in the names of eighteen head of his saddle horses as voters to bring the total up to the required number. Many old-timers can relate to you instances of the names of saddle horses or shephard dogs being used to live out and prove up on a section of land.

Forty or fifty years ago land in Texas was of little value, for the state kept her unoccupied domain when admitted to the Union in 1845.

The state had so much land she would sell it for almost any price. The old capitol burned and the state had no money with which to build a new one. So she made a deal with the Farwell Brothers of Chicago, a contracting firm later known as the Capitol Syndicate; and for its construction, the state of Texas gave the Capitol Syndicate three million acres of land in the northwestern part of the state. It cost the contracting company three million dollars in gold to construct the building which is built from reddish-grey Texas granite, and is just a little larger than the capitol of the United States at Washington, D. C. Tradition tells us all this land broke the contracting company which constructed the building.

But it is now a different story; all this old Capitol Syndicate land is worth from ten to thirty-five dollars per acre or more, for most of it is now used as farming lands. At one time it was known as the XIT Ranch which was one of the largest cattle ranches in the world and covered portions of ten counties. Many of the old-time cow-punchers who worked for the Capitol Syndicate or XIT are still living and hold an annual reunion each year at Dalhart, Texas. Ab Blocker, still living, was one of the first XIT foremen.

The writer saw a pair of old worn-out shop-made boots in 1924, that had been made about the year Lubbock County was organized. These boots had been obtained in exchange for a section of land not many miles from Lubbock. This land sold in 1924 for \$65 per acre, \$41,600 for the section. They were expensive boots



THE ROUND-UP

This carving was made in memory of the great cattle industry, which played such an important part in settling the Southwest. Dr. Wm. Allen Maddox used to work on a ranch when he was a boy, and carved these characters from personalities as he knew them at that time. The rounding up and branding of cattle at least every spring with the rightful owner's brand placed on all the calves, and sorting of the cattle to the respective owners was part of the great industry. This carving does not show any of the cattle, but shows a typical breakfast scene around a cow camp with one of the boys topping off his bronc. The green-horn often put on a show for the pleasure of the rest of the cow camp, and it goes without comment he usually lost his seat. They tell a story of an Englishman who came over here and visited on a ranch; he insisted they gave him a trained horse that kept pitching him up and catching him, and the bally brute finally forgot to catch him.

but when the deal was made, the cowboy probably drove a good bargain and got all he could have sold the section of land for. The Dutch bought Manhattan Island from the Indians for \$24 in cheap jewelry or trinkets. What is it worth today? The IOA Ranch composed all the southern part of Lubbock County in 1891, and this only formed a part of its range, as it comprised a greater portion of several counties.

One of the largest ranches handed down from the old cattle barons is the King Ranch located in the Gulf Coast country of South Texas. This consists of more than a million acres of land. The writer has been across this ranch which consists of the greater portion of several large counties. It still belongs to heirs of old Captain King; and the City of Kingsville is named in his honor. The old Captain, Richard King, has passed on to the happy hunting ground or last round-up of all cattlemen. His wife was still living a few years ago. An amusing story is told on her granddaughter who was matriculating in a college of some kind in Chicago; the daughter's surname was Kleberg which is the name of a county that was named in honor of her father who married into the King family. One of the faculty members was asking all the usual run of questions on matriculation; her name, where she was from—she replied, "Kingsville." When he asked her for the location of this town, she replied, "In Kleberg County." Then he asked her where Kleberg County is, and she said, "In the northeast corner of Grandmother's pasture." All of this was correct.

I have a friend living in Lubbock, Texas, who is my exact age. His father, Henry B. McKinley, was the first sheriff of Hill County, Texas. He died last year at ninety-six years of age. He owned at one time 130 sections of land in Deaf Smith County. He traded a small spring wagon and two broom-tailed ponies for the section of land that the city of Plainview, Texas, is now built upon. Mr. McKinley tried to back out on the deal.

It happened this way: He was driving a large herd of cattle across the plains and had this small spring wagon and team for his own convenience. He camped one night, and a nester came over and offered to trade him a section of land close to where they were camped, for the wagon and team. It was all level and he could see that it was good land, so he finally agreed to trade, stating he would bring the team and wagon over to the nester's place the next morning. That night he got to thinking that he had more land than he knew what to do with; he did not need this land, and so he decided to back out. The next morning he drove by the nester's dugout and told him his decision. He said the man's wife with several little children came out and all started crying. Through sympathy for the woman who said she was going back East if she had to walk, he went through with the deal. He later sold this section to the Santa Fe Railroad Company for sixteen thousand dollars. They, in return, cut it up and started a townsite which is now a thriving little city of ten thousand population.

I can't remember when I did not know

Frank Bundy, who is now eighty years of age. He lives in Cooke County, Texas, not far from where my people now live. I played with his boys in the first school I ever attended. He told me that he helped to survey the section of land where Amarillo, Texas, first started, and is now a city of around forty-odd thousand.

In the early days cattle were a necessity. Cattle have been domesticated so long it is difficult to trace their origin. Some have supposed they were descended from the wild ox of Central Europe. One of the smallest as well as the most primitive of all wild cattle is the Anoa or pigmy buffalo of the island of Celebes. It stands about twenty-nine inches at the shoulders. Cattle have ever been the animals of the grassy plains of all countries. They always adapt themselves to the particular country in which they are located, furnishing milk, butter, cheese, meat, and leather. They have done more than any other animal to render the development of civilization possible in all frontier countries. Milk is one of nature's natural foods. In fact, it is the only food that contains all elements essential to life. Honey is another natural food which is absorbed directly into the blood stream without the aid of digestion. The promised land of Canaan was a land "flowing with milk and honey."

Our first cattle were brought from western Europe by Columbus in 1493; and from these descendants came the Texas Longhorns that played so vital a part in the early day development of Texas and the great Southwest. They were long-legged and could travel many miles

to water, ranging over many acres if necessary to maintain their flesh. They could be driven many miles in a day and graze or even increase in weight while being driven across the country, especially when the range was good. All cattle drives were conducted in the spring or summer when the grass was green. One of these old long-horned steers could lick his weight in wild-cats if necessary. The many predatory animals that roamed the Southwest in the early days had little effect on them, for they had horns that were real weapons, and if cornered or provoked they could fight. The Texas Longhorns are open range cattle which had served their usefulness when barbed wire came into use. When it became necessary to fence the range into individual pastures or ranches they found it harder to survive.

The greater majority of Texas range cattle have been replaced by the Whiteface or Herefords that are the pride and joy of the average Texas rancher. In South Texas we have many Brahman cattle that are descendants of the sacred cattle of India. They derived their name from Brahman, a religious caste of India. This is a hot country infested with many kinds of flies and insects. These cattle produce a peculiar oil or odor from their skin that makes all flies and insects leave them alone. Heat seems to cause these cattle little annoyance, for you will see them grazing or standing out in the hot sun while other breeds of cattle are in the shade of some tree fighting flies. Here you have another example of nature taking care of her children. If any of

our domestic cattle have as much as a sixteenth or even a thirty-second part of Brahman blood in them, the flies and insects will leave them alone. The King Ranch in South Texas, has made some wonderful development in cross breeding these cattle with other breeds, and have developed a marvelous type of beef animal adapted to the hot Gulf Coast country.

But the average Texan has a weak spot for whitefaced cattle. Old Dr. Hall, who is a good friend of the writer, owns a large ranch near Big Spring, Texas. He was going to the national rodeo in Pendleton, Oregon, several years ago, and a great, big, broad-shouldered fellow came down the aisle. Dr. Hall waited until this man had passed and then said, "Hello there, Texas." The fellow wheeled around and looked him over and said to the doctor: "How in the hell did you know I was from Texas?" The old doctor replied: "Well, it's no trouble for me to tell a Hereford from a Jersey." It would almost be an insult to ask the average cowboy to be nursemaid to a bunch of Jerseys or milk-stock cattle. I might say on the average ranch practically all the milk used on the chuck wagon comes in cans.

Another thing about the average cowboy is that he wants his mount to consist of horses, altogether. A mare makes a good cow-horse but getting him to ride one is equivalent to asking him to milk old Bossie. All of which goes against the grain. A well trained cow-horse certainly knows his stuff and can think just as fast as a man; he knows what is required of him and does it willingly and faithfully. They

become somewhat like the old fire horses, who, if turned loose will follow the fire wagon to the fire.

A ranchman once told me of a famous cutting horse he once owned that would cut any class of cattle out of the herd without a bridle on him. A horse of this kind is not uncommon in the Southwest cow-country. He stated that one spring after the wagon had come in from branding, he had turned all the horses out on the cow-range. There had been a great deal of rain and the grass was fine, all of which made the horses feel well. On this particular Sunday morning, he noticed almost all of his horses standing on a small hill not far from the ranch house with their heads up, watching something. He told his wife there might be a wolf on the other side of the knoll, so he decided to take his winchester and walk over there and see if he could get a shot at it. Instead of going directly to the horses, he went around the knoll and approached cautiously. Instead of finding a wolf, this is what he saw: on the other side of the knoll there was a flat glade of perhaps one hundred or more acres, and in this glade there were perhaps fifty or more cows with calves which had been branded recently. This particular cutting horse had rounded them up and was cutting the calves away from their mothers and putting them in one bunch and keeping the cows in another. I will leave this story with the reader's imagination. Was he putting on this show for the benefit of the other horses, showing them how to cut cattle, or did he just want some exercise to work off

some of the excess energy the fine grass and rest had restored to his bones? Anyway, you will have to admit this horse had plenty of cow-sense.

I have seen some men abuse their horses, but I can truthfully say the average cowboy loves his horse and gives him the best of care, and would rather go hungry himself than see his favorite mount want for anything. Of course, when cow-work is to be done, and he calls on him to do something he expects co-operation, and it is needless to say that Old Faithful is always there with the goods. There has always been much discussion about which was the smartest, a horse or a dog. I am not going to attempt to answer that discussion. I have seen plenty of both that could all but talk or reason. There is a story about the cowboy who had a small spread and was a bachelor; he also had a cow-horse he was very fond of. One of his neighboring ranchers remarked one day about what a fine horse he had. The cowboy admitted he was fond of his mount, but said, "Gosh, but if he could only cook!" Did you ever notice when a fellow gets everything setting pretty, along comes someone with an invention or improvement that will make his set-up out of date?

No one individual or group of individuals can stand in the way of progress. For years after the Civil War practically all of Texas, Oklahoma, and New Mexico was open range. Settlers in the East fenced their fields with rails or board fences, for labor and timber were plentiful and cheap. But the great grassy plains of

the Southwest presented a different proposition, for timber of any kind was a scarce article.

In the year 1874 there was filed in the United States Patent Office by J. F. Glidden of Illinois, a patent for barbed wire. These twisted singing wires wrecked and changed the customs of an empire. This little invention affected the cattlemen more than any other thing that had ever happened, for the advent of the barbed wire meant the passing of the open range with its longhorn cattle, and helped to usher in the blooded Herefords. It also settled the doom of many a cowboy, for with the ranges fenced, it did not take so many cow-punchers to look after the cattle. No doubt, many of these old cow-waddies began sticking around some nester's shack who had a young daughter coming on, and before long he let her slip the halter on him for life. And he hung up his boots, spurs, chaps, and saddle for the moth and rust to collect upon, and got himself a turning plow and became a part of the future development that turned all the level grassy plains into a farming country.

With this barbed wire, the rancher could take fence posts and sink them into the ground at intervals and stretch from three to four wires along, tacking them onto the post, and have a fence that would hold his stock within certain bounds. Don't ever think this change came about overnight, with no strife or bloodshed, for such is not the case. It caused neighbors and friends to fall out and turn against each other. Certain factions arose in the com-

munities. People were almost forced to line up with one or the other faction which made it impossible to please everyone. Some cattlemen were in favor of this change, for it was beneficial to the little cowman trying to get a toe-hold. It spelled the doom of the extremely large cattle barons who had established their domains on the headwaters of some river and claimed all the lands drained by a certain stream or watershed as his range. They would forbid any other cowman to encroach upon this domain. Almost all of the cowmen had a code of ethics, founded upon their word of honor, which was as good and binding as far as they were concerned as a contract drawn up in writing by some noted lawyer and signed before a notary public.

Glidden made his first barbed wire by using an old-fashioned coffee mill with which he twisted the wires together, inserting the barbs at intervals between the wires as he turned the crank on the mill. Ranchers and cattlemen as a whole were opposed to this wire from the start, for they reasoned that this wire would cut their cattle and horses to pieces. Animals would become infected with the dreaded screw-worms; and way back in their minds they could foresee the end of the open range. And it is hard for any class of men to give up freedom and a livelihood they had been engaged in all of their lives. However, there was no doubt of the Great Plains needing some kind of a fencing material as lumber of any source was many miles away. Railroads were scarce and this made necessary long freight hauls drawn by

oxen or mule teams. So it is evident that barbed wire came about as a result of evolution or a necessity, for it was a commodity the newcomer could use to establish his boundaries on land he had homesteaded or purchased with railroad script. Land usually cost around fifty cents per acre. The wire helped to hold his stock within certain bounds which it made easier for him to look after them. All of this helped the rancher to establish his home in a new country.

This same barbed wire caused a law to be enacted upon the statute books of the State of Texas which has never been repealed. This law made it unlawful for a man to carry, on his person or his saddle, a pair of wire cutters, because when these wire fences began to appear on the plains, crossing some well defined cow-trails or fencing some watering place off from their cattle, that is when old Billy hell started popping. In some respects, you could not blame them, for it was the cowman and the buffalo hunters who had pioneered the country and had driven out the Indians by killing off their meat supply. The cowmen had driven in their herds and established headquarters near some permanent source of water, and they felt that the range was theirs by right of conquest as they had ruled this vast domain for a half century or more, and had bought the Great Plains with a price of blood, cattle, and money. One faction had men riding the range to see that the wire was not cut. Another faction had men out trying to cut it.

Half a century has passed on into history

since many carloads of this wire were brought to the plains of West Texas to be used in fencing the large ranches. To San Born and Glidden, credit goes for fencing one of the first ranches in the West. A few strands of this wire erected in 1875 are still nailed to the post. These men bought the old famous Frying Pan Ranch, located now on the edge of Amarillo, Texas, enclosing it with barbed wire. Four strands were strung upon posts by unwilling cowboys who had been used to nothing heretofore but the open range. Sweating, cursing, tugging, tearing clothes and flesh with these vicious barbs, they were ready to inflict a wound on man or beast. It is not hard to imagine how they felt. The open range and freedom they had enjoyed for many years was slipping into the past. In its place, they could look eastward and see the covered wagons coming one after the other as far as the eyes could see with the hated nester who turned the grass upside down with his plow. They fought it just like we fight for freedom of the press and other states rights which we are allowing to be taken away from us gradually by scheming politicians and men with dictator minds. I hope and pray that we, in America, do not lose like these grand old cowmen and cowboys of old lost their open cattle range. This vast range or domain was one of the last to fall before the inroads of progress, for in the migration of the early eighties, most of the wagon trains followed the Oregon Trail which went west from St. Joseph, Missouri, to the Pacific states.

The Southern trail ran west from San An-

tonio, Texas, through the pass in the Davis Mountains of West Texas, or the Big Bend district, on through southern New Mexico, Arizona, and southern California. All the vast Plains Country from Oklahoma west and south to the T. P. Railroad was overlooked; and besides, when I was a boy, the plains of West Texas or Panhandle was called the Llano Estacado or Great American Desert. This name has been hard to live down. People of today won't even believe what we have in the West until they come and see for themselves.

I don't think I can recall ever having known a cowman that was a habitual drunkard. On the other hand, I can't recall having known one that would not take a social drink. No doubt there was, and are, many who have never indulged in intoxicants at all, but my experience has been that a cattleman or cowboy that won't take an occasional drink is just about as scarce as hen's teeth. My philosophy of life is that all things are put here on this earth for some purpose, if we can find out what that purpose is. The fer-de-lance snake of South America is one of the most poisonous species in existence. Its venom coagulates the blood which causes instant death. Scientific medical researchers have found that by making a serum or drug from this poison, they can inject small quantities of this into the blood stream of a patient that is a hemophilic (bleeder)—whose blood will not coagulate—and the victim's blood vessel walls which are often too weak to hold the blood will become stronger. Strychnine is a violent poison. In small doses it is a

fine medicine if used where it is needed. Cocaine enables me to extract your tooth without pain, the eye doctor to pull your eye out of its socket, turn it around, pick some foreign object out, and replace it without pain. Wrongfully used, it will reduce its victim lower than the beasts of the forest. But our all-wise Creator gave man a brain and told him his body was holy, cautioning him not to abuse it, reminding him that he was made in the image of God. We can be intemperate in all things, which brings to my mind a western story on intemperance told to me by Uncle Charlie Jones, an old western cowman who had helped to fight the old Apache Indian warrior Geronimo who went on the warpath in western New Mexico and Arizona in the eighties.

Uncle Charlie owned a saloon in San Angelo in the early days. He said one Saturday night that the marshal picked a cowboy up for being drunk and threw him in the calaboose. The cow-waddy made bond and hired himself a young lawyer who had recently moved to town. This young attorney proved to be a shrewd lawyer. He questioned his client who stated that he was not drunk. He admitted he had been drinking, but said he had only drunk several bottles of beer—denied emphatically that he was drunk at the time he was arrested. This young lawyer got for a witness an old Dutchman named Schultz, who was a large man weighing around three hundred pounds. Everyone knew him to be a very heavy beer drinker. He put this Dutchman on the stand and proceeded with testimony and questions:

"Mr. Schultz, do you drink beer?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Schultz, how long have you been drinking beer?"

"I have drunk beer practically all of my life."

"Mr. Schultz, how many glasses of beer have you drunk in one day?"

"Oh, I imagine some days I have drunk as many as seventy or perhaps seventy-five glasses."

"Mr. Schultz, do you think a man could get drunk on beer?"

"Oh, I don't know; but I suppose if he wanted to make a hog of himself, he could!"

"Case dismissed."

Old time cow customs or hospitality was that any stranger who came to the wagon or the ranch house was fed and no questions asked. If the stranger said his name was Bill or Arkansas Smith, it was accepted as such. As for the stranger paying for the meal or night's lodging, such a thing was never heard of. Another custom—when you were going across the country and came to a cow outfit or ranch home about night and no one was there you went right in and made yourself at home. You fed your horse, cooked your supper and breakfast, washed the dishes, and went on your way rejoicing, for the latch string always hung on the outside of the door. No one ever thought about locking the house. It was very unusual for anything to be stolen. A cow-waddy might brand mavericks, but steal chickens, never. No

one but negroes did that. He had many faults but petty thievery certainly was not one of them. In days of long ago, when practically all of Texas was a cow country, the old time cattlemen and others of that time and age thought a great deal of their word. In fact, I can remember when a man's word was his bond. I was reared to never give a promise or tell a man anything I did not intend to do. Persons with this born and bred into them, may be hard to exact a promise from, but when they give it, they will usually keep it. Great sums of money were often loaned by one man to another with no note or mortgage of any kind except the borrower's word that he would repay same on a certain date or time. Of course our modern bankers would call that poor or inefficient banking business. Our banking system of today requires a man to give security when procuring a loan that binds him up to where they can take the security and then have a margin of safety if the worst comes to the worst.

I know a grand old man of the South who is an old Confederate veteran living in Gainesville, Texas. D. T. Lacey is now ninety-three years of age. He owned a large ranch for many years and was in the active banking business for over fifty years. When I was a very young man, he loaned me \$2,500 on my note with no security other than the good name which I inherited from honest, respectable parents. This same man later, when some of the adversities of life had overtaken me, stayed with me to the bitter end. I finally paid him every dollar,

with interest, that I owed him. This amounted to a rather large sum of money. Not many years ago, he told me that for over fifty years of his life he had loaned money on character and honor of men, and it can be said to his credit his bank never failed. If men lose confidence in each other and demand unreasonable security, how is the banker going to collect his note, especially if there is no honor or good name back of the security? Not many years past our banking system got into a terrible condition through no cause whatever save lack of confidence. I have known many honest men to pay their just debts many years later when all security had been wiped out. Conditions change along with the times. I will agree that no banker or anyone can lend money today the way the old timer loaned his money, a long time ago.

All this reminds me of the story of four men of different nationalities who were discussing who was the smartest man in the world. The American said George Washington, the Frenchman Napoleon, the German Bismarck; but the last one was a Jew who up to that time had said nothing, so they all turned to him and wanted to know his opinion. One thought he would probably say Abraham or Moses; but Ikey said, "Maybe so, maybe so, but, gentlemen, the fellow that invented interest wasn't any fool." So the Jew's words are true of today. They are true in a literal sense, for the entire world is hopelessly in debt, from nations down to the individual who buys all the modern necessities of life on the installment plan, and

pays a carrying charge that is nothing but interest. In many cases, it is usury against which the Bible speaks, giving a passage of Scripture advising men in business not to charge too high a rate of interest.

Some of our politicians and law makers impose usury in another form upon us by the way of increased taxation. I sometimes wonder how we are going to pay the ever increasing burden of taxation. Our Bible tells us that the governments of all nations will impose taxation upon the people until it will become unbearable. Fear and lack of confidence has spread from the individual to all nations. Of the billions of dollars that kind, generous-hearted Uncle Sam lent to help the nations of Europe in their endeavor to make the world safe for democracy, only one nation has paid or is paying, and that one is Finland.

I am getting away from the old time cattleman, but I have related these stories to bring to the reader's mind the change in conditions that forced the old time free range cowman into ranches with fenced and set boundaries. I am trying to show briefly what the changes in this country have brought about in men, conditions, and times, and the effect these changed conditions have on this modern age of radios, automobiles, electric refrigeration, and other improvements. Did you ever stop to think that we have commercialized and taxed practically everything but the air that we breathe? It would not surprise me if some bright politician should introduce a bill into the legislature to meter our noses. The old

timer or cattleman was not hampered with all of this legislation. I have been told that there are more than five hundred and fifty game laws in the state of Texas alone. A fellow needs a lawyer along with him when he goes hunting, and he would need a truck to haul all the law books, for no attorney would be smart enough to know all the laws you might break or violate while out trying to enjoy some of the beauties of nature and wild life that we are blessed with. The cowman, in the early day, made his own laws. At one time the six-shooter was the law in the Southwest, and the vigilante committee dealt out justice.

In the early day, a horse was about the most important thing in existence to almost everyone, for practically all traveling was done with horses, by stage, buggy, or horseback. A horse thief was about the lowest down breed of outlaws that the cowman and early day pioneer people had to contend with. These old cowmen had a way of dealing with the horse thief which was usually quite satisfactory. They would make sure they had the right man and then a neck-tie party would occur which would finish that particular horse thief. When a boy, I used to see many trees which old timers said had been used to hang as many as five horse thieves on. One large tree was still standing not many years ago about five miles from where I was reared, in Cooke County, where three horse thieves were hanged. Of course this practice was primitive. They were taking the law into their own hands, but it soon put a stop to horse stealing. The God-fearing,

honest folks had to band themselves together against predatory man as well as animals. When a man went bad, they usually treated him with the same justice they would a varmint that was preying on their stock.

A few years after the invention of barbed wire, one of the largest leases ever consummated was a deal for what was known as the Big Pasture which contained approximately one million two hundred thousand acres of land. It was about twenty-five miles southwest of Lawton, Oklahoma, and ran to Red River, the Texas line. This tract of land was leased from three tribes of Indians who owned the land, dealing through the Department of the Interior, in the year 1886, when Lamar was secretary. This deal was made by three large Texas cattlemen who paid six cents per acre for the land for the first six years and ten cents per acre thereafter until it was sold to settlers in 1901. I remember quite well when this land was put on the market, for we were living in Caddo County, Oklahoma, about nine miles north of Old Fort Cobb, and not over fifty miles north of the Big Pasture. This tract of land was divided by three Texas ranchers or companies, into three pastures of four hundred thousand acres each.

One was used by Captain Burk Burnett who died on June 27, 1922, honored and respected by all who knew him. He was one of America's leading cattlemen and hailed from Denton County, Texas. This man was the father of Tom Burnett who died at Iowa Park in December, 1938, at the age of sixty-seven. Captain

Burnett, established the famous 6666 brand. Tradition tells us he made a big winning in a poker game with four sixes, and he decided to use this as his brand. The writer has visited in Tom Burnett's home and on this occasion, he showed Mr. Burnett the leather carving of the late Will Rogers. His comment was typical of the old West Texas cowman. He looked at it a few minutes and said: "Damn, boy, that sure is good of old Will. Believe me, it's damn good." Tom Burnett's brand was a triangle. The famous four six brand is still run on one of Texas' largest ranches in King County, which originally consisted of around 286,000 acres.

Dan Waggoner and son, running the famous D D D brand, used another four hundred thousand acres of the Big Pasture. The Sugg Brothers, Calvin and J. D., whose brand was OH Triangle, used the remaining four hundred thousand acres. Calvin died in 1902 and J. D. had a large ranch near San Angelo when he died in 1925. Both of these men are buried at Gainesville, Texas, where I practiced dentistry for eight years. A nephew of these old cattlemen, Tilman Sugg, lives in Lubbock, Texas, now at the age of sixty-five, and is known by the writer quite well. He worked on this large ranch as a boy. He said his Uncle Cal built over three hundred miles of four-wire fence, cross-fencing the land into different pastures.

Practically all of the cattle run on this million two hundred thousand acres were of the old Texas longhorn type. There are no authentic records of just how long the South Texas

steers horns would grow, but there are plenty of authentic measurements of steer horns as long as nine feet, seven inches, from tip to tip. Most authorities are agreed that the older the steer, the longer his horns are. They continued to grow in length many years after the steer had reached maturity. The Big Pasture at one time supported around one hundred and twenty thousand head of grown cattle, and twenty thousand head of stock or saddle horses, not counting the many head of deer and antelope that roamed the range in large numbers. There were also plenty of wild turkeys, prairie chickens, and quail by the millions. All this game is now gone except the quail. The Wichita mountain game refuge close to old Fort Sill has preserved some of these old longhorns, deer, and buffalo. Practically all of the game is gone from this region as it is now used as farming land. You can find a small remnant of quail in some localities.

Tradition tells us that Frank James, the brother of Jesse James, came back into the country in and around the Wichita Mountains looking for forty thousand dollars worth of gold they had buried there when this country was all open range. The country had settled up and changed so much he was never able to locate the exact spot where they buried the gold after one of their train robberies. There is a great deal of difference in going across a country by the North Star or from one watershed to another with nothing but nature's growth upon the land, and then going back when it is

all fenced into section lines, having to follow these lines across the country.

This Big Pasture composed lands that were owned by three tribes of Indians: the Comanches, Kiowas, and the Apaches. At that time Geronimo was chief of the Apaches. He had been brought from Arizona and placed in Fort Sill for safe-keeping, for he was of a war-like nature and started trouble every time the opportunity arose. Tabanaker was chief of the Kiowa tribe. Quanah Parker was chief of the Comanche Indians and was a life-long friend of the Burnetts. Quanah Parker's mother was a white woman who was stolen as a little girl from Limestone County, Texas, by the Comanche Indians. Her name was Cynthia Ann Parker.

Captain S. B. Burnett was one of the first to recognize the fact that the big Texas ranchers were losing the open range to the men of the plow. The leasing of the Big Pasture was the last big project in ranching on a large scale in Oklahoma or the old Indian territory. When the Indian's lands were placed on the market, he came back to Texas and established his large ranch in King County, on the Tom Burnett ranch headquarters west of Wichita Falls, Texas, where he started with a dugout and house on the site of the present one which has housed four generations of the Burnett family. This ranch headquarters is a monument to West Texas, and an achievement of the cattle industry and the family that have been in the cow business on a large scale for over seventy years, starting from the close of the Civil War.

Its entire modernity is a tribute to the ability of a cowman to reverse the old order of the open range and replace it with the elements of the new. Past this ranch site in Wichita County have flown four generations of Texans on horseback, in livery rigs, in private conveyances, in prairie schooners, and in "link and pin," in Fort Worth and Denver Railroad emigrant cars, and in the long, slick automobiles of to-day. Times and conditions have changed, but there are still many large ranches in Texas that will never be turned under, for the land is not suitable for farming purposes.

The Great Plains at one time, was a ranchman's paradise. One of its most noted cattlemen was Colonel Chas. Goodnight. He ranched in the Palo Duro canyon country or the headwaters of Red River, on the northern plains of West Texas. His brand was J. A. He established a large herd of buffalo from a few orphan calves that his wife reared on a bottle. These calves were the remnants of the great slaughter of the plains buffalo. He lived to be around ninety years of age and passed on only a few years ago. He was loved, admired and respected by everyone. In his active ranching days he was a friend of the Indians and usually got along with them, for he understood their ways and respected their rights.

The Plains Country has been called the country or land of the wide-open spaces, where you climb for water, dig for wood, and hitch your horse to a hole in the ground. Most of the water comes from wells over which is a windmill. A mesquite tree usually has more wood

or roots under the ground than on top, for fire, drouth, and grazing cattle will destroy much of the top foliage. In extremely dry years mesquite brush will thrive, bloom, and bear many pods of beans that are nine or ten inches long and from two up to as many as ten in a cluster. Horses and cattle will stay fat on these beans when grass is very poor. In fact, a mesquite tree or bush does not do so well in wet weather. It is distinctly a dry weather plant. You can take a long lariat, tie a knot on the end of it, placing this knot in a small hole a few inches deep in the hard ground, tramp the dirt around it with your foot, and your horse can hardly pull it up. You can see farther and see less on the plains, relatively speaking, than any place on earth, but the Lord never put all these millions of acres of fine, level, rich soil on the plains for nothing. Time has proved that it is a better farming country than it was a cow country. Cattle need brakes or protection in the winter, when the cold winds blow with nothing to break the wind but a barbed wire fence.

I have attended round-up on the old Rowe Ranch as a boy when I was working for the Y O U that was owned by a man named Johnston, who lived in Dallas, Texas. The brand of the Rowe Ranch was R O. This ranch consisted at that time of around two hundred and thirty-five sections of land. They now own and control close to two hundred thousand acres. Mr. Rowe was an Englishman, and used to tell a story on himself. He said over in England he was Lord Rowe; when he got to America, he immediately became Mr.

Rowe; and when he got out on the ranch, he was that "damned old bald-headed fool." This man was drowned on the Titanic that was sunk by an iceberg in the North Atlantic in 1912. This man and Colonel Goodnight were friends and neighboring ranchers.

Many stories are told on the English and Scotch syndicates that owned large ranches in Texas years ago. I have seen many steers branded with the old Rocking Chair brand that covered the entire side of an animal, and was shaped like the side view of a rocking chair. This ranch was located mostly in Collingsworth County, Texas, and owned by a Scotch syndicate. A story is told of them buying a large bunch of cattle. The sellers had to account to the foreign representative in charge who came over here to receive and pay for the cattle. They had only about one-third of the amount of cattle the Syndicate wanted to buy, so they placed the buyer at the foot of a large knoll or round hill that covered about a section of land, and drove the same bunch of cattle past him several times. Of course, they had them all strung out which made it possible for this feat to be accomplished. These western cowmen no doubt taught these foreigners a lesson or two in order to bring them down to earth.

I heard an Englishman ask a cow-waddy in McLean, Texas, to hold his horse for him when he rode into town from the Rowe Ranch. This cowboy told him in no uncertain terms, he could go to where they did not shovel snow; then he stalked off, leaving the Englishman talking to himself. Another story is told

of an Englishman that came over here and visited a large ranch which he no doubt had an interest in. Anyway, he said the cowboys were such funny people. They gave him a trained horse to ride that kept pitching him up and catching him, and the bally brute finally forgot to catch him. No doubt, there were a bunch of cow-waddies rolling in the dust with mirth while this show was going on. There must be a very strong attraction about ranch life and the beneficial results obtained from living thereon. No life contributes to the long activity of a man like the great outdoors.

Jake Rains is around seventy-five years of age and has worked for the Swenson's or the Spur Ranch for sixty years. He is known as an outside man and most of his life has been spent at chuck wagons and cow-camps. Mr. J. H. Gilmore, recently deceased, worked for the Spur Ranch around fifty years. His son is now foreman of one outfit on this range. I made the old cowboy a set of dentures several years before he passed on. Many of these old time cow-waddies have been patients of mine in the past. An old time cowboy passed on a few years ago at the age of 105. His name was Smith, and he worked for one outfit on the North Plains for over forty years without drawing a pay check. He was active and rode the range practically every day until he passed the century mark. He was like one of the family and would go to town or a cattlemen's convention once or twice a year and write checks on the old man, "his boss," for whatever he

needed to tide him over for another year. There must be something about sour-dough bread, and outdoor range life that makes a man live to a ripe old age.

Sour-dough bread brings your old time chuck-wagon cook into the picture. Most chuck-wagon meals consist of black coffee, strong enough to float an iron wedge, sour-dough biscuits, fried meat, usually bacon, stewed dried fruits, brown beans, and some kind of syrup. It is not recorded where many cow-pokes ever broke a breach of etiquette around a chuck wagon. If you should ask the average cowboy about a certain cook, his casual remark would be, "Ah—he was a danged good cook, but contrary as hell—." Well do I remember one that I knew. He usually wore an old slouch hat and cooked in his undershirt when the weather would permit it, using an empty flour sack for an apron, and always had several days growth of whiskers on his face. He is carved upon my leather *Round-up* carving. Many of these old time cooks talked to themselves as men get into the habit of doing who work alone, or they would talk to their favorite chuck-wagon horse or mule, discussing their past, present, and future hopes. The mule or horse made a good listener, never talking back or disagreeing with them like a woman would do; maybe that is why most of them were old bachelors. They preferred to have a companion that would listen rather than one who would be forever finding fault and nagging, like so many women do.

One early-day custom in the cattle country

in Texas was that as each child was born a brand was recorded in his name, and he was given a cow to start his herd. Another early-day custom of a Texan or early-day cowboy was the necessity of being able to ride like a Mexican, trail like an Indian, and shoot like a Tennessean. However, it is my personal opinion that the American Indian was the greatest bareback rider in the world, especially the Comanche Indian who, as a rule, was raw-boned and long legged. Some of these old-time cowboys could ride almost any outlaw horse that ever roamed the range. My father, in the early days in Oklahoma, at a picnic, saw Walter Mashoe ride a fair sized pitching wild horse and tie a silk handkerchief around each fore leg. This same man would bet you money if you would hold the horse until he got into the saddle, placing a five dollar bill under his boots in each stirrup, and he would ride the horse and never lose either bill. I have seen this man ride plenty of bronc horses when I was a boy, but I never saw him perform this feat, for he would not do it unless there was a wager up that he could not ride the horse without losing the money placed in the stirrups.

It is rather hard to estimate the exact date when the first paid admission rodeo was held, but I think it can be truthfully stated it had its origin in Texas, and the daddy of it was undoubtedly the cowman. But in the early days of Oklahoma there was no charge for admission to see wild horses being ridden and calves and steers roped. It was usually a friendly gathering of neighboring ranchers and cow-

hands to test each other's skill in riding and roping. There were many wagers placed by both the men contesting and men that knew them to be good, for they had ridden and roped with them on the range. It's natural for a young cowhand full of life to want to show off his skill for the benefit of some lady fair in the crowd, or to be acclaimed by his buddies as the best rider or roper in his outfit. This is only human nature. The rodeo of today is our best reminder of the wild frontier or pioneer life of the people of the cattle country of the Southwest. It draws as large crowds in Texas or the Southwest as any place on earth. You can sit in a comfortable seat and see riding, roping, bull-dogging, and almost everything imaginable that can be done to a cow or horse in a show ring. And hear all the old western lingo or slang familiar to the West. And when some bronc peeler climbs onto the hurricane deck of an outlaw horse, you may see him blowing a stirrup, coasting, or bicycling.

Maybe you don't know your rodeo lingo or cowpoke talk. *Biting the dust* is when a cowboy is thrown and is liable to get a mouthful of dirt as he lands head first on the ground. *Pulling leather* is grabbing ahold of the horn or saddle when a horse is pitching. *Blowing a stirrup* is losing it, and the judges deducts points. All of these irregularities are ruled out. A well-made high-heel boot helps the cowboy's foot to stick more securely in the stirrup. *Boggin' 'em in* is the rider failing to scratch his horse with his spurs. *Bronc rider* is a term applied to the old time cowboy as a person with a

strong back and a weak mind who broke wild horses to ride. *Bulldogger* is a cowboy who springs from his horse while running at top speed and downs a grown steer by grabbing him by the horns and twisting his neck until the steer lies down. This feat was first performed by a negro in Mexico, and was far more brutal than *bull-dogging* of today. *Putting 'em East and West* boys is an expression generally shouted by the judges to the cowboys and means to spur the horse with the toes pointed outward, scratching, spurring the horse back and forth, screwing down—the rider who comes out of the chute with knees clamped down tightly, and both spurs digging in. *Swallowing his tail* is said when a bronc bucks high, wide, and handsome, with his back forming a dangerous curve and his head down between his forefeet, with his tail between his hind feet. Many other expressions are used around a rodeo, but the ones quoted will give you some idea of rodeo lingo.

It takes a particular breed of men to be successful in rodeo work, just as the quarter-horse makes one of the best cow-horses. Most rodeo champions are tall, raw-boned men, quick as a panther when it leaps on its prey. A well trained horse and man work with almost one mind in any kind of roping contest. Of course, it's quite different in bronc riding where the man tries to break the will of the horse to his command; but practically all of these outlaw horses used in rodeo work have been trained to pitch with as much persistence as your cutting horse performs on the range while cutting

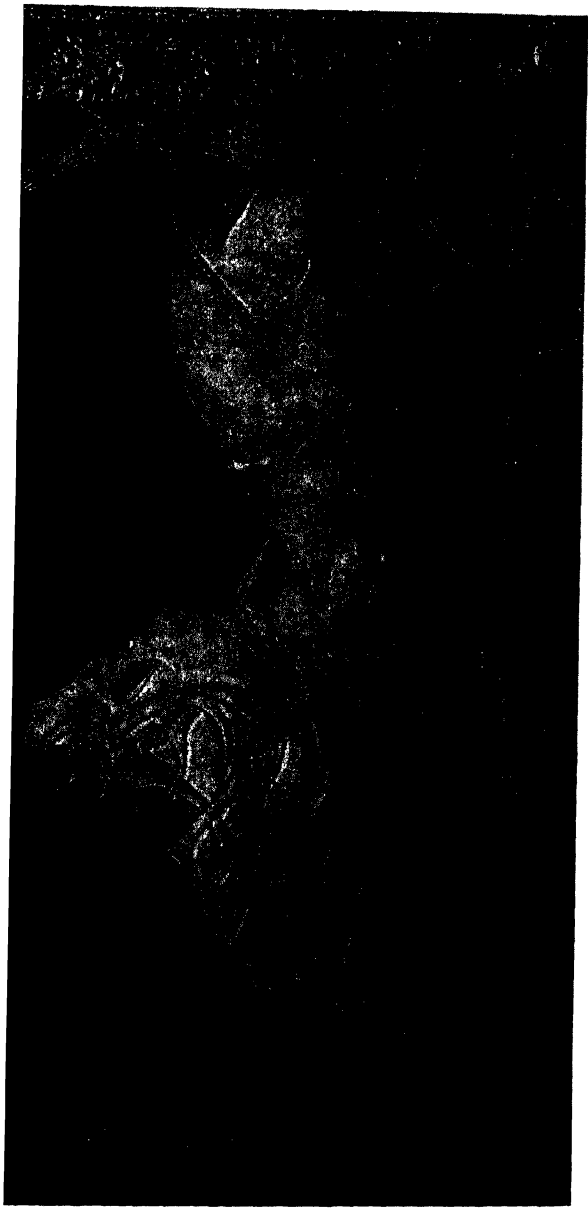
cattle. Texans predominate in almost all rodeo work, not because it is such a large state, but because it produces a distinct personality. The larger part of the great Southwest acts as a training school, turning out men that are known the world over as fine riders or horse-men with a tenacity of purpose that is unexcelled in the typical Texas cowboy. His heritage is somewhat like the Southwestern quarter-horse. He is not entered in any stud book, but he is of a particular breed that can be easily recognized, for he has been bred and reared in the cattle country of the great Southwest.

According to John M. Hendrix, a Fort Worth writer, who is well posted on range lingo, the first rodeo must have been held on the North Plains near Canadian, Texas, in the early eighties, between two cow outfits, the Laurel Leaf and the Jay Buckle. Each of these had two top ropers whom they were ready and willing to back to the limit as being able to beat the other. They agreed to meet at a designated time and settle the issue. Some enterprising merchants heard of the contest and offered to furnish free barbecue and all the trimmings, if they would hold the contest on July the Fourth, which they did. This roping contest was won by Ellison Carroll of the Jay Buckle in one minute and two seconds. In later years, this man set a record of sixteen seconds flat, which stands unbroken to this day. Ellison Carroll is still living. The cattlemen of Fort Worth recently ran pictures of Carroll in their magazine; also pictures of Captain John R. Hughes of the Texas Rangers, John Arnot,

Bob Beverly, and Ab Blocker; one of the old foremen of the old XIT, or Capitol Syndicate. The combined ages of these five men who have reached the eveningtide of their eventful lives and are approaching the last "round-up" of their useful careers aggregates a full measure of 387 years, and, no doubt, the Southwest is a better and safer place in which to live as the result of the changes of their time.

In my opinion, the buffalo hunter, the Texas Ranger, and the cattlemen of the Southwest are on fame's eternal camping ground. It goes without comment that the foremost figures of all ages have been the horsemen, including those who have worked in the dust of a cattle herd or on the old trail, or on the long, lonely rides of the Texas Rangers on the heels of some law violator. The buffalo hunter killed off the buffalo which made it possible to tame and civilize the American Plains Indian so that this vast empire could be used for cattle. Horsemen have helped to bring about changes from that day down to the present, so their posterity should never have cause to doubt the path of progress they have helped to clear.

I had over an hour's talk with Captain John R. Hughes of the Texas Rangers during the Texas Centennial at Dallas. It has been my pleasure to know and talk with many of these grand old characters of the Southwest. Captain Tom Hickman, formerly of the Texas Rangers, was reared in Cooke County, Texas. I have known him personally for many years, as he has been my patient professionally. My younger brother, J. O. Maddox, now with the



THE COMBAT

The mortal combat of the stags is characteristic of all the deer family. Sometimes during the fight, they strike their antlered heads together with such terrific force that their horns become entangled, so that it is humanly impossible to pull them apart; and thus entangled they usually die together, thereby paying the penalty for the folly of fighting over the "fair sex." But our all-wise Creator endowed the male of all species with an instinct to fight for his "lady fair," and the price is sometimes death.

State Highway Patrol, and Tom Hickman were together in the Sheriff's Department of Cooke County. Hickman went across to England as a rodeo judge. He has also judged in Madison Square Garden. He is a fine horseman, a fine shot, and a fine character. He is still a comparatively young man in this colorful group of men who have always stood for law and order.

A story here will illustrate the kind of material these men were made of. There was a riot in an East Texas city and the mayor telephoned the Governor to send the National Guards or a bunch of men to quiet things down generally. The citizens met the train and only one lone man got off, a Texas Ranger. The citizens asked if he was all the law enforcement the Governor had sent, and he replied: "Well, folks, you just have one riot; don't you?" It would be impossible for me to write about or even mention all the fine old characters that helped to settle the Great Plains after the buffalo were practically all killed out, and the Indians were pushed back into their reservations by General Miles.

Uncle Hank Smith of Crosby County was one of the first settlers to come to the plains of West Texas. He built the now famous rock house in Blanco Canyon, in 1877. He immediately started a cattle ranch. Colonel Chas. C. Goodnight started his ranch in the Palo Duro Canyon about the same time. A few years after Hank Smith arrived, a man named Paris Cox, acting as representative for the Quakers, bought fifty thousand acres of plains land for farming purposes at twenty-five cents per acre.

This land is now worth forty and fifty dollars per acre, and is considered one of the best farming districts on the plains. These two men were responsible for starting the trek that turned the Great Plains of Texas from a great open grassy plain and cowman's paradise into a great farming country, and changed the old time cowboy's posterity into drug store cowboys. There is some kind of an inner-born urge or desire for the average boy or youngster to want to play cowboy. Our western ranches act as hostesses to a great number of people every year. And every summer eastern guests spend something like three million dollars in being entertained, or for the privilege of associating with and becoming a part of western atmosphere of the great cow country, where the air is pure and "the skies are not cloudy all day." If you have ridden the Western Plains with a good horse as a companion, or followed the North Star as your guide on some still, moonlight night across some large ranch, with nothing to disturb your thoughts but the squeaking of the fine leather in your saddle, or if you have been lost on some dark cloudy night and have given old Faithful his head, putting your mind at ease because you knew he would soon stop before the gate that led to the ranch house—if you have done these things you know there is a peculiar fascination or something about it all that is indescribable. You may leave it but I wager you my last dollar you will want to come back where you will be able to visualize and have impressed on your mind a picture of that great vastness that is our own Southwest. There are

activities, ideals and dreams here which make the Lone Star State and the great Southwest places one never forgets. So it's boots, a saddle, and a bucking cayuse for me while here on this earth; and when I die you can bury me "'neath the Western skies on the lone prairie." And if you should saunter up to a leather-faced old time cow-waddy and repeat the following cowboy poem to him while the embers in the camp fire are burning low, I would venture to say that he will reply, "Them's my sentiments exactly, pardner; they shore are. Boy! it's getting drier than hell down our way; we shore could use a good rain."

MAKE ME A COWBOY AGAIN FOR A DAY

Backward, turn backward, oh, Time with your wheels,
Airplanes, wagons and automobiles;
Dress me once more in the sombrero that flaps,
Spurs and flannel shirt, slicker and chaps.
Put a six-shooter or two in my hand,
Show me a yearling to rope and to brand.
Out where the sage brush is dusty and gray,
Make me a cowboy again for today.

Give me a bronco that knows how to dance,
Buckskin of color and wicked in his glance,
New to the feeling of bridle and the bits,
Give me a quirt that will sting where it hits.
Strap on the poncho behind in a role,
Pass me the lariat, dear to my soul,
Over the trail let me gallop away,
Make me a cowboy again for a day.

Thunder of hoofs on the range as you ride,
Hissing of iron and smoking of hide,
Bellow of cattle and snort of cayuse,
Longhorns from Texas as wild as the duce,

Midnight stampede and the milling of herds,
Yells of the cowmen too angry for words.
Right in the thick of it I would stay,
Make me a cowboy again for today.

Under the star-studded canopy vast,
Campfire and coffee and comfort at last;
Bacon that sizzles and crisp in the pan,
After the round-up smells good to a man.
Stories of ranches and rustlers retold,
Over the pipes as the embers grow cold—
These are the times that old memories play,
Make me a cowboy again for today.

—*Author Unknown*

THE AMERICAN INDIAN AND THE BUFFALO

When the first settlers from Europe began to colonize this country, they found it inhabited by roving bands of Indians almost as wild and independent of our modern ways of living as the plains buffalo or bison. We find the Indians' nomadic life depended to a great extent on game; and he considered this game a part of his heritage. It was essential to his welfare and meant the difference between plenty and starvation. America, up to the time the railroads started building across the United States, was a great game paradise, literally speaking, for it had buffalo, deer, and antelope by the multiplied millions. The deer family is well distributed to all parts of the United States. This made it possible for the Indian of the coastal and wooded countries to still have plenty of game for food and buckskin for clothing. In the forest regions, they still hunted the deer with bow and arrow. The Indian was a natural born tracker and a master in woodcraft. Fleet of foot, he had no trouble in procuring all the venison he wanted for the tribe. It can truthfully be said to his honor

and credit that he never killed wantonly, like the white man. The Indian killed only what game he needed for food and clothing. In some respects, he was like many predatory animals, killing only what he needed to sustain life, or supply his needs, for he reasoned that with an abundance of game he would never go hungry. It is with the descendants of the Plains Indians that I am more familiar, and the tribes of the great Southwest or the Five Civilized Tribes that lived in Oklahoma when I was a boy. The discussion of these will form the principal part of my narrative.

With the introduction of the horse into America, the Plains Indian took to him as natural as the negro of the South took to the mule. In the horse the Indian had a perfect animal to assist him in his hunting expeditions of the plains buffalo; and it was this shaggy beast that provided the Indian with every necessity of life. He used the hides for tepees or wigwams and clothing, and the carcass for food. History and tradition tell us the Indian always killed the buck deer and the bull buffalo when possible. And in my carving of Indians and buffaloes, you will note he is chasing the males. Buffalo are somewhat like cattle by nature and when the breeding season is over, the males will congregate together peacefully. This fact can be easily verified on any ranch during the late fall and winter months. Buck deer run in droves to themselves also, especially during the fall of the year which is naturally considered the hunting season even of the modern white man of today. In some

respects the Indian revered the game for which he thanked the Great Spirit for giving him successful hunting expeditions. He considered it a heritage handed down to him and he killed only the males except in cases of dire necessity; much like the mountain lion which kills only males except on rare occasions. An Arizona lion hunter examined the carcasses of around twenty-four hundred deer which were killed by mountain lions, and found only three carcasses of does. So our all-wise Creator must have endowed the mountain lion with the same instinct that he gave to the Indian in order to preserve his future breakfast; for it has been proved beyond any doubt that even in thickly populated countries where much of hunting is permitted, deer will gradually increase in number so long as the bucks only are killed.

We are indebted to the Indian for many commodities of everyday life, as well as food. The Indian gave us corn, it being a native plant of Central America. Columbus took corn back to Europe with him. It was cultivated chiefly by the aborigines of Central and North America, chiefly by the squaws of the tribe. The potato is also a native of Chile and Peru and was cultivated extensively by our American Indians even before America was discovered. Sir Walter Raleigh is said to have brought the potato from Virginia to England in 1585, but for more than a century it was cultivated in Europe more as a curiosity than as a food. It is now one of the most popular of all vegetables in the entire world. The Indian also gave us

tobacco and we gave him "firewater" (whiskey). Of the two, I will have to confess that alcohol has ever been his ruination. The Caucasian races seem to assimilate or indulge in intoxicating liquor with less harmful effects than the Indian, but the Indian can use tobacco with less injurious effects than the white races. The Indians were using tobacco when Columbus came over. Sir Walter Raleigh and other early colonists found them smoking the leaves. They also used tobacco in their ceremonial pipe of peace, around their council fires.

The use of tobacco has spread to practically all parts of the world. All European countries are extensive users of Lady Nicotine. There is what is known as an alcoholic belt around the world; it is the hot countries where fruit ferments easily and turns to alcohol. People who are natives in this alcoholic belt, do not seem to be so susceptible to the injurious effects of alcohol as the Nordic races.

Our American Indian seems to get all the bad effects the drug is able to produce rolled up and combined in both the injurious effects on his physical condition and on his mind. It produces a nasty disposition in the individual Indian. He seems to enjoy the effects liquor produces on his mind, of putting him into dreamland or "happy hunting grounds," so to speak. I well remember Indians talking about going to Anadarko and getting drunk, when I was a boy. They looked forward to these drunken sprees with great anticipation of fun and frolic. Of course, they could not buy liquor legally, but if they had the money, some

unscrupulous white man would get it to them some way. I don't want to convey the idea to the reader's mind that all Indians were drunkards, for many of them knew and realized what it would do for them, and were total abstainers.

On one occasion, Uncle Sid, a neighbor named Stevens, and I went to Anadarko one Saturday. We didn't get our trading finished until after dark. Uncle bought some heavy supplies and our conveyance was a wagon drawn by two mules. We had not got far from town when here came two Indians on a horse. The only thing that prevented trouble that night was there happened to be a sober Indian riding behind the drunk one, on the same horse, trying his best to keep the other one out of trouble. The drunk Indian owned the horse and was riding in the saddle; that made it hard for his friend to do anything with him. Of course, he wanted to fight like plenty of drunk white men do. He followed us for miles, cursing and daring anyone to fight him. Uncle Sid stopped once and when the Indian got down from his horse to fight, he started the mules and in that way he kept him following us on foot. He finally got back on his horse, and here he came again. We repeated the same stunt several times. Uncle said that if he could get him to walk long enough, he would sober up. Mr. Stevens had an old single-barrel shotgun in the wagon and he wanted to shoot the Indian and get it over with. He was Irish and would fight his shadow. It was all Uncle Sid could do to keep Stevens in the wagon and all the sober Indian could do to keep his friend on

the horse. They must have followed us for an hour or more. Finally lagging behind for awhile, they then rode up and the sober Indian said his friend had sobered up and wanted to apologize for the way he had acted. So we all stopped and shook hands. The Indian who was drinking would have all of us take a drink with him, and said he would be our friend until the rivers would run dry and the sun fail to come up. I expected the Indian to produce a pipe from somewhere and hand it around for all of us to smoke, but he didn't. As to the whiskey, I only touched it to my tongue. It came near to burning the end of it off, and I thought the Indians had named the stuff right, "firewater." The Indian likes the effect of whiskey. The drinker that likes the effect of alcohol is the one that makes the drunkard. Some of the worst drunkards I have ever known have to hold their noses to take a drink. All of my people like the taste of whiskey and there is not even a moderate drinker on either side of the family.

When a boy, I went to many Indian baseball games. They were wonderful players, very hard to beat unless you get them rattled or excited. Their open outdoor life makes them fine athletes. When we first moved to Oklahoma in 1900, the government had built many nice, small homes in Anadarko for the old full-bloods. They also had several nice Indian schools there. Some of their families may have occupied these houses, but the old full-bloods would build themselves a brush arbor in the yard, and that is where they would sleep the

year round. They could not get away from the fact that they had hunted and slept under the stars for so many years. It was practically impossible for them to change to the white man's way of living. Time has proved they used good judgment in doing this, for the Indian was not accustomed to the white man's ways and was very susceptible to the white man's diseases. Smallpox in 1816 played havoc with the Comanche tribe. And worst of all was the great white plague, tuberculosis, which the Indian seems never to be able to survive. We all know that plenty of sunshine and pure air is one of the best preventives for this disease. You can even prolong life many years with the disease by living in a dry country and staying out in the open as much as possible.

Our American Indians have been mistreated almost as much as the Jews. You know the Bible tells us of the lost tribe of Israel. The next time you see an Indian, take a good look at his nose and profile, and then look at the Jew; you will be surprised; here is food for thought. Understand I am not saying that our American Indians are the lost tribe of Israel; your guess is as good as mine; but they lived a nomadic life, moving from camp to camp somewhat like the Israelites of old did when they wandered forty years in the Wilderness. The Arabs are said to be descendants of the Israelites; the old Moors were descendants of the Arabs; and the Southwest is indebted to the Moors and Arabs for the art of leather carving; so we can trace all peoples and nations back to the twelve sons of Jacob or Israel.

When the Indian's blood is crossed with the Caucasian or white race, he soon becomes a part of that race. He is not like the negro. As long as there is any negro blood in your veins you are still a negro. I have many friends that are quarterbred, sixteenth, and eighth Indian and you would perhaps never know it unless they told you, for you would have to be a very close observer to ever recognize any Indian blood in them at all. Some of our greatest characters and statesmen had Indian blood from one of the Five Civilized Tribes, such men as Will Rogers, who was an eighth part Cherokee. Senator Owens of Oklahoma is part Indian, and former Vice-President Curtis under Hoover has Kaw Indian blood in his veins. There are many others too numerous to mention. Take our own father of Texas, Sam Houston, who was the first president of the Republic of Texas and later our first Governor; he was a great friend of the Indians; he championed their cause before Congress; was later adopted by the Chief Oolocteks; lived with the Indians at one time; and was formerly adopted as a member of the Cherokee Nation. The Indians' ancestors didn't come over on the Mayflower, but as Will Rogers once said "They met them."

The Five Civilized Tribes that were moved to Oklahoma, consisted of the Cherokee Nation, the Choctaw Nation, the Chickasaw Nation, the Creek Nation, and the Seminole Nation. The Cherokee Indians belong to the Iriquois family whose chief habitat was the basin of the St. Lawrence River, in and around New York State. Of all Indian families they were con-

sidered the most war-like. History awards them a place of bravery in the French and Indian Wars. The Cherokee Indians of Oklahoma are descendants of the tribes that were driven out of the western portion of the Carolinas, eastern Tennessee, and northern Georgia, or what is known as the Great Smoky Mountain region of the Appalachian Mountains. Stories of the hardships that the Five Civilized Tribes endured in their long trek to their new land in Oklahoma—the land the white man had selected for them—could be written and the half never be told. Tradition rightfully calls it the “trail of tears.”

History tells us of many famous Indian chiefs that were fine soldiers on the field of battle, using much strategy in their attacks. The Indian fought his wars with the same adage in mind as Marion, sometimes called the Swamp Fox of the Revolutionary War: “He who fights and runs away will live to fight another day.” Chief Tecumseh of the Shawnee tribe was a warrior in the War of 1812, and held the rank of Brigadier General in the English army. Tradition tells us that he was a man who possessed all the native dignity of the Indian; on one occasion he met General Harrison for a conference, an interpreter motioned him to a seat near the General saying, “Your Father requests you to take a seat by him.” Tecumseh replied, “The Great Spirit is my Father and I will rest on the bosom of my Mother”; and drawing his blanket about him with an air of offended dignity, he took his seat Indian-fashion on the ground. We have Sitting Bull

of the Sioux or Dakota Indians. Most of these Indians were fine soldiers and of fine physique. They made their last stand under Sitting Bull in the valley of the Little Big Horn in Montana, and wiped out General Custer to the last man. Tradition tells us that the only living thing left was Custer's horse, Comanche. Then there is that fierce old guerrilla warrior Geronimo, who was chief of that fierce war-like tribe known as the Apaches of the Southwest, who gave the settlers considerable trouble a short time after the close of the Civil War, in western New Mexico and eastern Arizona. This old chief died a prisoner at Fort Sill in 1909. His son, now sixty-three years of age, is ranching near Lordsburg, New Mexico. He recently proved-up on a homestead, which probably made the old Chief turn over in his grave.

The Dakota, Sioux, or Plains Indians had names of their own for the months of the year, which will give you some insight into the Indian's habits and character. He lived close to nature and read signs and changes in the seasons by the things which he saw manifested by natural conditions. January was known as hard month, maybe on account of the crusty snow and ice; February, raccoon month, because on bright, sunshiny days raccoons came out; March, sore eyes month, because the dazzling snow and smoke from their tepees caused sore eyes, even blindness; April, goose laying month, for wild geese arrived; May, planting month, the squaws planted corn; June, strawberry month, probably named by the children; July, choke-cherry month; August, harvest month,

corn; September, rice-gathering month; October, deer month, hunting, after the fall of the leaves; November, deer shedding antlers month; December, drying corn month.

Despite the fact that our government broke treaty after treaty with the Indians, and changed their homes from one part of the country to another, time and again, the Indians as a whole did not break faith with the white man as often as the white man broke faith with them. Finally, Uncle Sam decided to move the Five Civilized Tribes or a greater portion of them to Oklahoma, or old Indian Territory, the eastern portion of the state, where the land was poorest and game was scarcest. The poor Indian had a hard time eking out a living, or keeping body and soul together. The Lord in his wisdom, or the Indians' Great Spirit, must have looked on this move and smiled with amusement, for in later years these poor lands proved to be underlaid with black gold, and this oil, or the leases and royalties from their lands, made them immensely wealthy. The government wisely ruled that the Indians' lands belonged to the tribe as a whole, and each Indian had a headright, and so on through the family—each individual Indian shared equally in this unforeseen wealth.

Many are the stories told on the Indian, when he came into this sudden wealth. They bought fine cars, or almost anything they took a fancy to. One old chief bought a fine hearse for his wife to ride in. Another story goes about the Indian's car stalling near the top of a long hill. He got out to push and finally got it to rolling, but before he could hop in, it ran off and left

him. A white man came along and asked him his trouble, and the Indian described the incident to him as follows, "No pushie, no pullie. Car run like hellie."

In addition to Uncle Sam's efforts to educate the Indian to the ways of the white man, he has also attempted to change the Indian's religion. The Chinese believe in Buddha which is mere ethical code. The Chinese believe in the teachings of Confucius, and this religion contains many fine principles; it is somewhat like our Ten Commandments. The tribes or races of the Far East and South believe in the teaching of Mohammed, and the war cry of the Moslem is, "There is no God but Allah." Their religion has many points in common with the Hebrew faith. Tradition tells us that the old Moors were related to the Arabs, and that the Arabs are related to the Israelites. Sometimes it looks like all peoples and races of the earth are related in some manner. We of America believe in the teachings of Christ, and the Indians believe in the "Great Spirit"; each in his own way is confident he is right. I talked with a very intelligent lady not many months ago who is a quarter-breed Cherokee. Both she and I belong to the First Christian Church. She told me of talking with a young Pueblo Indian of Arizona a few years ago. The Pueblo Indians are supposed to be sun worshippers. This Indian said when rising in the morning the first thing he did was to face the sun and thank the Great Spirit for letting him live until the dawn of another day. That prayer sounds as sweet and simple as our children's prayer of "Now I lay

me down to sleep." And who among us is an authority to say that the Indian is wrong, or to say which prayer is the most acceptable to God?

This lady also said that her great-great-grandmother came in the trek to Oklahoma or "trail of tears," from the Great Smoky Mountains. This lady's mother also related how the Cherokee Indians in the spring or summer when in need of rain would give a religious ceremonial dance and build a large brush-heap fire and keep it burning; their belief was that the rain would come within three days and put the fire out. I read in last week's paper where John (Red Bird) Smith, who is Chief of Police of Gore, Oklahoma, laid aside the badge of his office long enough to participate in the ceremonial rites of the secret clan of the Kee-Too-Wah Nighthawks. Member of the clan danced the ancient stomp of the *Seven Sacred Fires* in tribute to their tribal heroes of the past.

This dance is also a reminder of the hardships their ancestors withstood in 1829 in traveling "the trail of tears" from their native habitats in north Georgia and the Great Smokys to their new home in Oklahoma. The ceremony lasts from dusk until daybreak. Kee-Too-Wah legend has it that when their forefathers were driven from their homes in Georgia by the white men, along the path later called the "trail of tears," the clans' seven priests went into the mountains to pray for guidance, and seven fires were miraculously lighted, and a voice commanded that they be kept burning always. The Kee-Too-Wahs say this order has been carried out. During the ceremony when

the fires are lighted, a chieftain will step forward and give an invocation in Cherokee that will eulogize Sequoyah who gave the Cherokees their alphabet, or Red Bird Smith, one of the tribe's greatest chieftains who died in 1918. He was the father of John Red Bird Smith, their present leader.

It is hard for a white man to watch one of these celebrations or ceremonies and associate the present Cherokee Indians with it, who the rest of the year nurture their meager crops, working on a co-operative plan so that the poor of the tribe will never go hungry. Are we white people that loyal to the poor of our race?

The Hopi Indians of eastern Arizona are famous for their handicraft in pottery and basket making. These are usually made by the women of the tribe. The baskets are usually made of stained native grasses and fiber of the aloe. The decorations of the earthen wear or pottery and the patterns for the baskets each have plaques of their own, showing their respective significance, as the old men and women of the tribe hand down an ancient mythology all their own.

You have perhaps read of the Hopi religious ceremonial snake dance which is performed with live, deadly rattlesnakes of the desert for the sole purpose of producing rain for their parched crops; for if rain does not come at a certain time, in their dry, desert country, where the altitude is high and the growing season is extremely short, their corn will wither up and not produce. This will mean famine and want in their land. A few days before this ceremony

is to be performed, the Indian braves take sacks and a forked stick and go out over the desert gathering up the rattlesnakes. At the same time a select few of the squaws go out over the desert gathering up roots or herbs of desert plants. Only the select few or appointed ones know what the plants or herbs consist of. They are brought into camp or the village and a large pot is brewed from the plants—all under the supervision of the Medicine Man or religious leaders of the tribe. Several hours before the braves are to perform this ceremony or religious snake dance, they start drinking this brew and rubbing it on their bodies well into the skin. At the appointed time, with their bodies practically naked, they grab up an arm full of snakes and dance for a certain period of time with both hands full of live wiggling rattlesnakes; then they run with them to the edge of the desert and throw them down and let them go free so that they can carry on their supplication to the rain gods. The oldest Indians of the tribe will tell you that this ceremony has never failed to produce rain as far back as they have any recollection.

I will quote the following from a newspaper clipping of 1937:

"God Answers the Prayers of Hopi Indians. Shimopovi, Ariz., Aug. 26. The underground Gods of the Hopi people answered prayers of the tribesmen, sent rain clouds tonight to drench the Indians' withering crops at the conclusion of the last of a series of three spectacular snake dances. Hardly had the deadly rattlesnakes

been loosed to carry the Hopi's supplication to the Gods when black clouds began gathering over Shimopovi. Soon the Indians' fields were soaked with rain, and lightning bolts lashed the skies. The devout Indians rejoiced at the answer to their prayers and reiterated that not in a thousand years had the Gods ignored their pleas for rain and a good harvest."

Do you recall that passage of Scripture that reads, "If you have the faith of a grain of mustard seed, you can remove yonder mountain"? The mind of the Indian is perhaps like the mind of a child who never doubts that his prayer will be answered. This reminds me of an incident which occurred in Texas during a dry spell. A certain congregation set a day to pray for rain. When the time arrived and the crowd had assembled, only one little girl had brought her umbrella along. The child thought it would rain; the rest of the congregation had their doubts about it. The Bible says to ask believing, and you will receive. That is hard to do, for human nature is so full of doubts. Our modern surroundings make us that way and many times we perhaps ask for things we should not have.

Grandfather used to tell a story about the time he was a boy and working for a neighbor. They went to a revival meeting one night, and on their return the man and wife got to talking and said they had not lived right. The sermon had been on the passage of Scripture about asking and you will receive. The home was a large one-room log affair and he heard the conversation before he fell to sleep. They

decided to ask the Lord for forgiveness of their sins and then ask him for some things they needed. The prayer ended somewhat like this, "Oh Lord send us a barrel of flour, a barrel of pork, and a barrel of pepper; oh hell, that is too danged much pepper." Our supplications may be out of keeping with our needs. I am not making fun of our religion, neither am I poking fun at the Indians' religion, whatever it may be. Our constitution gives every man the right to worship God according to the dictates of his conscience.

Forty-five miles northeast of Sierra Blanca, located in what is commonly known as the Big Bend of Texas, is an area twelve miles wide and thirty miles long covered with nearly pure salt. Many skirmishes and battles have been fought over this salt. The Bible quotation with reference to Lot's wife who looked back and turned to a pillar of salt was printed long after the Indians of the Southwest traveled long journeys on the old salt trails leading to this salt supply; and according to legends and traditions of the West, it has been the custom of the Indians to refrain from looking backward after leaving their homes in quest of salt. So our American Indians of the Southwest knew the Bible legend, also the healing, or preservative, qualities of salt long before the white man ever encroached upon his domain. Your guess is as good as mine as to his belief about not looking back when in quest of salt. The Plains Indians also knew the healing qualities of hot mineral springs, for south of Sierra Blanca is Indian Hot Springs which they visited long

before the advent of the white man in the Southwest, going over rigid trails and almost insurmountable mountain barriers in order to reach the healing waters.

Many times when an Indian died, his favorite horse or dog, along with his bow and arrows and things which he prized greatly, were buried along with him. His conception of the Great Beyond, from whence no traveler has ever returned, was a happy hunting ground where game was always plentiful. In his child-like thoughts he probably reasoned that the things he valued here on this earth, if buried with him, would still be at his command when he reached the promised land of his dreams. It is only natural for the Indian as well as all human beings to have some kind of a belief in a god of some kind that would be able to take care of his soul after leaving this world.

The Navajo Indians of the West are nationally known as weavers of fine Navajo blankets. They are homespun and made of native wool, dyed with native plants and minerals—sumac, ochre and piñon. They weave into them different designs that all have a meaning, or tribal legend. The Navajo Medicine Man makes beautiful sand paintings, and each painting is destroyed before nightfall. These paintings are drawn in the sand using natural colored rock, ground to the consistency of sand. Our western Indian was once king of all he now surveys. He has been reduced to silversmithing, pottery, basket, and blanket making, combining his ancient art to entice and draw dollars from tourists that are encroaching on his do-

main. He is the picturesque product of modern activities, proud of his heritage, his craftsmanship, and little disturbed by the world that moves so swiftly under his calm, penetrating gaze.

The Pueblo Indians, without doubt, belong to the same stock as the Cliff Dwellers. There is a certain similarity between their two kinds of dwellings. The word, *Pueblo*, is Spanish, meaning *village*. They all live in one large building somewhat like our modern apartment houses, without the modern conveniences. One of these "acoma," some sixty miles west of the Rio Grande, in northwest New Mexico, is built on top of a mesa four hundred feet higher than the surrounding plain. The surface of the mesa covers about 160 acres with a natural rock pool to catch the surface water. It is one of the oldest habitations within the limits of the United States. It was inhabited when Coronado visited the Seven Cities of Cibola. On top of Enchanted Mesa in New Mexico, without natural means of ascent or descent, many relics of a prehistoric race have been found. Think of all the back-breaking toil it takes to move timbers and various building materials up on top of one of these mesas, and you will have a task almost equal to the construction of the Pyramids of Egypt. The Pueblos have ever been agriculturists, using means of irrigation long before the advent of the white man. They were not so war-like as some tribes, but they have suffered considerable losses from the Apaches and Navajos.

Many of the New Mexico tribes make pottery out of clay, drawing geometrical designs of their respective Indian tribes and clans, with designs having a meaning. In the early days the Indians used the fiber of the yucca plant for brushes in drawing their designs; they also used native dyes made from plants and minerals collected from the desert. Then this pottery is baked among sticks and cow dung, and let cool in the sun.

Some of the western mountain tribes or desert Indians live in sod or earthen huts commonly called hogans, which are propped up with poles. When death occurs in the family, they move out and pull the props away, and the earth drops in and buries the dead, then they go to a new location and build another hogan.

The word *Hopi* means "peaceful people." They are monogamous, but when the Hopi squaw wants a divorce, she merely puts her husband's saddle outside the front door, and he knows he is not wanted around that domicile any more. Many of the designs the Navajos use in their blanket work resemble the stone mural carvings of the Aztec Indians of old Mexico, when this country was ruled by Montezuma. Designs resembling these are used to some extent in set stamp work of western cowboy saddles.

Some old time Indian fighters will tell you the only good Indian was a dead one. It is hard to find a race of people that do not have some good about them, either individually or collectively, as a nation or a tribe. Tradition tells us that the fierce war-like Comanches put

a bad woman off to herself. A remnant of the Seminole Indians still remain in the Florida Everglades. They are known in history chiefly by reason of the Seminole Wars; their war chief Osceola defied the United States Army for a period of seven years. All this was brought about because an American general, Thomas, ordered this Indian chief put in irons because he bore himself haughtily. The chief never forgave the general for this act and later had the savage satisfaction of killing and scalping the general with his own hands. This same Indian chief with several of his chiefs and some seventy odd warriors met General Jesup to discuss a peace conference, and although they were protected by a flag of truce, they were seized and all thrown into prison, and the old indomitable chief died there of a fever. I have been told by hunters of today who have hunted in the Everglades and used the descendants of these Indians as guides on their hunting trips, that stealing was almost unknown in the tribe, as it was punishable by death. Among the Indian laws there is one of this kind which they still enforce upon their tribesmen. These hunters said you could leave your watch, monies, extra gun, or any trinket lying around the camp or bunk, and go off and be gone all day or for several days, and when you returned everything would be just as you had left it.

Throughout history from the settlement of Jamestown down to the present, the Indians have intermarried with the white. In Oklahoma a white man that married an Indian woman was called a squaw-man. American

women did not intermarry with the Indian men so much until after the Creek Nation developed into one of the largest oil pools in America; then American women started marrying the Indian men, for the same reason a white man often marries an Indian woman, to acquire wealth or lands. Pocahuntas was the daughter of Powhatan, a dignified and powerful Indian chief of the Chickahominy tribe. She went to England as the wife of John Rolfe, an Englishman of good character. She changed her name to Lady Rebecca as she was called, and became a grand lady. She was converted and baptized into the Christian faith.

The Indian has ever been a close observer of nature and has read her signs and profited by the animal instinct of nature's creatures as easily as you and I read these pages. He could also read the seasons as to dry and wet weather from the position of the moon. When the new moon was on its back enough to hold your powder horn and keep it from slipping off you could go hunting, for the moon was holding the water. When it was on its point, the moon was pouring the water out and it would be a wet month. He had many signs as to when it was going to be dry or wet weather. Tradition tells of one of his signs for rain—cloudy all around and pouring down in the middle.

The Tonkawa Indians were a peaceful tribe. After the Civil War the Comanches were about to exterminate them, so for protection the soldiers let them live or camp in close to old Fort Griffin which was located on the Clear Fork of the Brazos River in what is now Shackelford

County, Texas. R. C. (Bob) Parrack, an old buffalo hunter, is now living hale and hearty in Lubbock, Texas, at the ripe old age of eighty-seven. He came to Texas in 1870. He stated that one spring at Fort Griffin the weather was very dry, and the Brazos River was nearly dry also, with water standing only in holes. The Tonkawas were camped down in the valley close to water which has always been the Indian's favorite camping grounds for ages. One morning the Indians all started moving out of the valley to higher ground. When asked their reason, they stated a big flood was coming. Almost everyone laughed at them, as it was hot and dry with not a cloud in sight. Some venturesome soul got up enough courage to ask them how they knew about the rain, and they stated that all the prairie-dogs were moving out of the valley to higher ground. Within three days a flood came rolling down the Brazos River covering the lowlands with from six to ten or even twelve feet. Mr. Parrack told another story of a circuit rider preaching to the Tonkawas. After the sermon, someone asked an old chief how he liked the sermon. The chief grunted and replied, "Maybe so him tell truth, maybe so him tell lie. Him talk too much." This old buffalo hunter, Mr. Parrack, will tell you that the natural instincts are being educated out of man. What would some of your so-called educated folks do if camped in a valley and the prairie-dogs started moving to higher ground? Many of them would never give it a thought. Mr. Parrack hunted buffalo in Texas from 1874 to 1878. The range he

hunted over extended from the North Concho River in Tom Green County near San Angelo, north to and around Big Spring, Texas, and north from there to the Yellowhouse Canyon near the present city of Lubbock. He said the buffalo migrated just like the wild geese, going north in the spring and returning south in the late fall before cold weather really set in. He said you could wound a buffalo in the spring when he had started to migrate, and if the shot knocked him down and he should fall in any other direction other than north, if the animal was able, he would twist around and face the north, obeying the migration law. The Plains Indians migrated along with the buffalo, for both the Indians and the buffalo were of a nomadic type.

The buffalo supplied the Indians with their necessities of life: food, clothing, beds, and habitations or tepees sometimes called wigwams. These latter were built with poles as a frame work, and covered with buffalo hides. Fuel was in the form of "buffalo chips" which when dry makes a fine fire. The buffalo supplied strings for their bows, glue, thread, cordage, trail-ropes for their horses, coverings for their saddles. The hair from their hides was long and somewhat like wool, crisp and wiry, and was easily woven into crude cloth, or twisted into strong ropes, as it resembles mohair to some extent. Buffalo hide, or leather made from the hides, was used for vessels to hold or carry water. Boats were made from the hides also. The buffalo was used for bartering or purchasing supplies

from traders of the West. The Indian realized more than anyone else that when the buffalo was gone, he would come to want. Can we blame him for resenting the coming of the white man, seeing him destroy these noble beasts, and leaving their carcasses to rot on the prairies? He fought for his buffalo and resented the coming of the white man into his domain with his destructful and wasteful ways, as anyone else would. The white man often used his high-powered rifles to shoot the buffalo from the trains just to see them fall. I think our Plains Indians realized it more than the white man did, that when the buffalo became extinct they too must gradually die out.

It is not hard for an old ranchman to visualize what he would do if, some morning, while riding across his range he should find vast numbers of his Whiteface cattle shot down by some outsider, just for the fun of seeing them fall, or just for their hides, and leave all that good beef to lie there and rot. The Plains Indian looked upon these vast herds of buffalo as his property, or heritage, for it's certain that he was here before the white man arrived, and he can rightfully be called the true American. When we stop to realize that we came over here and crowded the Indian back from the lands he had been using for generation after generation, killing his game which was his livelihood or very existence, we can't blame the Indian so much for going on the warpath every time he had the opportunity.

We call the Indian savage, but unless we change our mode of living, his method may have

lasted longer than ours will. We Americans of the Caucasian race either have to "slow up, or blow up," Who ever heard of an Indian having a nervous breakdown? Nor was this vast domain west of the Mississippi dotted with institutions for the feeble minded. Taxation and modern political graft was unknown to him. Hoggishness and greed as we know it today were also unknown, for there was plenty of game to supply their wants, and if a brave was killed either in war or on the hunt, the rest of the tribe supplied his squaw or widow and children with the same rations as the rest of the tribe had. The Plains Indians made moccasins of buffalo hides and slept between buffalo robes. The Plains Indian used buffalo meat, fresh, smoked, dried, or converted into "pemmican," which is lean meat, dried, pounded and prepared in cakes. The Indians cut the lean meat into bits, boiled it into shreds, then seasoned it with wild berries, flooded with the boiling fat of the animal. They sealed it in skin bags or containers. This highly nutritious, condensed food was then taken on long journeys. It was a staple article of diet among the Plains Indians of the Northwest. Pemmican thus prepared would keep indefinitely. It is used today by the Eskimos and Indians of the Far North. Arctic explorers also find this prepared meat a staple diet on their expeditions in the Far North.

Mounted on a well trained Indian pony which he usually rode bareback and guided with his knees, or in some instances by a leather strap tied in the horse's mouth and tied to his

lower jaw, the Plains Indian would dash into a herd of buffalo racing alongside of a selected animal, shooting arrow after arrow into the animal until he had brought it down. Then he would dash on to another and repeat the process until the plain was strewn with carcasses for the drudging squaws to skin and prepare for food and various other articles. Tradition tells us that in some instances the Indian used spears with flint fastened to a long pole or stick which he threw with great force. In many instances the Indians acquired firearms with which they became very efficient.

The buffalo is of the ox type, but he differs from cattle in appearance. They are very long winded on the chase or in a stampede, for which they were noted. Old buffalo hunters will tell you that when a large herd stampeded, they literally shook the earth and sounded like distant rolling, rumbling thunder. They could take a long swinging gallop or lope and keep it up for hours. The head of the bison is broad, with short, stubby curved horns, and a shaggy mop of hair almost concealing the small eyes. The entire body is covered with long, crisp, woolly hair, longer than our domestic cattle. Buffalo, in going to or from pasture or water, traveled in single file; it might be called buffalo society, and it usually consisted of a patriarchal old bull in the lead, followed by several cows and their young. Thus thousands of families marched in search of new or green pastures, going south in the late fall or winter, north in the spring. Vast herds were

formed extending farther than the eyes could see.

In Oklahoma in 1900 the Indians all rode single file. Did they learn this from the buffalo? That was one way we could tell at a distance if a party of white men or Indians was approaching. Some authorities will tell you that they acquired this precaution in traveling from the buffalo, as the stronger always goes in the lead to protect the weaker in times of danger—just as a gentleman will put the lady on the inside when walking down the street. If the Indian's entire family was on horseback, the old buck would invariably be in the lead, then would come his wife followed by his children—all in single file, just like the buffalo. The Plains Indian sometimes used in his travels what is known as a travois for hauling or moving the belongings. This was a crude, primitive vehicle, made by placing two poles alongside of an Indian pony something like shafts of a single buggy with the ends dragging the ground. Skins were placed across the poles back of the horse to form a crude platform. Sometimes the squaw and papoose would ride in this crude carriage de luxe. I imagine this was a rather rough, dusty conveyance, especially in dry weather.

Living ten miles north of the town of Snyder in Scurry County, Texas, on a twelve-section ranch is J. Wright Mooar at the age of eighty-eight. He is credited with having killed over twenty thousand buffalo, and is recognized as one of the greatest buffalo hunters left alive today. Mr. Mooar tells about a trip he and John



THE WILD STALLION ON GUARD

The horse has been mankind's best friend throughout the ages, and his constant association with man has made him one of God's noblest creatures. Many noted authorities will tell you that the horse can do all but reason. When our forefathers came to this country, they found great herds of wild horses roaming the prairies and mountains as free as the air that they breathed. They were direct descendants from the first horses the early Spanish explorers allowed to escape. These wild stallions, that the hand of man had never touched, were the sole rulers over their herds of mares, ranging from 15 to 30 head and sometimes more. The stallion was constantly on the lookout for danger from man or beast, and to hear his shrill whistle of warning to his little herd is a thrill that the hearer will long remember with envy of the horse's freedom.

Webb made in 1873 into the country lying between the Palo Duro creek or canyon and the Canadian River. This country is now known as a part of the North Plains of the Texas Panhandle. They ran into a herd of tightly packed buffalo so large that they could not see across the herd. Few white men ever saw a sight like this, and perhaps Mr. Mooar is the only living man of this modern age that ever saw it. For over thirty miles these hunters rode through the immense herd, the buffalo opening in front of them and closing the gap behind them, like water. This old hunter freighted dried buffalo meat into old Fort Griffin and sold it for seven and one half cents a pound. Hides were commonly sold for a dollar each. Most buffalo hunters used the old Sharps rifle, in 44 and 45 calibers; some used the big fifty guns that weighed from twelve to sixteen pounds. They shot large slugs of lead that weighed from eleven to sixteen ounces, backed up with ninety grains of black powder, which produced an awful wallop. Guns of this caliber would have knocked down a bull elephant, and kicked like a bay mule on a fellow's shoulder. Mr. Mooar, along with many other old buffalo hunters, takes the stand that the buffalo hunter—not the trail drivers, ranchmen or the nester—tamed the West; and I am inclined to think he is right to a great extent.

The buffalo hunter was not in his rights, of course, in invading the Indians' country of the western plains. It was slaughter pure and simple; but perhaps it was necessary to the de-

velopment and civilization of the West. For in place of wild buffalo, we now have fine Hereford cattle grazing the plains. These buffalo hunters must have been hardy souls, to brave the elements and nature against the rough, savage Indians, who naturally hated them with all the fury possible for destroying their livelihood right before their eyes. Indians were constantly on the warpath for hunter's scalps. Hunters also had to contend with the outcasts or outlaws of their own race in this new, uncharted country, far from civilization. Volumes could be written about the hardships they endured. One reason they never had any more trouble with the Indians than they did was the simple reason that they were almost to the man deadly shots, and were well armed and had plenty of ammunition. They were constantly on the lookout for the redskins; and if one poked his head over a hill within reasonable distance, these old hunters, who were accustomed to killing hundreds of buffalo in a day, would plug the Indian right between the eyes. When it came to the Indian facing certain death, he was not of that nature; he wanted the odds on his side. If he could get a cowboy, buffalo hunter or soldier cut off from his companions, he would take his scalp and retreat to his main tribe for protection. Of course there were plenty of small skirmishes between the Indians and the hunters, which have never been recorded; for no doubt the uncertainty or lack of knowledge as to how strong the other might be caused them to respect each other to such an extent that they avoided contact or

strife as much as possible. For this is a very large country; either one could roam for days without seeing a human being.

But there was one Indian battle which occurred in Texas that historians of today recognize as one of the greatest Indian battles ever fought. It is known as the battle of Adobe Walls, which occurred at dawn on June 27, 1874. This old buffalo trading post was located on a small tributary of the Canadian River, in the north Panhandle of Texas, in what is now Hutchinson County. Chief Quanah Parker, the half-breed of the Comanches, led this attack just as dawn was breaking over the eastern hills. There is no doubt but what this band of buffalo hunters would have been completely wiped out if a ridge pole had not cracked with a loud report about an hour before daybreak, awakening several hunters who were sleeping in a store building. They were afraid the roof would cave in as the buildings were adobe or dirt walls, with poles for a roof, covered with dirt. This made the roof extremely heavy; so several of the hunters got up to repair this ridge pole. They went down to the creek and had cut a cottonwood to make the repair; when one of them noticed a dark, low cloud approaching, and they finally made out that it was a large band of Indians on horseback approaching at a dead run. The ones that were up gave the alarm quickly and made a rush for the buildings, but this did not occur soon enough to save two brothers who were sleeping in their freight wagon just outside the walls. This band of brave men,

all fine shots, began to take such a heavy toll of the Indians as they circled the walls, and the hunters used their old buffalo guns with such deadly accuracy, that the Indians soon retreated. Many Indians were killed in attempting to carry away their dead, for the Indian was always loyal to a wounded or dead companion; he wanted to bury his own dead. No doubt the Indians did not know that several hunting parties had come into the Walls or trading post late the evening before, and no doubt providence was protecting this band of hunters and fate was against the Indians; for if they had been able to rush down on the Walls just at dawn while everyone was asleep, they could have broken in and massacred every man almost before they were aware of an attack. History then would have recorded a gruesome story with an ending quite different. There was one white woman in the Walls at the time of the battle, and her husband was accidentally killed after the Indians had retreated. These hunters had been slaughtering the Indians' buffalo by the thousands, and the Indians were quite naturally disturbed over the wasteful slaughter.

Billy Dixon was the hero of Adobe Walls and died only a few years ago. His widow, Mrs. Olive K. Dixon, now lives in Amarillo, Texas. She has written a book on this man's life which was a very eventful one. The writer has the pleasure of knowing Mrs. Dixon personally, having visited in her home. Billy Dixon was chief scout, working out of old Fort Elliott for some time. This old fort was located in Wheeler County, Texas, near the

present town of old Mobeetie. It was while scouting with a small band of soldiers from old Fort Elliott that he was also the hero of what was later called the battle of Buffalo-wallow. This is a small depression in the ground usually made by two old buffalo bulls fighting, probably to their death.

This battle took place right on the open prairie with no protection whatsoever, other than what this small depression the earth afforded, which they finally retreated to. The attack occurred early in the morning. Several of the soldiers were wounded; one was killed. Their horses were killed and they were forced to this wallow for their last stand. With only a handful of men, Dixon was the only one who did not receive a wound. Every time the Indians would charge the white men, they would kill or wound several of them, and then they would retreat; charge them again with the same results. These men fought with a dogged determination, for they well knew it was certain death if they were captured. It was a very hot day, and the wounded were famished for water. Old soldiers will tell you that when in a battle or in a close spot where your life hangs in the balance, your mouth will become dry and salty; and of course a wounded man becomes feverish at once, and water is all he can think of. The reader will not have to draw on his imagination much to realize what a hazardous position these brave men were in. The band of Indians that had attacked them was not large, but was mounted on Indian ponies. The Indians held the white men there until late in the

afternoon with the hot sun boiling down on them, the wounded out of their heads talking and begging for water. Finally a thunder storm came up and poured down a cold shower of rain, running water into the wallow. This was a God-send no doubt; but it chilled both the Indians and the white soldiers to the bone. The Indians finally gave up and left, probably going back to their main tribe, where they could find shelter and fire wood. One of the soldiers died that night. Another scouting party was sent out from the fort next morning and found them.

The writer has hunted prairie-chicken and worked on a ranch when a boy in the immediate vicinity of where this battle took place. In company with other boys I have helped to push over some of the old sod or adobe walls of this old fort at Mobeetie. Many of these old walls were still standing in 1907. No one at that time thought enough about them to remind boys not to do this foolish stunt. I have since regretted having any part in the act. Mrs. Dixon also stated that the Indians returned the next year after the battle of Adobe Walls and destroyed them completely. Quanah Parker told some of his white friends in later years that he was thrown from his horse at the beginning of the battle of the Walls, and was hurt so badly that he could not participate in the fight.

The mother of this half-breed Comanche Indian chief was a white woman. She was kidnapped in 1836 as a small girl from Limestone County, Texas, not over 150 miles from where I was reared. Her name was Cynthia

Ann Parker. At Cedar Lake in Gaines County, Texas, is a large, old Indian camp ground where tradition among the Comanches has it that Quanah Parker, the famous half-breed chief, was born of this white captive mother, Cynthia Ann. They have recently brought in a big oil pool on the banks of this lake. Many old Indian camps can be located on the South Plains of Texas; many of them are over fifty miles from a known water supply; yet these camps show that they have been occupied by thousands of Indians over long periods of time. There is no current tradition that indicates who the Indian tribes were, nor where they went; but scattered here and there Indian graves have been found on the South Plains. There is no doubt but what the Comanches, Apaches, Kiowas, and other Plains Indians crossed and re-crossed the Great Plains many times in following the buffalo herds in their migratory seasons.

The Comanche Indians belonged to the Shoshone or Snake family, and came south more than five centuries ago, from their homes on the Yellowstone. Camp sites where thousands of redskins lived are still to be found among the sand hills of the plains, which afforded them some protection from the cold winds. Camp outlines remain discernible, likewise fire pits, along with countless thousands of flint arrowheads, implements, and stones used for fleshing the hides in preparation for tanning, and flat rocks on which the true American ground his corn and beans. Many fragments and significant bone implements can

be found. Some of these enormous camps in the sand hills show some evidence of permanent habitation where no doubt the Indians lived in tepees or wigwams made of buffalo hides stretched over poles. Of course, all the old watering places of the plains have evidence of where the Indians camped during their hunting trips. Indian trails have been found crossing the plains east and west, one running near Post, Texas, another through Lubbock, and a third crossing Hale County to the north merging with the one through Lubbock at a point some fifty odd miles northwest in the sand hills where some of the larger camps have been found.

Much evidence has been found that would indicate that the Plains Indians traded or bartered with Indian tribes farther west and north, for much of the pottery unearthed is doubtless of Pueblo manufacture; while much of the flint used in the manufacture of arrowheads would indicate that it came from tribes of the north. It is of high grade alabaster. Flints with streaks of red and white shading to pink and various other shades or color contrasts have been worked into the most delicate symmetrical points imaginable, which fact would indicate that our own Plains Indians were artistic, skilled workmen, considering the implements or tools with which they had to work in shaping or fashioning their arrows or other trinkets.

Tradition does not tell us much about Indians and his cattle, but when we went to Oklahoma in 1900 there were many large herds of Indian cattle, and plenty of these herds would

indicate that the Indian was a fairly good cowman. He never paid any particular attention to breeding in those days, but that was before the day of good breeding. The country was still stocked with the Texas Longhorns; they still made up the greater part of almost all range herds. The herds had not been bred up like they are today, with Herefords or Whitefaces. Old trail drivers will tell you that the Indians were particularly fond of beef, and that they always made it a point to exact a tribute of so many beef steers for letting the trail herds pass through their country. Both the North and South American Indians have had small herds of cattle ever since cattle were first introduced into the western world by Columbus on his second voyage to America.

Tradition tells us a story of trees being uprooted by a storm and falling into a small lake in Peru. Sick cattle belonging to Indians became well after drinking the water. The Indian himself was cured of a fever; thus centuries ago one of the greatest drugs known to man was discovered for combating malaria fever. According to the Peruvians this drug was quinine. Our North American Indians knew many medicinal remedies derived from roots and herbs of the forest for his ailments and diseases. They knew the healing and cleansing qualities of salt, used in a wound. When it became infected and would not heal, the Indian would take a hot iron and cauterize or burn it. This remedy was bound to be very painful, but it is known to produce results. The Indians argued that the burn would heal more quickly

than the sore. Throughout Oklahoma and north Arkansas many of the old folks can give you many Indian remedies that are considered good for many diseases, some even go so far as to declare they will cure up a malignant growth, like cancer. I am not vouching for that statement pertaining to cancer, but I do know that if the white settlers had listened to the advice of some of the old Indians when they moved into their country, they could have saved themselves much trouble and many lives, for the Indians knew from experience or tradition the natural hazards of the country in which they lived.

When the railroad was being built through the foothills of the Wichita Mountains, in Oklahoma, and men started laying out the town of Snyder, several old blanket Indians came and watched the workmen for a while. Finally one old chief asked, "What white man do?" The foreman spoke up and said, "We are going to build the Indians a big town or village." The old Indian replied with a shrug of his shoulders and a grunt of disgust, "White man heap big fool! Big wind come." Making a twisting motion with his hand the Indian continued, "No town." Then he walked off. They laughed at the Indians but not for long. This town is built right in a pass in the hills with a flat plain to the southwest. When a storm approaches this pass, it causes a suction. We lived only forty miles northeast of this little city when it was blown away by a cyclone the first time, in spring of 1904, killing over a hundred people. The storm literally wiped the

town off the map. It was rebuilt and has been blown away several times since. If the first builders had listened to the old Indians and read the geographical aspects of the country, they could have seen the evidence of those storms, and saved themselves many thousands of dollars in money, and many pale-face lives. The Indian never took time to argue with the white man, that was not his nature; he is a man of few words.

You can go only a few miles north of Snyder and you drop over into a small valley and village called Mountain Park where you are considerably lower than the surrounding country, and where the storm passes over. When I was there last, in the spring of 1917, there were many oak trees larger than a rain barrel, or three feet through. It has taken many centuries to grow these mighty oaks in this semi-arid country. If the cyclones had ever hit this valley they certainly would have destroyed these oaks. This valley has been known as an Indian camp ground for untold centuries. I talked with an old trail driver not many years ago, who told me they were caught in this pass during a storm long before Snyder was ever built, with a large bunch of Texas Longhorns. The cattle stampeded and scattered, and they lost many steers in the storm.

When this first bad storm occurred in the spring of 1904, it traveled in a northeasterly direction which was into the main Wichita Mountains, which threw it into the air. We found many things: pictures, ladies' purses, silk dresses, and almost anything that was light

enough for the wind to carry. It was as bad looking a cloud as I have ever seen, and the lightning was one continuous quiver.

At this time we lived nine miles north of old Fort Cobb which is located on the Washita River in Caddo County. The old fort had been abandoned when we moved to Oklahoma. There was an old Indian living at Fort Cobb who I have seen many times as a boy. His name was Fast Runner; I can't recall what tribe he was from, but this is how he came by his name. When the soldiers were stationed at old Fort Cobb, they held a foot-race on some annual event, probably the fourth of July. Plenty of money was won and lost on this race. When we moved to Oklahoma, many old timers could tell you about the race which was staked out over a distance of ten miles, with a new or fresh soldier stationed at each mile who would drop out when he had run a mile, and a fresh soldier would run another mile. The Indian, Fast Runner, ran the entire ten miles and outran the last soldier as easily as he did the first one. This Indian was getting along in years when I was a youngster but many people who knew him said he could head or outrun any Indian pony that he owned, for a short distance.

W. W. Pollard, now living in Lubbock, told me an Indian story that he had heard from his father who died in 1937 close to ninety years of age. The old gentleman was a Texas Ranger at one time and an Indian fighter. He lived practically all his life in Palo Pinto County, Texas. He stated one time when he was a

Ranger, they were following a bunch of Indians who had been down in North Central Texas on a raid, and were crowding them rather close. He saw an Indian on foot who was running at an angle toward the Indians who were on horseback. The Rangers' horses were in fairly good shape, and Mr. Pollard said he thought, "This is where I get me one Indian, at least." He spurred his horse into the chase as fast as he could run, but could not gain on the Indian at all. His companions noticed him and bore in toward him and picked him up. This man stated Indians would often run beside their horses to rest them, holding onto their mane, and then bounce back onto the horse and ride when the horse was rested. By repeating this process, the Indian made it very hard for a white man to overtake him. Most Indian horses were low and compact, not as tall as our horses of today. The Comanches made most of their raids into Texas on moonlight nights. They were all wonderful horsemen and many authorities consider them the greatest bareback riders the world has ever produced. This old Ranger stated he once watched fifteen or twenty Comanche Indians herding a bunch of mustang horses under a large liveoak tree. Some of the young bucks were hid in the branches of the tree, and would drop off on the back of the horse they wanted. Then all the pitching and bawling, it would take place. He stated very few Indians were thrown; they would stick on the horse's back like a leech. That is horsemanship par excellence, for it was bareback riding with no saddle or bridle; and be-

lieve me it takes a horseman to ride a wild horse under those conditions.

Uncle Ike Gregory, who was an old Confederate soldier and lived on the south line of Cooke County, Texas, about three miles from where I was reared, passed on a few years ago. He once told me in 1924, when I did some dental work for him, that he and his neighbors once chased a lone Comanche Indian from his ranch place nearly to Red River, a distance of around twenty-five miles, to where they finally killed the Indian after his horse had been ridden to death in the chase. They would ride their horses down and stop at some rancher's place they were passing and saddle a fresh mount and more men would join the chase. When they caught the Indian they were riding their third mount. The Indian had only the one horse throughout the chase. Mr. Gregory stated that the Indian liked to have outrun their last relay of horses, and was approaching the Red River brakes when they finally wounded him. They chased him for several miles on foot after his horse had dropped dead. They finally overtook him on Wolfe Ridge not far from where I once owned a farm. You can guess the rest. Mr. Gregory stated they went back and looked at the Indian's dead horse which was a pitiful sight; all the flesh was broken and bleeding around the top of the horse's hoofs. The Indian had whipped the blood out of the horse's side and belly. This old gentleman stated an Indian could get more out of a horse than any human he had ever seen, and he was reared in a pioneer country.

I have heard Mrs. C. E. Harman, her maiden name was Hendrix, who died only last year, state she had hidden as a child in a large hedge close to their ranch on Flat Creek on moonlight nights and heard the Indians whooping and yelling and driving off every horse her father had. I have played in this hedge as a boy with her children. This occurred about five or six miles south of where my parents now live. They always hid in the hedge for fear the Indians would try to murder them. I attended my first school in this community. She stated that the horses would all be corralled in a rail-pen close to the house, but when the Indians started whooping and yelling, the horses would literally go frantic and pile upon each other until they broke down the fence somewhere; then they would flee, with the Indians after them. All the counties along close to Red River suffered from many Indian raids for years, until the Indians were finally placed on reservations in Oklahoma. There is an old log house which I have been in, and was still standing a few years ago, not far from the highway between Weatherford and Mineral Wells, Texas, where the automobiles go speeding past at sixty miles an hour or more. In 1928, while living in Fort Worth, Texas, I met an old man who said that when he was a boy he had helped to fight the Indians from his old log house.

I have a good friend and hunting companion, E. A. Manning. His father was construction contractor on the Kansas City, Mexico and Orient Railroad when it was built through the state of Chihuahua, Old Mexico. Manning

was timekeeper for his father. He stated the Taramari Indians of the mountains of Western Chihuahua are noted for their long runs. On a number of occasions he has seen three Indians relay and run down a deer in from two to three hours. That looks impossible but they knew the run of the deer and would cut across taking advantage of this, and keep the deer running. He would finally go to a water hole and one of them would swim out and cut the deer's throat. On one occasion a party in camp had neglected to file some necessary papers, and this had almost let a mining claim lapse. He got a surveyor and resurveyed the claim and drew a map of it which had to be in the mining recording office at eight on the morning the next day. They gave a Taramari Indian runner the instrument which was to be recorded at eleven on the evening before, and he was sitting on the steps of the recorder's office in El Campo the next morning at eight, waiting for the office to open. He stated later, that he had been there perhaps twenty minutes when the office opened. The way the road ran, it was a hard three days ride on horseback. But crossing the mountains, following game trails, which the Indians knew, they estimated it to be a distance of about eighty miles, which is not bad for a little less than nine hours running.

When on a long run, these Indians eat only "penoli", which is roasted ground corn. They take a small sack of this corn meal with them when on a run, and when hungry, they mix a small handful with water and drink it every three or four hours. They have an annual

fiesta each year and hold a race of 150 kilometers which is approximately ninety-five miles. The winner of this race is awarded the job of carrying the mail through the mountains for one year. The Indian women also run a race of 125 kilometers, and their award is a beef steer. Around twelve years ago, two Indian boys from this tribe ran a non-stop race from San Antonio to Austin, Texas, a distance of seventy-five or eighty miles. They take a long dog trot and can keep it up for hours. I have been told many Indian tribes of the Southwest had runners that, over a long distance, could outrun a horse carrying a man. That is reasonable, for the horse would out-distance the man at the start, but if there is no stopping to rest, the man will finally overtake the horse. Some scientists tell you that man, properly trained, is the toughest animal in existence. There is no doubt but what a healthy man, raised and trained in the great outdoors, can build himself up to where he can accomplish feats that would be seemingly impossible. Tradition tells us of one Paul Simpson in North Carolina who raced with a Texas pony for 144 miles, and won by twenty-five miles; the horse collapsed.

When we moved to Oklahoma in 1900, almost all the Indian tribes were tall, slender, long-legged men, well proportioned.

We call the Indian the Red Man. No doubt his skin has become tanned to the color of russet leather through many centuries of living out in the sun, wind and rain; for in cross breeding, they soon revert back to the white man in

appearance. Of course, there were exceptions to this in the Indian as well as in the white man. I remember seeing a Choctaw Indian at a picnic on July 4, at Binger, Oklahoma, who came so near filling a spring seat on an Indian wagon that there was just room enough left for a small Indian boy. He weighed over five hundred pounds. Grandfather said this Indian later got so fat that the other Indians would move camp and leave him, and he would finally come in when his rations were cut off. He reduced very quickly as he was a glutton and would eat until he could hardly move around.

In dress and appearance many of the young Indian men who had been off to school would try to look like white boys; they would have their hair cut and shave their necks. But practically all the older men wore it long and would plait colored cloth into the hair and let one plait hang down in front and one behind. Their hair was always dark or coal black and of as coarse texture as a horse's mane or tail. Another peculiarity about the full-blooded Indians: they were smooth faced with very few whiskers on their face at all. Who can remember ever seeing an Indian's picture with whiskers on his face? Of course, when their blood is crossed with the white race, whiskers seem to come with this change. Well can I remember when a boy seeing an old Indian sitting around taking what I would call a dry shave, plucking his few scattering whiskers from his face, using a small pair of tweezers; somewhat like our modern ladies plucking their eyebrows. However, the Indian did not use a mirror; he was

not that vain. You could ask one if it hurt to pull the whiskers from his face and he would usually say, "No hurt." When a young Indian became grown or about the age the white man would start shaving, he would start pulling the few whiskers from his face. Shaving increases and stiffens a white man's beard, but I imagine pulling the whiskers out by the roots would decrease what few whiskers they had if practiced over a period of time. The full-blooded Indians' eyes were invariably dark brown. Their eyes changed color as they became mixed with the whites.

The Indians of New Mexico and Arizona have not intermarried and mixed their blood with the white races like the Five Civilized Tribes and other Indians of Oklahoma. Some authorities will tell you the full-blooded Indians never possess the emotions that sway a white man's breast. They never laughed or cried, and about the only feelings they ever manifested burst forth when they were on the warpath or when raiding some settler's stock. Then they would utter a fiendish and blood-curdling yell that would instantly paralyze all refined sensibilities in either man or beast.

Some folks will tell you there were no good Indians. If you are of that opinion, you should read the story of Joe Bowers, a California Indian who was a real friend to the white settlers, protecting them time and again. He was always the peace-maker between the white man and the Indians. He realized from the start that the Indian must submit to the white man's ways and the onward march of civilization. He

devoted his life to helping to bring about this change in his tribe. Quanah Parker, the half-breed chief of the Comanches, after the Battle of Adobe Walls, realized that the Indians must submit to the white man's ways. He finally convinced his braves of this fact, and they retired to a reservation in the Wichita Mountains of Oklahoma in 1880.

The Indian in his dress liked large Stetson hats, typical of the cowmen of the Southwest. The greater portion of them wore civilian clothes. However, I have seen some old full-bloods wearing a blanket with a Stetson hat on their heads. Practically all the women wore gaily-colored blankets except the young Indian maidens who had gone away to school. They usually dressed like the white women in the locality in which they resided. When oil was discovered on the lands of the Creek Nation, most of the Indians began to put on weight, due to the luxuries of easy living, and no exercise. Most of the Creek Indians are large, tall men. Almost all Indians that have any money are free spenders. They figure that money is good for what it will buy that they want. Things that suit their fancy may not appeal to the white man at all. And it was this weakness the white traders took advantage of. Of course, by educating the Indian, associating with him and intermingling his blood with the whites, he has learned the ways of the pale-faces, and many people with Indian blood in their veins are as shrewd as the smartest of the whites, and don't need any governmental agency to look after them.

The Indians of the Southwest have many weather signs as to when it is going to be dry or wet weather. There is an old Indian sign which my grandfather said from observation during his long life was a good one. When the wind is in the south and it lightens at night in the north it will rain within three days. Still another sign of rain was the action of ants and prairie-dogs. If they start building higher the mounds around their homes, it is going to rain within a few days. One of the best barometers that ever roamed the woods is an old razorback, or native sow. When there is going to be a change to cold or bad, damp weather, a day or so in advance, she will begin collecting leaves, dry grass, or shucks in which to build her a nice warm bed for herself as well as her little pigs; and long before the norther strikes she will have it completed and will crawl under it letting it cover her entire body. When she does that and if you haven't plenty of fire wood cut and in the woodshed, you will have to chop wood out in the cold, for a bad break in the weather is on its way *pronto*. There is an old saying in Texas that, "All signs of rain fail in dry weather." There is also another Texas saying that, "Only newcomers and damn fools prophesy regarding the weather, which reminds me of an interesting story.

A fellow moved to Texas from the East, and he was always commenting on the weather, and folks would laugh and walk off. He cornered a friend and asked the friend what was wrong with him, stating he only commented on the weather and folks gave him the horse laugh.

His friend asked him if he had never heard the old saying that no one in Texas commented on the weather except newcomers and damn fools. He studied a minute, and said, "Well, I guess that is still all right, for that is all I have seen since I have been here."

The great slaughter of the plains buffalo began in 1874 and practically all of them had been killed or driven off the plains by 1877. In just three short years the buffalo hunters had shot themselves out of business. The Great Plains or Llano Estacado, was the buffaloes' last stand. During those three years literally millions of buffalo were slaughtered for their hides, hump, and tongues; of course the hides were of the most value. With the passing of the buffalo it meant the Indian could not leave his reservation to roam the happy hunting grounds he once knew. It also meant the beginning of a new era. Ranching and the cattlemen were not long in driving their herds to the plains to take the place of the buffalo. Many old buffalo camps are located on the plains, perhaps the best known one is Buffalo Springs, located in Yellowhouse Canyon some seven miles south and east of Lubbock. These hunting parties consisted of from five to a dozen men. The good shots killed the buffalo, the skinners followed with the wagons and team to gather up the hides and what meat they wanted. One man was cook for the crew, and it was usually his duty between meals to stake out the hides to dry in the sun. These hides were later freighted, usually by ox teams and the old high-wheeled prairie-schooner, to old Fort Griffin and old

Fort Worth, to be reshipped to the markets of the North and East, to supply the leather markets of the world. In some instances buffalo meat was cooked or cured and shipped East to markets, or army camps. But in most instances the carcasses, after skinning, were left to rot or supply food for the wolves or buzzards. After the flesh had perished away, the plains were scattered with bleached bones. Another new industry sprang up and flourished for a short time; that of gathering up the bones and shipping them east for fertilizer.

When there were no fences or roads on the plains, it was an easy matter to become lost, for the entire country looks practically the same, especially to someone who is not familiar with the plains country. There are no hills, trees, or large rocks to guide the traveler. This is how "Staked Plains" got started: travelers would carry a bunch of stakes and drive them into the ground as they advanced and they could return to their camp or starting place by following the stakes. Tradition tells us that Uncle Hank Smith, one of the plains' first settlers, marked the first road or highway coming out of Blanco Canyon in Crosby County, Texas, on to the plains. Traveling in a westerly direction, he gathered up the bleached buffalo bones as he drove across the prairie and would dump them out making a large pile or white monument about every mile. This procedure was repeated until he reached the little settlement of Estacado. These white piles of bones could be seen for miles in clear weather. Thus did the buffalo furnish

with the bones of his body the first highway markers of the Great Plains of the Southwest.

Living south of Petersburg, Texas, is an old lady, Mrs. John Allen, Sr., who as a bride of sixteen sat huddled up in a wagon some fifty-six years ago, in the western part of what is now Crosby County, and not far from the Lubbock County line, fifty or more painted, screeching, half-naked redskins gathered around the wagon laughing and poking fun at her. They begged for everything in sight. The hardships this old lady has endured would fill a book: rearing a family, giving birth to two of her nine children alone and unattended, tending an eight-year-old son who had been bitten by a rattlesnake—she split the bite with a razor, applied soda and warm sweet milk all day, and the child lived.

Most old timers will tell you that the Indians were particularly fond of coffee. In those days settlers bought it in hundred pound lots in a berry-form which had to be roasted and then ground in an old fashioned coffee mill. The Indian could consume an awful lot of this white man's delicacy. And when he came around peaceably he expected some sort of treat, or pipe of peace, so to speak, from the white man. He seemed to substitute the coffee for the tobacco pipe. It was your good-will offering to him, and the fact that he partook of it was his acceptance of your peace offering. I have hunted in the mountains of New Mexico, and when near an Indian hunter's camp they will ask you to come around, and nothing will satisfy them but for

you to drink a cup of coffee with them. It is the Indian's gesture of friendship toward his pale-faced brother.

It cannot be denied that the Indian who once roamed this vast domain now has his habitat within the comparative narrow confines of reservations. Neither can it be denied that the white man or Uncle Sam has broken his pledges and promises to the tribesmen many times in the past. But present conditions in the Indian country would indicate that Uncle Sam has had a change of heart, and that the Indian can have food, clothing, and shelter without turning a hand if that is his preference. Many white people cannot have that assurance; so it can be argued pro and con as to the Indians' welfare. The Indians' ways are not the white man's ways. He cannot be cooped up in thickly populated areas and survive and increase like the white man; he seems to be a part of God's great out of doors, the wide open spaces of the great Southwest. But he can rightfully be called the true American, for we of the Caucasian race have been transplanted in America from Europe, like our horses were transplanted to America. In conclusion I quote a tribute to the Indians paid by that grand old soldier and statesman, who was the President of the Republic of Texas and our first Governor, Sam Houston, who had many friends among the Indians:

"As a race they have withered from the land. Their arrows are broken and their springs have evaporated; their cabins or tepees are in the dust. Their council fire has long since gone

out on the shore, and their war cry is fast dying out to the untrodden west. Slowly and sadly they climb the mountains and read their doom in the setting sun. They are shrinking before the mighty tide which is pressing them away; they must soon hear the roar of the last wave, which will settle over them forever. Ages hence, the inquisitive white man, as he stands by some growing city will ponder on the structure of their disturbed remains and wonder to what manner of person they belonged. They will live only in the songs and chronicles of their exterminators. Let these be faithful to their rude virtues as men, and pay tribute to their unhappy fate as a people."

THE PIONEER OR COVERED WAGON DAYS

America has literally rolled westward on wagon wheels; the song, *Roll Along, Covered Wagon, Roll Along*, tells a story in itself. If the many prairie-schooners and freight wagon-trains could only talk they would relate their heartaches, tragedies, hopes, joys, and anticipations of what was on the other side of yonder mountains, valley or plains—stories that will never be told of the pioneers who trekked across the Great Plains or Llano Estacado, or the Great American Desert long before a bored well or windmill was ever heard of.

In fact, the writer has hunted prairie-chicken in Yoakum County, Texas, in the immediate vicinity of where some fifteen or more negro cavalrymen thirsted to death from want of water. They could have dug to water with a spade in four to eight feet, within a mile of where this tragedy occurred. In fact, is not far from a famous ranch headquarters now standing on the line of Texas and New Mexico where the ranchmen have scraped out a basin on the flat prairie. Plenty of water seeps into this basin to water cattle and horses. But the old pioneer did not know that there was an underground sea under the plains, where you

could get inexhaustible water within from four to five feet up to a hundred. In the days when the country was infested with roving bands of Indians and buffalo, in crossing the plains after leaving running water-draw, during a dry time, there was no water for over two hundred miles in a westerly direction. Of course, there were some waterings the Indians were familiar with, but in extremely dry weather the lakes dried up and water became liquid gold. The heat waves would produce a mirage, which is very deceiving to a fellow, especially if he is thirsty, as it looks as if there is a large lake of water just about a mile ahead of you. On extremely hot days it looks as if you are surrounded by lakes of clear water; but the beautiful lakes of water just keep about the same distance ahead of you, and it is like trying to reach the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. On these same plains, you will find many irrigation wells where water is lifted at the rate of 600 to 2,000 gallons per minute, with fine fields growing the commodities of life.

In 1900, the government set aside a large tract of land in Caddo County, Oklahoma, for people to draw for 160 acres of land. You put your application in for 160 acres and all the letters were placed in a large wooden wheel. Many more were placed in the wheel than there was land to go around. The wheel was turned and all applications thoroughly stirred up; then a small door was opened and the letters numbered as they came out and the one that came out first was allowed to get the first choice or pick of this land, and so on down the line

until the last one just got the leavings or quarter-sections that were practically worthless for farming purposes.

But before the drawing of the white settlers started, all Indians and each member of the family down to the newly born baby, was allowed a pick of 160 acres of land each. The Indians were allowed up to a certain time to pick their land, and if they failed to do this, some member of the Indian Land Commission just went to the map of the allotted lands for settlement, and allotted him 160 acres. Now this put the Indian in a bad position; he might get a good quarter or he might get a sorry one, but let it be said that the Indians usually picked the best lands up and down the rivers and creeks with rich soil, as they knew where the best grass grew and that was where the best lands were. The government set a time limit of around twenty-five to thirty years before the Indian could sell his lands. Of course, when an Indian died, his nearest relative automatically inherited his lands. There were many white men in the country who were commonly known as squaw-men. This came about in a manner common at that time, as the cowboys and ranchmen in the country knew the government was going to allot these lands to the Indians, and if a white man married an Indian woman, that gave him the right to select 160 acres of land for himself and for each child born up to a certain date. I am not saying that some of the marriages were not sincere, but I do know that many unscrupulous men took advantage of this and got a good farm. However, land was

not worth much at that time, but they used some forethought to say the least, and acquired a home in a new country.

Father drew a number that entitled him to select 160 acres. He was not one of the first, but he did select a fairly good quarter-section with some sixty acres or more of good farm land on it. We made the mistake of breaking up more than this amount which produced well for a few years and then began to wash away, due to the fact that the land was too rolling. At that time terracing of lands was unknown. It takes nature a hundred years to build one inch of top soil, and a hard rain, when the soil is in good state of cultivation, can wash it away in thirty minutes. The soil soon becomes so poor that it will hardly grow grass. I am personally of the opinion that every foot of land in America should be terraced, for we have rushed over this great country and have taken the cream from the soil and have not taken the time to build it up. But the time is here now when we have to give this some serious thought, for how will our posterity raise enough food to feed coming generations with soil that has been allowed to wash and blow away?

When we moved to Oklahoma in 1900, I can truthfully say that was the finest grass country that I have ever seen. It was known as the cowman's paradise, as there was much prairie country with the brakes and creeks covered with timber mostly of the oak varieties. These afforded the stock plenty of protection in winter and early grass in the bottoms in the spring. I have actually seen grass in creek-

bottoms and open glades, that had grown in one season to where you could be on a fairly good-sized horse of around nine hundred or a thousand pounds, and you could not see another man on a horse of the same size over a hundred yards away. It takes good soil to grow grass of that kind and all new lands produce well.

This fine grass in the fall after the frost had killed it, brought on a menace almost as serious as a forest fire—if you can imagine a hard wind blowing and this tall grass that would average waist high all over the country on fire. It traveled almost as fast as a horse could lope. The only way you could save your home or wagon and team, if you were caught in the path of a prairie fire, was to back-fire. Almost all of the new settlers plowed a fire guard around their homes before they even started to build a house. If the wind was blowing real hard, the fire would often jump over the fire guard. However, the guard served a good purpose of slowing it down. A prairie fire, on a dark night in tall bunch grass is a sight never to be forgotten.

I remember on one occasion there was a fire that was burning on the north side of a large ridge, which lay some two or more miles to the north of us. About eight o'clock one night a norther blew up. It was extremely dry at that time, and the wind blew the dry grass and fire up this ridge to the summit where it went into the air until the entire northern skies seemed to be on fire. It was a beautiful sight to behold, but rather scary. Too, I remember all

of us children ran out into the yard very excited; and the first thing Mother said was, "Do you suppose the world is coming to an end?" But it did not take Dad long to figure out that it was just a prairie fire. Folks who have seen a real dust storm come rolling up with the wind can imagine what it looked like. Usually it is very still before it strikes. That was the way it was with this bank of fire rolling up into the heavens.

I remember another occasion in Wheeler County, Texas. We lived in a little town on the Rock Island Railroad. An old Bohemian was hauling a load of corn in the shuck, to town; and he said that he was smoking his pipe when the corn caught on fire and had made considerable headway before he noticed it. He started throwing it out with his hands and burned his hands so badly that he had to wear them swathed in bandages for over a month. Well, the burning corn set the prairie grass on fire. It had been a seasonable year and the dry grass was about waist high. A stiff norther was blowing right toward the little town where we lived, and the fire had about three miles of grass to get a good start in. It roared down on the little town and looked threatening for a time. I imagine there were some fifteen or twenty wooden buildings in the town, including a lumber yard and a frame hotel. The only thing that saved us, the town was on the south side of the railroad. They had a big fire-guard plowed on each side of the road. The railroad dump stopped the fire, but it got as black as night with soot and dust. However, a prairie

THE LAST SUPPER

By declaring His body and blood to be the spiritual food and drink of mankind, and thus instituting the sacrament of the Holy Communion, Jesus asserted His true divinity. One of the most famous pictures of this event is that painted by Leonardo da Vinci, on the wall of the refectory of Santa Maria della Gracie, Milan, Italy, but this famous painting has been peeled off and been replaced by various artists, until there is no part of the original painting left. The painting has been reproduced with stained glass by a lady in Europe, one of the last of a family of stained art glass workers, whose reproduction is now in Forest Lawn Memorial Park, Glendale, Calif. Our motive in reproducing this famous event upon leather is twofold: first, the everlasting qualities of good leather, and second, because of the important part that leather played in bringing the Bible through the Dark Ages down to this present time, for most of the Bible, as translated by King James, was written in Hebrew upon scrolls or parchments of leather, as the Lord in His wisdom must have known before man that it would last through the ages. Leather was found in King Tut's tomb in a good state of preservation. We all know there is no actual picture in existence of the Last Supper. The Artist has read the Bible through and spent some five years in Bible research and study, in designing and carving this picture true to historical facts and conditions, based upon Bible research and wrought from tradition and historical descriptions of types of men and objects of that time and age.

fire burns out quickly, for it hasn't any substance to continue a fire for any length of time. In fact, a man on a good horse that will obey him can usually find a gap that he can spur the horse through. He must not fool along but jump through it like a scared rabbit. However, in rank grass, this would be a dangerous undertaking.

I remember when Father drew the claim, he and Uncle Bob, Father's brother, took two covered wagons and moved all of our belongings from Cooke County, Texas, where we were living at that time, to the new home. They built what we called a half-dugout. You dig down into the ground about five or six feet and put your walls down on the smooth dirt floor. Then you pile the dirt you have dug out of the hole up against the walls, which leaves the building about half in the ground and half out; hence the name *half-dugout*. They lived in this until they could build us a home on top of the ground. These dugouts served two purposes: one, as a warm house, and another as a safe refuge when one of these so-called cyclones swept across the country.

Mother and three children younger than I, one of Mother's sisters, and myself, all came to Anadarko on the train, and Father met us in a wagon. We journeyed to our new home about sixteen miles away in a southwesterly direction. One of the things that impressed me most in the new country was that prairie-chickens flew up along the trail or wagon-road that cut across the prairie almost as regularly as you will see grasshoppers flying out of your path in the summer

time. In all this distance of sixteen miles travel, there was only one two-room house about half way. It was called the old Chiliewax place (in Indian language it means *Big Woman*). I am not vouching for Indian spelling and am spelling it like it sounded. This house was a landmark and served to direct travelers, as it stood close to a ridge between two large canyons and that was the only way you could get through that particular part of the country. It was an old Indian ranch headquarters. Later, Mother's youngest sister contested a claim that the owner had failed to live out his allotted time before he could prove up on it. She won the contest and owns the land to this day. I stayed with her before she proved up on the claim, so she would have a witness that she had lived on it so many days out of each month.

The government required a certain amount of improvements and some kind of living-quarters on the land before they would give you a grant or deed to the land. Then your land become taxable. The Indian's land was free from taxation for a certain number of years, but if an Indian should sell his land to a white man, then it become taxable at once. It seems that we have more politicians in this modern age to support than the Indians did.

An uncle, Sid T. Allen, who now lives on a large irrigated farm south of Roswell, New Mexico, and has raised seven fine boys and two girls, was a young man at that time and a great hunter. He visited us and later settled in the country. We had plenty of game to eat, for

there was no such thing as a game law or a warden. People never heard of such a thing. In fact, the prairie-chickens came near to eating up all the first grain crops that we planted. I remember well one Christmas day that four men, including my uncle and I, went quail hunting with two good dogs. I was just large enough to pack a gun and tag along. If a quail lit in a bush, I could shoot it out but was not strong enough to line up a large shotgun on birds in the air. These men were all good wing shots and never thought of shooting a bird on the ground or potting them. They killed over four hundred birds that day. I killed four or five and was perhaps prouder of my achievements than they were. We had a feast and all of our neighbors shared in the spoils.

There were places where you could go where the birds had a great deal of protection. You could not go over a hundred yards without one of the dogs setting a large bunch of bobwhites that would fly into the air like a bomb exploding. The bunches were so large that I would be afraid to estimate how many birds there were in them. As I said, there were no game laws; you could kill them as soon as they got big enough to eat. However, let it be said I never knew of anyone killing birds during the mating season.

Back to the prairie fire. I am confident they were destructive to the game birds. However, during the mating season the grass had started to get green and that eliminated the fire hazards to a great extent for the newly hatched birds.

The prairie-chicken is something like a full-

blooded Indian; he does not adapt himself much to civilization; he is a migrator and will depart for places unknown if he is molested too much. The best time and place to kill them, unless you have a good bird dog that has been trained on chickens, is early in the morning or late in the afternoon, placing yourself alongside of a grain field such as maize or kaffercorn. They will fly in to feed and if you are a good wing shot, you can soon kill all the birds you want, or perhaps I should say need. I have seen them fly into a corn field just about sun-down in Wheeler County, Texas, in 1907, until they would cast a shadow on the earth or almost darken the skies. Of course, corn fields were scarcer than the birds, and they all gathered for miles around to the feast. I had an old double-barrel ten gauge shotgun that I could hardly get to my shoulder, for I was still a youngster; but I learned to bring it up until I got it in line with the chicken and to pull the trigger, and distance did not count for so much; the chicken usually tumbled.

I had a little white dog named Bill that was not related to a bird-dog in any manner, but he could track them unusually well. He would stand and watch me shoot, keeping his eye on the bird, and if he wavered, was crippled, or dropped dead, he would pounce after the bird and seldom failed to find him. A wounded chicken will sometimes fly a half mile or more, especially down a sloping prairie and hit the ground and roll like a ball, and you can go pick him up stone dead. However, with a wing broken, that is a different story; for he will hit

the ground running like a blue quail, and unless you have a dog that can trail him, it's like looking for a needle in a hay stack, for nature has endowed him with a coat of feathers just like the bunch grass when winter has turned it to golden brown. The old birds late in the winter grow very wild and will usually flush far out of shooting distance. The best time to hunt them is about the time the youngsters reach maturity. They will let you kick them out, and they will cackle just like an old barnyard hen when she has laid an egg. It is a sight long to be remembered for a large bunch of prairie-chickens to flush all around your feet. They sometimes consist of from fifty to a hundred birds, and all of them cackling. It's really hard for a good shot to miss them.

When my father was running a livery stable in Wheeler County, Texas, I have driven drummers or knights of the grip—that is what we called them—in those days. We would go out over the prairie in a Spaldin hack and two or three men could kill a hack-bed full of game in a few hours time, for almost any kind of game is not afraid of anyone on horseback or driving a team. So the later generation helped to destroy the game birds of America just like the buffalo hunter destroyed the buffalo; they killed for the hides and tongue or hump; and I knew market hunters when I was a boy in Oklahoma, that sold quail and prairie-chicken.

About the time we arrived at our new home that Father had built in Oklahoma, we were in need of some cows to stock the new place with,

and he and a neighbor went over to the mouth of a small stream that headed on our place called *Kechi*, an Indian name. (I am only spelling it like it sounds.) It was about eight miles from home. They had bought a few head of cattle and started back home when there was a prairie fire. This was very common. They were usually left alone until they burned themselves out. In this section when Father was driving the cattle back home he passed a newcomer's homestead, named Bert Hand who had left his wife and two small children at home in a small house and had gone to Anadarko for a load of lumber which was a hard day's drive. This good man had taken the precaution to plow a large fire guard around the house and had a barrel of water in the yard. Of course, stock and people, building, will trample the grass down to where it would not burn so fast; but this fire was approaching the house and this good woman who no doubt was not schooled in the hazards of a new country and did not know how to protect herself from dangers must have thought the fire was sure to reach the house. Father said he saw her leave the house with a baby in her arms leading a little girl and started for some plowed land about half a mile from the house. He told the man with him that she did not have a chance to make the plowed land at the rate the fire was traveling. He and father were a considerable distance from the fire, but they started to her as fast as their horses could run, but the fire had overtaken her before they could get to her, and in her excitement, she just kept running for the plowed land as fast as she

could. Dad and this man jumped their horses through the fire but when they reached this woman and her children they were all practically beyond help. He said the little girl gasped once after he picked her up. When the father returned with a load of lumber for a new home he found another price paid for the settlement or pioneer life in a new country. The most tragic part of this story was that if the lady had only stayed in the house, she would not have brought herself and her children to this untimely death, for the fire swept by and did not set the house on fire.

As I stated before, dry grass makes a quick, hot fire that soon dies down and does not burn long enough usually to set a house on fire. Her husband or some old cattleman should have told her the old Indian way of doing, to back-fire. This precaution is very simple. When you see a prairie fire approaching, just set the grass on fire where you are and the wind will start it burning away from you, and you can drive the wagon train or walk after the fire. The space that is burned off will make a safe haven or refuge for yourself and wagon or livestock. But the pioneers that pour into a new country are not familiar with the hazards of that particular country and nature in the rough usually takes a certain toll of life in various forms.

Father soon opened up a country store and we had many Indian customers. I soon found out that the old full-bloods were long on signs and short on speech.

I remember on one occasion an Indian family

had bought some groceries and were eating their lunch near our well. I was standing around like the usual boy, all eyes; and they were talking to one another and using plenty of sign language. There was a young Indian maiden rather pretty, but five or six years older than I, and of course, she held no particular charm for me; but the conversation died down when the eating started. She turned to me and said something in perfect English, and I was so dumbfounded, I don't remember if I even answered her. That really embarrassed me, and I soon found some business elsewhere. She had been away to school.

We hadn't had the store opened long before an old cowman came in and told Dad that when he was selling an Indian anything that he had to weigh it, like sugar, beans or coffee. He told him never to put too much on the scales and then remove it until it balanced, but to watch them and keep adding to the purchase until the required amount was placed in the sack. Father even went so far as to weigh bacon in the same manner, but starting with a piece that he was sure would not weigh over the desired amount the Indian wanted, then adding strips until the scales balanced. The old cowman said the full-bloods thought you were cheating them if you took anything back after you had placed it on the scales.

On one occasion, an old Indian and his squaw, all wrapped in rich-colored blankets, came to the store. Dad asked him why he did not come more often and he said, "Too far." Father then asked him where he lived and the

road he had traveled to get there, and he told Father mostly in sign language. Father described another road for him to use going back, which was down a ridge between two large canyons. It was shorter but very rough. The Indian took this road home. He came back to the store later and Father asked him how he liked the new road and I never will forget how he described it. He only said two words, "Too much." Then he took his hand and made it go up and down to indicate that the road was almost all up and down all the way.

A white child seemed to cause a fascination among full-blooded Indians. My brother, seven years younger than I, was just a tow-headed youngster running around the place and the Indians tried to buy him time and again. This never did set too well with Mother. She could not get over the fact that they used to make raids into Texas, not offering to buy a child, but taking it and raising it up to be an Indian. They would take silver out of their pockets and keep adding to the pile and pointing to the boy. Mother would keep shaking her head until the Indian had concluded the child was not worth all that money and usually he would put his money back into his pocket with a shrug and a grunt. All of this may have been a huge joke with them, but not with Mother.

Most of the Indians had plenty of dogs, and we children were told that they ate the puppies. That did not set so well with me, as a good dog was my best companion in those days.

A new school house was soon erected about

a mile from where we lived. It was a one-room building with a one-man teacher, teaching all grades. The first year, we sat on home-made benches made by men who were not too skilled with a saw and hammer; but the next year we had factory-built double seats. This was a sight to behold to the kids; for the benches ranged in size from small ones for the little fellows to seats large enough for the grown-up children.

There was a hill not far from the school house and in the winter time, it afforded an excellent place for rattlesnakes to hibernate in. School was usually out before the snakes were, but people lived near those homes of the snakes. Several hundred were usually killed in the spring when they crawled out of their dens to warm up in the spring sunshine. Lots of these old fellows were really mossbacks, for the Indian's theory or adage of a snake is that if you leave him alone, he will leave you alone. There were plenty of snakes for the settlers to kill. I remember on many occasions that I just missed by a hair's breath being bitten by one of them.

On one occasion when Father had acquired a fair-sized bunch of yearlings, it was my job to herd the cattle out on an Indian quarter that adjoined our land which no one was using. I had acquired quite a reputation as a runner and could tail or head any yearling in the herd on foot. We had plenty of horses but they were of the mustang type, and Father was afraid for me to ride them. The work horses he had to use in farming, and he was sure I could not

hurt myself on foot. Later we acquired old Jim who was an Indian cow-pony that had been trained as a cutting horse. "Cutting" means to take right after a certain yearling or cow and drive him out of a herd. Most of my work was herding cattle when I was a boy, and it did not call for the cutting type of horse. It was hard for old Jim to get it into his head that I wanted to pass the cow and turn her back toward the herd or home. For some reason, at that time, I never owned a saddle. A horse and saddle both for newcomers would have been too much of a luxury, and the men had all the saddles. I had to ride bareback, Indian style. Jim was fat and round as a barrel and could stop and turn on a dime and give you back fifteen cents in change; and when this quick stopping took place, I would hold onto his mane as long as I could and then go on over his head and have to jump back on and start all over after the cow; but usually this commotion of a boy going over a horse's head would turn the cow.

I remember that Jim's cutting tactics came near to being serious for the rider. I was trying to head a yearling and drive it back to the herd in a part of the pasture where the timber and black-jack brush were rather thick. We were approaching it at a fast clip, a rather large clump of bushes with a tree in the center of them, and the yearling went on the right side of the bushes. Old Jim was right at the yearling's tail and I turned his head and leaned my body to go to the left side of the bushes. If Jim had done what I intended for him to

do, we could have beat the yearling to the other side and turned him back. But he started to do my bidding as directed. Then he must have remembered his cutting days and changed his mind, for he whirled back to the right and followed the yearling so quickly that I went right on straight toward the black-jack tree in the clump of bushes. If the bushes had not caught all around my face and shoulders, I probably would not be telling you this story now. When I crawled out of the bushes I looked like a wildcat had been fighting me. I would have traded old Jim off for a plugged dime. My head went so close to that tree, tho' fool-hardy boy that I was, I realized I had had a close call. When I related this story to Mother and told her that I could probably have stayed on the horse if I had had a saddle—well, you can imagine all of the rest. If there is anything a western boy craves any more than a pair of boots and saddle, I don't know what it is.

I also had a good dog to help me herd the cattle. But he would wander off some place hunting as most dogs will, and on one occasion a particular yearling was trying to go to a bunch of Indian cattle that were grazing in a valley some distance away. I was putting out all of the steam I had in order to head the yearling and did not pay as much attention as I should have to the ground I was running over. But some sixth sense or primitive instinct caused me to glance down, and right in front of me was a huge, coiled, diamond-backed rattlesnake all ready for business. I was running too fast to either stop or turn to the right or left, and

so all I could do was go into the air. And believe you me, that is what I did. I am making no pretensions as to how high I went, but when a fellow is running at full speed, he can make a fair sized high broad-jump. And to make things worse, I was barefooted. I could imagine that snake's fangs sinking into the bottom of my feet as I went over. I went so far into the air that he never moved a muscle. Perhaps he thought some bird had just flown over him casting its shadow. When I hit the ground, I forgot the yearling and called my dog who made short work of that snake.

It is a work of art to watch dogs that really know how to kill a rattlesnake, as they certainly know how to get the job done. They usually have to be bitten about once to produce hatred for the snake. This produces caution which is very necessary, for a large rattler is really a dangerous customer when you get him riled up. He is a gentleman in some respects, and will give you fair warning; and wants you to respect him by leaving him strictly alone. If you don't, he seems to have an awful temper, for I have teased them with a long stick until they became so furious that I would turn and run. Old Shep was a master at the art of killing snakes. He would circle round and round the rattlesnake barking furiously, with the snake rattling all the time. The dog would get closer and closer in his circles inducing the snake to strike at him which he was sure to do; but the dog was expecting this and was always prepared. He would jump back just far enough to get out of the reach when the snake struck his full

length, and would spring forward and grab him about the middle of the snake's body; then he would shake him for all he was worth. When he laid down the snake, there was usually one piece in his mouth and two other pieces had gone in different directions.

I remember a young dog I owned, which had learned to kill snakes with the old dogs, and he had never been bitten, hence his carelessness. He had no trouble in killing the snakes and seemed to dodge them like any dog would dodge a blow. On this particular occasion, I was taking Father a drink of water to where he was plowing and we ran across a large rattlesnake. The young dog soon made short work of him. The head came off with about three or four inches of his body, and rolled within about six feet of me. The dog seemed to be proud of his achievement and went around smelling off the pieces. I was examining the snake's rattles to see how many he had and never noticed the dog until it was too late. The mouth of the snake was laying wide open and this foolish young dog went up and stick his nose into the jaws of that snake, which must have contracted. Anyway, it closed down on the dog's nose and the poor fellow ran backwards pawing at his nose with both forefeet. He finally raked it loose. I immediately started to the house with the dog and his head was swollen badly before we arrived. I told Mother what had happened and she gave him all of the fat meat he could eat. He was surely a sick dog for several days and his head swelled out of proportion. We thought he would die, but he got well and

after that, he had a particular hatred for all snakes, and never seemed more happy than when he was killing them. This time was the only one I remember of his being bitten by one of them.

Horses that have been reared in the country where there are a lot of rattlesnakes can smell them and seem to sense danger. They will get very nervous when you force them close to a snake. They are like the Indian who will leave them strictly alone and say the snake will do likewise. In fact, most animals will give the rattlesnake wide berth, all except the buck deer who seems to be their enemy.

I have heard my grandfather tell that on numbers of occasions he has seen buck deer discover a rattlesnake. He said their bristles or hair on their backs would turn up just like a dog's when they were mad. They would go close enough to the snake to make it coil ready to strike, and then would back off a short distance and run and bound into the air and come down with all four feet in a bunch, with the hoofs sticking straight down. The instant they hit the ground, they would bound off before the snake had time to strike. They would do this two or three times and then go on about their business. Grandfather said on every occasion on which he had gone to look at the rattler, he would find him cut up to where death was only a matter of hours.

Of course, you know the old story that a snake will move its tail until after sundown, if killed in the morning. Don't ask me why they do it, but when a boy I had enough curi-

osity to investigate this tale on a number of occasions, and I found it to be true. I have heard a number of old timers say that if you killed a snake after sundown he would wiggle his tail until the next day after sundown. That, I cannot vouch for. I do not remember killing one that late in the afternoon. But all snakes I have killed in the daytime will move the end of their tails every once in a while until the sun goes down.

I imagine the average size of a rattlesnake is around three feet in length, and about the size of an average hoe-handle in circumference in the largest part of its body, or about the middle. I have killed them larger, and have heard of some very large ones, but I do not recall ever killing one over six feet long. In Eddy County, New Mexico, I saw a snake-skin over the door of a filling station that was supposed to be nine feet in length. The Buckhorn Saloon in San Antonio, Texas, has a dried tanned rattlesnake skin that is nine feet and a few inches in length. I don't think the rattles on the snake's tail denote his age, for they can easily be broken off, and I have killed some large snakes with a less number of rattles than snakes far smaller in size had.

A full grown person will seldom die from a rattlesnake bite. However, they suffer death many times. But their heart is usually strong enough to withstand the shock of the poison. A child's heart is not strong enough to stand the shock from a fully matured snake that makes a direct hit and injects a full supply of venom into their blood stream. I have known

of numbers of children dying from rattlesnake bite.

The home of the rattlesnake is a prairie-dog-town, where they have plenty of food; such as rabbits and rats that use the old abandoned holes. I have heard stories about the prairie dog, little horned-owls, and snakes all living together in harmony, but this is not my opinion. If a rattlesnake has a friend or playmate, I have never heard of it or seen it manifested. On one occasion I broke forty acres of sod land in a prairie-dog town, using a turning plow drawn by three mules. I had a good dog that knew how to kill snakes, and in turning this forty acres of land, we killed over forty odd rattlesnakes. Strange to say, none of the mules were bitten in this work. However, we used all the precaution that we knew to protect them. Once I heard a rattling and looked up and a large rattler was being kicked around by their feet just like a stiff broom-stick. He was trying to form a coil and their feet kept hitting him, and lucky for them, he was not able to coil. He passed through, back to the plow and needless to say, I gave him plenty of space, for by that time he was plenty mad. He immediately coiled, ready for business. I called the dog who made short work of him.

But of all of the things to be feared in a new country, it is the outcast of our own race. We usually know what to expect from other sources, but no one knows what to expect from a degenerate white man who has committed some crime which has made him a wanted and hunted man where he came from. In the early

days, if a man committed a crime he usually went to Oklahoma or the old Indian Territory. That was before these states came into the Union. The country was new and partially unsettled. Communication was slow and there were numerous fine places for him to hide out in the day time and sally forth at night to steal horses and cattle, or do anything that could be turned into quick, ready cash. You can imagine what a mixed community of people we lived among, with the drawing for land eligible to all naturalized citizens of the United States. Some were as fine people as ever lived and some were not so good. All the requirements that were necessary to enter the drawing were that you be of age and had never previously used your homestead right. We had neighbors from almost every state in the Union. But we were the only Texas family, and many were the good humored jests poked at me as a boy for being from Texas.

Everyone thought we had horns, for the country was full of Longhorn cattle that were supposed to be from Texas, or at least that was where they originated. I have attended round-ups to dehorn cattle in 1900 where many of them had horns so long that you could not get the steers into the dehorning shoots without first sawing the end of their horns off to shorten them, so they could pass on into the main clamp gate where the cowboys could draw their heads out to a snubbing post. This post was tied tightly with a strong rope and one man would sit on the rope to hold it tight while another sawed the horns off close to their heads.

This dehorning served many purposes. One was to gentle the cattle and keep them from skinning each other up when put into fenced pastures where they would not have as much room as they had on the open range country they were accustomed to. There is something about removing the horns of an animal that seems to take the courage or fight away from them.

I remember on one occasion Dad posted an old, yellow, stray, Indian cow, according to law, and no one even claimed her. She was a rather large cow with extremely long horns, and very bad to fight the other cattle. We had a Durham milk cow that was very good natured and we were all rather fond of her. It was really pathetic the way the old Indian cow would boss the cow lot around milking time. And she seemed to take a particular joy in tormenting old Rose which had no horns at all. Dad soon got tired of that so as soon as cold weather came, he and Uncle Sid roped the old Indian cow, hog-tied her, and proceeded to saw her horns off. When they turned her loose, she got up slinging her head. Old Rose took one good look at her, let out a bawl, and lunged at the old dehorned cow and butted her all the way out of the lot and down into the pasture. The Indian cow never offered any more fight from then on.

I recently talked with an old cowboy who not many years ago worked on a large mountain ranch in Arizona where lots of cattle had gone wild and they could not round them up to market, or work them as cattle have to be,

regularly. Cattle will go wild even in this day. The high grade Herefords, where they range in a rough country with plenty of protection and are not molested often or associated with man constantly, will soon become very wild. This cowboy said they worked in pairs, and would rope wild steers or cows and tie them up to a tree. Then they would take a cotton rope and tie the ends of their horns together and twist the rope up tight and leave it that way; then come back about the second day; and if the animal showed fight, they would leave him alone and come back the next day. He stated that they would eventually get so gentle that you could take a good strong twine string and lead them into the ranch headquarters without the animals showing any fight whatsoever.

They have some wild cattle on the Matador Ranch at this time, in what is known as the Croten brakes which is a rough broken country east of the Caprock, on the headwaters of the Wichita River in West Texas. There is an old lady named Mrs. Dumont living in Paducah, Texas, who is now past ninety years of age. When she was a young woman, there was a large bunch of cattle being driven west across this part of Texas, and they had been driven a long way without water. The water from this stream is extremely gypsum and she told the trail-boss of this herd not to let them drink that water. He disregarded her advice and the cattle died up and down this Croten creek by the hundreds. This same old lady has seen the Comanche Indians camped up and down the creeks of Motley and Cottle counties

by the hundreds, on their hunting expeditions into the West during the fall of the year. Her first husband froze to death while driving a freight wagon from Paducah to Quanah.

No picture of pioneer life would be complete without relating a few of the many hardships which we had to endure when we moved to Oklahoma in 1900 to live on our claim. One was carrying water out of a deep canyon for household purposes until we could get a well dug. Then after the well was completed, we had no windmill for over two years, only a pump with a long handle. I have pumped water by the hour, reaching up and grasping the handle, then jumping up and down using my entire weight to assist me in raising the water, for I was not large enough to do otherwise. When wash day came, Mother, her sister and we children would take the laundry to the canyon and wash, hanging the clothes on bushes to dry.

The year of 1906 will be remembered by me so long as I may live, for tragedy on every hand stalked our footsteps. The Death Angel hovered over our home for many months. Father, when a young man, was run over by a stallion that stepped on his left lung. This injury bothered him at intervals when he had a bad cold or worked too hard. This particular summer he was around thirty-eight years old. He took a severe cold in the late spring that lingered along for some time, with him unable to regain his former strength. About the month of July it developed into an abscess on his injured lung. The doctors said it would be useless to

operate and drain the lung, for he was too weak to stand a major operation of this kind; so the only course left for him to live was to cough it up; this he did over a period of a month or more. Thus I had the experience of watching a man fight for his life with every ounce of reserve energy that he possessed. I think it can be truthfully said that if he had been a man that had dissipated in his past life, he could not have survived. He has never used tobacco in any form and intoxicating liquor was never used in our home unless as a medicine or occasionally around Christmas times in an old fashioned egg-nog. The doctor told Mother he would never live and had it not been for her nursing, always at his side and never complaining, it is doubtful that he would have pulled through. All the neighbors thought he had tuberculosis; in fact, no one thought he would get well but Mother; she never gave up hope. I might say he is living today at the age of seventy-two and is still able to do a hard day's work. The doctor said if he did live he would never be able to chop wood or hoe cotton, as the lining that surrounded the lung was weakened and the lung had grown back to his side. Doctors can be mistaken, for he went back to work just as soon as he regained his strength, and gradually went to doing all the work the doctors said he would never do. It was not many years before he could hoe his own row and help me on mine.

The summer Father was so sick was very hot and dry. We had twenty-five or thirty head of cattle. The grass started drying up and we had

to feed them. We were also milking about twelve cows. I am seven years older than my younger brother, so the responsibility of running the farm fell on my shoulders, with Mother helping and advising me all she could. Money was scarce, but we had a large field of corn that had started to dry up just about roasting-ear time. I started in cutting this corn, stalk and all, and feeding it to the cattle. Flies were extremely bad that year, and almost ran the horses frantic; they would fight them with all their might and would even run away with the wagon if I did not tie the lines up real tight and put the break on each time I stopped to cut the corn. Then they would run their heads under the neck-yoke or wagon-tongue, fighting the flies, and get all tangled up in the harness so badly that I would have to untangle them each time before I could drive the wagon on to another stand of corn. In this way I would finally complete the load. Needless to say those hungry cows could eat the corn faster than I could cut it. They were always hungry and I was always tired. We had to do the milking after dark and before daylight, for the flies would cause the cows to kick like a wild mule. Mother would always help me when possible. I would get so sleepy and worn out that it took every ounce of will power that I possessed to keep going. I knew that Father should not be worried, for Grandfather had told me he did not think Father would get well. Mother was to have a baby some time that year. All these troubles and hungry cattle to be fed—all on the mind of a thirteen-year-old boy. I will let the

reader judge as to the responsibility resting on those young shoulders.

The baby born in October of that year is my youngest brother, W. V. Maddox. How could a boy born under such circumstances do anything else other than work with cattle? He holds two degrees, one from Texas A. and M. College, the other from Oklahoma A. and M., specializing in animal husbandry and dairy manufactured products. He works out of Texas A. and M. as State Extension Service man. Do you believe in prenatal care? Noted authorities say the thoughts and actions of the mother, for the last six months before a child is born, have more to do with its future life than a college education. The facts just stated would seem to substantiate this.

Uncle Charles Jones was an intimate friend of the writer. He passed on to the "last round-up" in 1934. He was an old-time cowboy who told me one time about an old brindle steer that had extremely long horns. This steer had reached the age of eight or nine years and was considered an outlaw. He would always break out of the round-up and go back into the brakes or rough country. He had done this for years and aggravated the cowboys by usually taking a few of the wilder cattle with him. I guess he must have done this once too often, for Mr. Jones said on one particular round-up he was riding a good strong roping horse and had picked a good man to follow him so that he was able to rope the old steer who immediately turned and made a dash for his horse. About that time his partner put his

rope on the hind feet of the animal and strung him out. A good cow-horse, well trained, will keep the rope tight in an instance of this kind. They jumped off and hog-tied the steer, but had no saw in the chuck-wagon; all they could find was a chopping ax. So they proceeded to chop his horns off just like you would cut a stick of wood. This may sound very brutal to the reader, but sometimes drastic measures had to be resorted to on the open range. Mr. Jones said when the job was completed, they jerked the ropes off of him and made a dash for their horses, and the old steer got up shaking his head and went back into the herd and stayed there. He gave no more trouble while shipping the cattle.

I remember that on the old Bar L O in Collingsworth, Texas, they had a Hereford bull with extremely long horns that had got very unruly. He would go through any kind of a fence and was always fighting with other bulls, and doing just as about as he pleased. The owner of the ranch meditated over selling him for this bull had very good breeding. He warned all of the neighboring ranchers that this bull was dangerous. A young fellow whom I knew quite well when I was a boy but whose name I cannot recall at this time, was working for a neighbor rancher and was driving a bunch of cattle through the Barlow Ranch. He had driven the herd through the ranch and this bull kept following them. The cowboy cut him back several times, until the bull got mad. The boy was young and probably as hot-headed as the bull, and the last time he cut him back the

bull whirled quickly and drove one of his horns into the bay mare and killed her. She reared up and the boy fell off and the bull whirled and went on into the herd. The mare ran off about one hundred yards and dropped dead in ten or fifteen minutes.

In North Texas, where my parents now live, when I was a youngster they shipped a bunch of longhorn South Texas steers in to be put on grass. A cowboy was riding a beautiful iron grey horse and they were harassing and chasing the cattle until they had them hot and mad. One of these old steers lunged at this horse and ran one horn straight into the horse's breast some six or eight inches. I didn't see the act committed but I was living with Dr. W. N. Kelley at that time, taking care of his horses for my board and room. This was before the day of the automobile. The owner of the horse came for the doctor to see if he could stop the blood, for the horn must have struck very close to the horse's heart, for when the doctor got there the horse had bled until he was reeling. The doctor took grab-forceps and probed around until the blood slowed down; then he would leave the forceps attached to a blood vessel and take another pair and do it the same way. It took four or five forceps to stop the blood. They were left there until the next day; then removed, and the horse was left in the stable for a few days. He fully recovered. So the horns the Longhorns wore were a weapon that he was fully aware of. In fact, he wasn't afraid of anything unless it was lightning—which would cause a stampede in a split second.

I have known many old cowboys and cowmen that went up the trail to Kansas with these trail-herds that were usually started from South Texas, or in and around San Antonio, Texas. The old Chisholm Trail went right through the western portion of Cooke County, Texas, which lies north of Fort Worth about sixty miles. One branch went west of this one to Doan's Store or Crossing on Red River, where they crossed into old Oklahoma or Indian Territory. I lived in Cooke County as a boy and practiced my profession there as a man. This trail went on in a northerly direction and passed a little to the west of Anadarko, Oklahoma, on the Washita River. I have seen these trails by the hundreds that had been worn out deeply on the clay hills in that part of the country.

Old time cowmen have said that they were worn by the many herds of cattle that had been driven up the trail to market which was usually Abilene, Kansas. This town was a general distributing point for the northern market where the cattle contacted the end of the railroad at that time. These herds usually consisted of from a few hundred to as many as three thousand head, seldom over that many, for it made it hard to water the herd with too many cattle. The herd must also live off the range while passing through the country. It usually required from about twelve to fifteen men with their mounts which consisted of from five to eight horses per man. They always had a horse rangler to look after the *remuda* which consisted of all the horses. The cowboy's song

of *Little Joe the Wrangler* must have been created on one of these drives up the trail.

The men who went up the trail had plenty of hardships, such as crossing swollen streams like Red River, the Canadian, and the Cimarron, all of which were treacherous during a rise. The dreaded quicksand was the cowman's nightmare. In addition to the natural hazards, such as storms which cause stampedes, there were the Indians that usually demanded a tribute for passing through their country, in the form of a few fat steers to be butchered for a feast. Then, the last but most hazardous of all were the outlaws or cast-offs of our own race, at the end of the trail. Gambling, drinking and wild women were more hazardous than the lands they had driven the cattle through. In the western pioneer towns of Kansas human life was of very little value.

In one of these towns Wild Bill Hickok acquired his fame as a law enforcement officer and world famous marksman with a six-shooter. The famous marshal was one of the first men that J. Wright Mooar of Snyder, Texas, an old buffalo hunter, met. And he has never forgotten the advice the officer gave him: "Son, you are just a boy in a tough country, let me give you some advice. Never think out loud; never argue; never take a soft drink over the bar, shun bad company, and do what is right, and you will come through all right." This is good advice today to any young man. The gun was the symbol of law and order in those days, for it was the unwritten law in the West at that time. In stampeding, a herd would run

in every direction unless you could get them milling (running in a circle); then they would run themselves down. If the cowboys could not accomplish this, the cattle would scatter all over the country. Thieves would pick up scattering bunches and drive them farther away and hide them until the main herd had passed on. The gun was the only means of controlling this menace.

An electrical storm was the dread of all cowboys. The cattle would all stand up, too nervous to lie down and rest. And that is where many a cowboy ballad was born, for if the night men would ride around the herd singing songs, this seemed to quiet the cattle. It is usually deathly still preceding a storm, and when a keen clap of lightning bursts out of the sky, they will all jump as one animal. Woe be to the unfortunate cowboy who was in their path! If his horse should stumble and fall, he was almost certain to be tramped to death. Almost any kind of unusual noise or incident would start a stampede. But one of the most unusual is told by an old pioneer of Erath County which nearly demolished the frontier village of Stephenville, Texas.

In the early eighties the town consisted of several log cabins with shed rooms of raw lumber. They also had porches made of the same materials covered with boards sawed from pin-oak. The central and largest structure served as a court room. One of the others, as a saloon where, for a quarter of a dollar, a purchaser could buy a fair-sized drink of whiskey drawn from a spigot in a fifty gallon barrel into a tin

cup. There was usually a group of cowboys in town and there were more dogs than inhabitants. Dog fights furnished the chief sport and amusement. One of the County officers owned a large parrot which was usually perched on the roof of the courthouse porch. Naturally the bird picked up a considerable amount of cowboy lingo, including profanity. One of the parrot's chief expressions was, "Ye-oh-sic-'em," which usually started a dog fight that he seemed to enjoy. One day a herd of about fifteen hundred Longhorn steers were being driven through town. The parrot flapped his wings, gave out a cowboy yell and screamed "Ye-oh-sic-'em." In a split second all of the dogs in town charged the steers, barking madly. The cattle stampeded and knocked down all of the porches along the streets. They even demolished the interior of the shacks. The town looked like a cyclone had hit it. It took two days to get the herd back together again. Stephenville is now a thriving, modern little city. It is really remarkable how this country has grown and developed in the past hundred years.

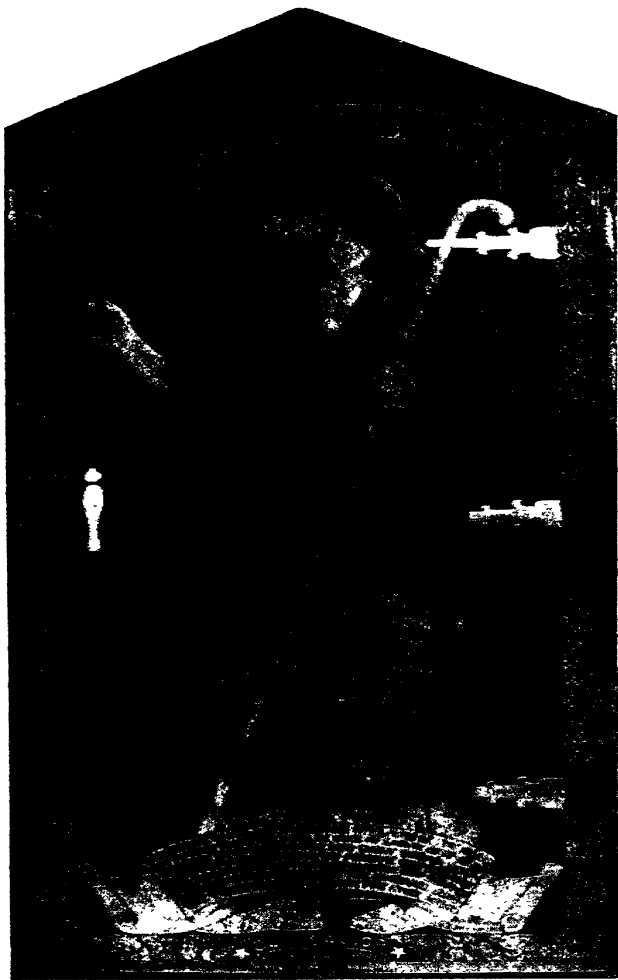
In 1910 we lived in Tioga, Texas. I knew an old man named Steele living there that was past ninety years of age at that time. He said he had been in Dallas after he was grown when there was nothing there except a one-room log cabin, or grocery store on the bank of the Trinity River. And that you could have hauled all of the groceries away in a spring wagon, as the heaviest item in the store was a barrel of whiskey on the counter. Now Dallas has as many people as the State of New Mexico. This

same old fellow said he remembered his father taking him to Chicago when he was a small boy, and there was nothing there but log buildings—only one two-story building in town, and that was a log hotel where they stayed all night. They paid twenty-five cents for a bed that consisted of buffalo robes to sleep on and a bear skin to go over them.

Father's mother's maiden name was Dover. She was born in northern Georgia in 1840. I have heard her tell many stories of the hardships that the women endured during the Civil War days in northern Arkansas when practically every able-bodied man was in the Southern army. How they were harassed by Jayhawkers or degenerate white men who cared for neither cause but stayed at home to pillage, murder and steal. I know an old man named Jonas who is living in Lubbock today and approaching his ninetyeth birthday. He said he and his cousin were just children when they held their grandfather's hand while one of these human vultures shot him down, for someone had told them he had some money. These same men later tortured his other grandfather, heating a skillet hot and making him stand in it with his bare feet until he was crippled as long as he lived. They also hanged his negro servant until he was unconscious. They placed him between two buildings that had a ridge pole extending from one to the other, but still the old negro would not tell where his master's gold was hidden. The money was buried right between the two buildings directly beneath where they hanged the negro.

Some folks will tell you the negro was not loyal to the South. There were good negroes as well as the bad, just like the white man. The Civil War is over and I do not wish to renew it in any manner, but I do know that northern slave dealers brought the negroes over here and sold them to the South, for they were not adapted to the northern climate and were more efficient in tobacco and cotton raising. When the question of freedom came up, the sons of the South fought for them just like you or I would fight for our cattle or any of our worldly possessions if they were being taken away from us by an outside force. I might say here that when the remnant of the old Confederate soldiers returned and heard the stories of how these lawless bands of men had pillaged, robbed, and murdered their old men and caused the women to suffer untold hardships, they did not last long for they were hunted down like a pack of wolves and treated accordingly.

Grandmother used to tell about driving a lone ox to a water-mill to have corn ground into meal. The ox would get thirsty and take off through the brush to where there was water. He would drink his fill and then he could be coaxed back into the trail to continue on the journey. They had to keep the ox hid out in the woods to keep the Jayhawkers from stealing or butchering him. The conveyance that they used in going to mill was an old wooden two-wheel ox-cart sawed from large logs. On one occasion she had a young mule which had never been ridden. It became necessary to go with the corn to mill and she got the sack of



OUR SAVIOR

This picture is a reproduction of the original work of art, which was designed and hand-carved on one solid piece of leather, three by seven feet, by Dr. Wm. Allen Maddox. Some 1800 hours were required to design and carve the original, which was conceived from the passage of Scripture that reads, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." The scroll at the top of the carving reads (Gen. 6-3), "And the Lord said, my Spirit shall not always strive with man." The carving on the bottom scroll has the entire Lord's Prayer. Many noted men of God who have preached His Word for years have pronounced this carving a wonderful piece of art, and any little child that has ever attended Sunday School will tell you who it is instantly. But, owing to the old Mosaic law of no graven images, one man's conception of how Christ looked is as good as another's.

corn up on the mule and then she finally succeeded in getting up behind the sack. She got along fairly well until they came to a bridge with a hole in it. If there is anything a mule is more afraid of than a hole in a bridge, I don't know what it is. Anyway, she could not even lead him across the bridge, after she had gotten down and removed the sack of corn. She had tried unsuccessfully until she was practically worn out. She said a lady who did not live far away saw the trouble she was having and came down to help her. She was a large raw-boned woman who walked over to a rail fence and proceeded to remove the top rail to use as a flail. She set in on that mule with the rail and cussed him for all he was worth. Grandmother said that was the first time she had ever heard a woman swear, and it came near to scaring her to death. It must have scared the mule also, for he took one look at the hole and made a big jump and landed safely on the other side. She said that when she returned the mule shied at the hole in the bridge, but went right on across. I imagine he was afraid of that rail and the cussing which was still fresh on his mind. No task was too great for these pioneer women to undertake.

Grandmother said that during the war a neighbor woman would stay with her one night and they would do all of their family chores and stay at her house the next night. On one occasion they were late in getting to one of their houses. It was after sundown when a large panther jumped into the path in front of them and took a good look at them

and the children. They all commenced screaming and the panther bounded off into the bushes, to their great relief. Grandmother said all of the weapons the women had during the war were old butcher knives which had been hammered out of files on an anvil, with wooden handles bradded onto the handle-part.

Salt was a very scarce article. They would dig up all the dirt in the smoke-house where meat had been hung up to dry or take salt in previous years, and put this into a large hopper, and boil and skim all the residue off and let the salt settle to the bottom to dry. It wasn't such fine salt, but was far better than nothing.

In 1849 gold was discovered in California. Grandmother remembered when three of Dad's uncles left in a wagon train of old prairie schooners drawn by oxen, to find the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. I have heard that some of the descendants of these Maddox families are living in and around Gold City, California, to this day. Grandmother Maddox's father was a doctor named Dover, and lived to be past ninety years of age. I remember corresponding with him when I was a small boy. He also went overland to California in the gold rush of '49 and suffered so many hardships that he decided to return by ship which sailed around the Horn, to his old home near Little Rock, Arkansas. On this return trip he was shipwrecked off the coast of Brazil. Over two years were consumed on the return journey from California to Arkansas. The same trip can now

be made by plane in a little over two day's time.

North Arkansas was a game paradise at the close of the Civil War. I have heard Grandmother Maddox say that many times she would have to leave her housework to drive wild turkey gobblers away that would come up near the house and whip her tame turkey gobblers and induce the hens to return to the woods with them. She said that on many occasions she had counted over one hundred wild turkeys going up a trail on the side of a mountain near her home. When Dad was a small boy, he used to catch or trap them in a rail pen which was built in a certain way. He laid a square pen of rails about waist high and dug a trench under one side of the pen; then put a board over the trench on the inside close to the rails. For a short time, he would leave the top of the pen off; then he would take shelled corn and make small droppings of the corn running from several directions to this trench that went under the pen. The wild turkeys would run across this string of corn, following it and eating the corn as they went along. They would never notice that they were going into the pen. When they got inside, they would look up and become scared and fly off immediately. He would leave this top off for a week or more until he got a large bunch of turkeys used to feeding there. Then he would cover the pen over with rails and put out his trails of corn leading to the pit and the turkeys would follow this corn right into the pen, and look up and find a top over it. They would start run-

ning round and round the edge of the pen with their heads up and never think of looking down. In this manner, you could soon catch the entire bunch that lived in this particular locality. He said on a number of occasions, he had crawled into the pen with a large wild turkey gobbler that would almost flail the life out of him before he could catch him or knock him in the head with a stick.

Mother's father, Grandpa Allen, was a great deer hunter, and his family were seldom ever out of deer or turkey meat. Both were so plentiful that the breast of the turkey and the choicest part of the deer were all that they usually saved. Grandfather was considered one of the best shots in the country. I heard him tell that he went hunting when he was so small he had to carry a forked stick along to prop up the end of an old long barrel squirrel rifle in order to shoot it. His uncle used to send him around the corn field to kill and scare off the squirrels from roasting-ear time on until it was gathered in the fall. If he ever shot a squirrel in any other place besides the head, his uncle would make fun of him.

Old Confederate soldiers knew how to shoot a squirrel in the head with an old single-shot muzzle-loading cap and ball rifle. It is not hard to imagine how these men were so hard to conquer. They went into battle on a number of occasions hopelessly outnumbered, against a force that was far better equipped in all the paraphernalia used in war of that time, and they shot with such deadly accuracy that the enemy would often throw down their arms and

run. On a number of occasions, I have asked Grandfather if he ever killed a man during the war. He told me that he always took aim as carefully as shooting at a squirrel, but the second he touched the trigger he immediately looked away and would start to reload his rifle. The nearest I could ever get him to say that he thought he had killed a soldier was on one Sunday morning when they were all in camp only a few miles from the enemy. Each side had out-guards or pickets, and the boys were shooting at one of the Union soldiers to see if they could make him run. Grandfather was asleep, and some of them suggested that since he was considered the best shot in his regiment, someone should be sent to bring him and see if he could make the man run. Grandfather said that it was an extremely long shot and he aimed at a limb directly over the man's head, as the man was standing under a tree. When he fired the man fell, and some of his companions ran to him and carried him away on a stretcher. He said he was really ashamed of that act and had thought about it many times in life and hoped that he did not kill the fellow.

The Civil War has passed on into history and so has the picture of that great abundance of game and wild life. Grandfather said that a single-shot muzzle-loading rifle was practically the only gun used on game until he was past forty years of age. We modern hunters have the repeating rifle and automatic loaders that will fire as fast as you can pull the trigger. We burn up lots of ammunition and kill very little game as compared to our ancestors. Times

have changed in many ways other than fire-arms.

Grandpa Allen was a blacksmith and cabinet-maker. I have heard him say that on many occasions when someone in the community would die, he had made a coffin for nothing; and many times he did not even get pay for the material which went into the coffins. Nowadays, you have to carry at least a thousand dollar's worth of insurance to put you away in anything like modern style. I remember asking him when he was past eighty-five if he had any particular way or place in which he wanted to be buried, when the time came for him to pass on. He replied that he had seen men die and buried in almost every way imaginable, and he quoted the passage of Scripture: "Dust thou art and to dust thou wilt return." He was a Christian of the highest type. He lived his religion. I never heard him swear an oath in the many years that it was my pleasure to be in the companionship with this grand old man of the South. He was of Scotch-Irish ancestry, and was as full of dry wit as any Irishman from the land of Blarney. My first recollection of him was of a tall, erect man with a black beard, that came to his waist, which later turned to silver. He told me a few years before he died that he had only shaved once in his entire life, and that was while he was in the Southern army. He was six feet, three inches tall in his stocking feet at the age of seventeen, when he joined the Confederate army. General Lee once said if you would give him an army of boys, he could whip the world. It is not hard

to imagine what happened in battle with men of his type fighting for what they thought was right.

That was the reason that Lee and Stonewall Jackson and the other Southern generals won so many battles when they were so badly outnumbered. At times it was pathetic. Did you know that Stonewall Jackson was the only general who ever lived, except one, who never was defeated in battle? It has been handed down through tradition that he never entered a battle without first offering a prayer to his Maker. Perhaps this accounts for the reason why these often poorly-equipped, under-nourished, and outnumbered soldiers won more battles than the Northern or Union soldiers, in the Civil War. I won't call them Yankees, but that is what they were to Grandfather. I have many friends who can trace their ancestry back to the Union soldier; and as a man grows older, there is less hatred in his heart toward all mankind. He is not so reckless or venturesome, or so void of all fear as a young man is. So it is not hard to imagine the love, respect, and admiration that the soldiers in the Southern army had for these wise and kindly leaders. Robert E. Lee never had a soldier under his command who would not have gladly died for him or the cause for which they were fighting. I have just completed a bust carving in leather of General Robert E. Lee, in memory of these grand old men who fought for a lost cause, suffering untold hardships. Many of them returned home broken in spirit as well as in health and wealth and had to reconstruct a greater

South. The hardships which they endured under the period of Reconstruction could not be told in volumes.

Grandfather Allen often said that when Lincoln was assassinated, the South lost the best friend they had. Politics ran rampant during the "carpetbagger" days. A "carpetbagger" was a cheap politician who came into the South with nothing but a carpetbag which held his worldly belongings, usually seeking some political office. He tried to take the right of the ballot away from the old Confederate soldiers. These men of the South endured this for a time like they had endured so many hardships, then came a gallant Southern general, Nathan Bedford Forrest, who organized what was called the *Ku Klux Klan*. It served its purpose of restoring to the ex-soldiers their rightful places in their respective communities.

Grandfather Allen ran a blacksmith shop when we moved to Oklahoma which was a pioneer country at that time. Such a thing as a graded road was unknown. Most of the roads followed the point of least resistance, and were just trails made by the two horses that pulled the wagon, where the wheels ran. All wagons in Oklahoma were what was called narrow-tread wagons. In Texas, where we came from, all wagons were wide-tread. In other words, the tracks the wheels of the Texas wagons made were several inches wider. This made all Texas wagons climb out of the ruts or make a new trail which was rough at all times; and in bad weather it was considerably worse and almost unusable. So Grandfather got the job of cut-

ting many of these wagons down and making narrow-tread wagons out of them. I have assisted him in this work many times, and have done many odd jobs such as pumping large old-fashioned air bellows to heat the iron in, and standing on a block and striking for him on the anvil. It was in this manner that I learned all the working parts of a wagon, such as rockinbolster, hounds, felloes spokes, iron tires, spindles, coupling poles, axles, hubs, brake blocks, wagon tongues, and breast yoke. Little did I dream at that time of ever carving an old prairie schooner on leather, with four plodding oxen winding across the prairie.

But knowledge thus gained from actual experience around his shop when a small boy taught me the anatomy of the wagon. My contention is that an artist should know the anatomy of anything, man or animal, which he attempts to paint, sculpture, or carve.

The artist of the famous painting *Nana* was a Russian doctor. The painting is his daughter in the nude. I have seen some drawings of horses by artists who must have never been near a live horse, so little knowledge do they show regarding his muscles and proportions, the kind of horse he is, draft, saddle, or trotting. Anyone should know that a stallion's neck is much larger than a gelding's; but I knew the secretary of a very noted man in Texas who kept arguing this point with me regarding a stallion's neck. She was evidently a smart young lady in worldly affairs, but little did she know about horses.

The American people have always had a rest-

less, pioneer spirit somewhat like Father's expression about an old cow. She will be grazing along as contented as you please, and all at once she will raise her head and look the pasture over, and the grass will always look greener on the other side of the pasture. Daniel Boone, the Kentucky pioneer, used to say that when the closest neighbor got within ten miles of him, it was time to move on to a new country. What will the American people do when there is no new country left to pioneer? It looks like we have reached that stage now, unless the restless souls should crave a cold climate and migrate to Alaska. But man is not as fortunate as the wild goose which is one of our bird migrators, or the humming bird, which is the smallest of small birds. The humming bird can fly across the Gulf of Mexico at the widest part, which is over six hundred miles, without a stop. The buffalo migrated to the northern part of the Great Plains in the summer and drifted back to the southern part in the winter, and the Indians migrated along with him, for buffalo were their food and clothing.

Mr. F. E. Abney, who is an old-time Texas cowman, now seventy-eight years old, when a young man lived in Denton County, Texas, on a large ranch south of the present town of Sanger. I was reared in Cooke County, which lies north of Denton at its south line and Red River as its north line. One prong of the old Chisholm Trail ran across the west end of their range. During the years from 1877 to 1891, there was seldom a time when there was not a herd of from five hundred to three thousand

head of Longhorn cattle in sight going up the trail to Kansas, where they contacted the ends of the rails. At this time, there was not a railroad in all the vast country of Texas which is larger than the German Empire. The American people have since taken Horace Greeley's advice: "Go West, young man, go West and grow up with the country." But some of the folks who were reared in the West and have rubbed the dust out of their eyes on a cow round-up and at many other occupations during a dry time, have changed this slogan and say: "Go West, young man, go West, and blow up with country." And that is what many a poor fellow did.

We moved from Cooke County, Texas, to Caddo County, Oklahoma, when Father drew a claim there in 1900. We lived there eight years; then the grass got greener to Father way out yonder, and he made a trip to the country just east of the Caprock, east of Amarillo, Texas, in Wheeler County. This was a great cow country but not so good for farming, unless you ran a stock farm. A famous railroad engineer whom Father knew came to Texas in the early days to survey and build railroads. He made the statement that there should not be a foot of land ever broken in Texas, for there was enough grass here to raise cattle to feed the world. However, don't let this statement mislead you; Texas has plenty of fine soil, for it takes fine soil to grow good grass. This same man wired his company that he could not build railroads in Texas because there were no cuts to go through or tunnels to be bored or fills to be

made. He was wrong in some respects and right in others.

In some parts of the plains, you can see the reflection of the headlight on a locomotive for almost a night's run. You can drive your car on beautiful hard-surfaced roads and the telegraph poles will go over the hill ahead of you; and looking back, they will go over the hill behind you. You can drive in a straight course for two hundred miles with the poles lost on the horizon, both in front and behind.

When we arrived in Wheeler County, which was a new country, we made the mistake of trying to farm altogether. We started to farming at the beginning of a three-year drouth and wound up, so far as we were concerned, about the time the drouth broke. At that time we lived in a little town for something like two years, located twelve miles west of Shamrock on the Rock Island Railroad. We watched the covered wagons go by, for we were on a direct route to Tucumcari, New Mexico, where the government was betting 160 acres of land against the proving up or filing fees, that a farmer could not live on it three years. Generally speaking, the government won, for at the end of the three years' drouth, most of them came trekking back East to where it rained more often. But some of the hardy souls stayed; the weaker ones returning, which is usually the case.

I remember for days, weeks and months, there was seldom a time when you could not see from one to many long trains of covered wagons rolling westward, ever westward. Most of them had good mules and horses and

would be leading a few milk cows; or some boy would be driving a few head of cattle and young horses. Some of these same people went back East three years later driving two burros to a small spring wagon. These little animals are famous for their ability to live off of the country. Old mining prospectors or desert rats will tell you that a burro can make a living and stay fat wherever you can find enough level ground to camp on. Many times the father would be walking, and the haggard look on the mother's face would be pathetic to behold. The little spring wagon or conveyance would usually be full of ragged, underfed children; that was the sad part of the picture. In going back East, many of the movers had to live off of the country through which they were passing. I heard a story once that will illustrate my point.

A fellow came out to the plains from Parker or Jack County that also has its drouths. This man was standing on a street corner looking like he had lost the last friend he had on earth when an old West Texan spotted him and sauntered over and started a conversation. The man told him where he was from and stated he would like to go back. When asked why he didn't go, he replied he couldn't, as he had murdered a fellow back there. The West Texan replied, "That was bad." The homesick fellow said that he didn't exactly murder the man, but he killed his rabbit dog and the man starved to death.

The covered wagons in this westward trek were fixed up very modern for that day and time. Most of them had over-jets on the wagon

beds, proper. When we moved from Oklahoma to West Texas, along about 1906 or 1907, we had one of these over-jets and we boys were very proud of it. You loaded your household goods into the wagon-bed, up level with it; then the side-boards were placed upon the wagon. This, roughly speaking, was around two and one-half or three feet deep, according to the make of the wagon. Then you had a carpenter to build a frame or extension that would fit into the cleats that the wagon bows were made for. Over this you stretched your wagon sheets. These bows were usually made of hickory, and you placed them into the cleats that had been made for same in the over-jet, which was made the same size as a standard bed. You could place the bed springs and slats upon this and then your mattress, and you had as fine a bed as you had at home. A good, heavy, duck wagon-sheet will turn almost any kind of rain and keep out a great deal of cold. It is rather airish when you get up in the morning to build your camp fire with nothing to use for fuel except dried cow chips.

In those days, it took weeks to travel a distance that can easily be traveled in a modern car in a half day's time now. You had to pick your watering places to camp, for your stock must have water. If the mover was leading some milk cows or driving some mixed stock with him, about fifteen miles was a fairly good day's travel, for you cannot crowd a loaded team, and almost all people had a certain amount of admiration or respect for their horses. On a number of occasions, I have seen

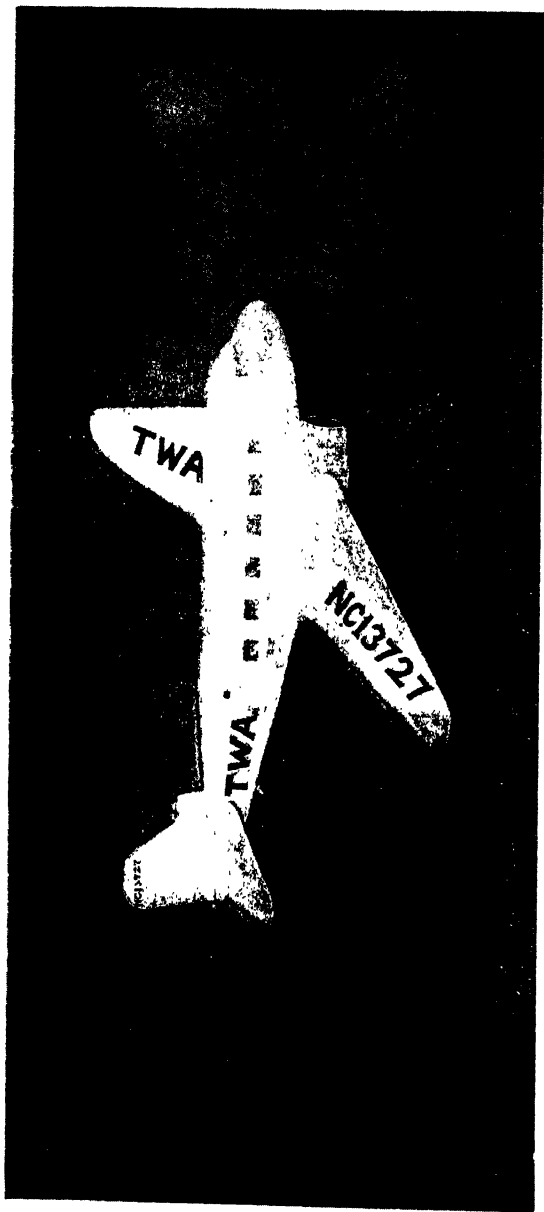
my father drive himself far harder than he would think of driving his team. And if you treated your horses kindly, they would do for you until they dropped in the harness from exhaustion. A boy who has to be reared without the companionship of a good horse or dog is missing something that he can never get out of life in books or colleges, for there is a loyalty among dumb animals that is almost past believing in this modern age among human beings.

Recently, the writer drove a car only half the distance between Lubbock and San Antonio, Texas. We made the trip in around six hours of actual driving, averaging seventy miles the entire distance which is around 450 miles. When we got home I was a nervous wreck and so was the person who drove the other half. We are traveling an awful fast pace and speed is increasing all the time. During the World War few airplanes would fly faster than an automobile will run on our modern highways that have been built from taxation on the vehicles that used them. These highways are taking a toll in human life in just as brutal a manner as the Indians did who scalped their victims, or the lawless element who murdered and robbed.

Every generation thinks the world is getting better. Well do I remember the first telephones that were installed in the country where we lived in Oklahoma. There were plenty of bad men there in those days. Everyone said it would not be long before we would have no more outlaws, for it would be impossible for men to commit a crime and get away. The of-

ficers could phone all over the country ahead of the outlaw and have him picked up *pronto*. It seems that we had a gangster rule or crime wave during the prohibition days that would match anything in the way of crime in the early days of the Indian Territory. In fact, some of these modern tactics in committing crime would put the old-time outlaw to shame. They never shot down innocent bystanders for the fun of it, or took someone for a ride, or kidnapped folks' loved ones for ransom.

There were plenty of tough looking *hom-bres* that came to our frontier store in Oklahoma. We always feared the white man more than the Indian. I never remember us locking our home; petty stealing was seldom heard of. Cattle and horses were stolen, especially a fat yearling that had strayed too far from home. Horse stealing was as common as the stealing of automobiles today, for they were the transportation of that age. Our entire bunch of work and saddle horses were stolen at one time. Father's brother, who was not familiar with the country, looked for them for over a week. One day a man was talking with my uncle Sid Allen, on my mother's side, who had hunted down in the part of the country, not far from the Washita River, where a family lived that had been there for years. They did not have too good a reputation. Some of the younger boys had been sent to the penitentiary for stealing horses and cattle. The oldest one of these boys, whom Uncle Sid had befriended, never came in contact with the law. He, no doubt, knew plenty of people that lived outside



TRANSPORT OF 1936

This carving is dedicated to the many men who have given their lives to the advancement of the aviation industry. It shows a large Douglas transport plane banking and coming into port. The original carving is one solid piece of leather three by six feet, and the plane proper is finished in a silver color. One of these large transports now crosses the United States in 12 hours, which is a noticeable advancement in traveling. The great-grandfather of the designer of this carving went to California to the gold rush in 1849, and suffered so many hardships going overland in an ox wagon that he took a boat in San Francisco and sailed around the Cape of Good Hope and was shipwrecked, spending some two years on the return trip back to Little Rock, Arkansas.

of the law. Uncle Sid, while talking with him, stated that Dad had lost all of his horses which was going to make it awful hard on him to get by and make a crop unless he could recover them. He never said they were stolen, as the country was mostly open range and they could stray away from home. To make a long story short, when we had given up all hopes of ever recovering the horses, we found them not far from home grazing in a locality that we had searched over many times. The horses were very gaunt, showing that they had been driven a long distance without time to graze.

Uncle Claude Fears, who married Father's sister, used to tell of Sam Bass, the famous Texas outlaw and noted train robber who was killed by the Texas Rangers at Round Rock, Texas, while attempting to rob a bank. One of his own men turned traitor and notified the Rangers in order to get the reward for Sam's life. This man's name was Jim Murphy, whom Mr. F. E. Abney stated was reported to have borrowed a large sum of money from Bass who had recently robbed a train in the North. Bass used to stay at the Murphy Ranch which was located about twelve miles northwest of Denton, down on Hickory Creek. Murphy had been with Bass on many raids and was not liked by the most of Bass's men. They grew suspicious of Murphy on one occasion and wanted to hang him. Sam Bass persuaded them not to do it, and was later killed from this man's treachery.

The Rangers at one time surprised Bass's gang on the headwaters of Denton Creek and

killed Arkansas Johnson, not over ten miles southwest from where my parents now live. Sam started his career of crime at Denton, Texas, by killing a man over a horse race. Songs have been written about his Denton mare that caused the trouble. This man would stop over at the home of Uncle Claude's father who was a doctor and an old Confederate soldier. Mr. Fears told me, when I was a small boy, about Sam stopping late one night and leaving before daylight. A few days previous to this time a gray horse whom he was very fond of had been stolen. Mr. Fears told him about the horse and Bass replied, "I think I know who has the horse. You will perhaps get him back before long." Mr. Fears said about a week later they went to the lot one morning to feed the horses and old gray nickered to him. He was inside of the horse lot with the gate shut, gaunt and hungry.

I have hunted quail on what is known as Cold Hollow south of Rosston, Texas, not far from where my parents now live. This cove or hollow was supposed to be where Sam went and lay out to rest himself, as well as the horses. Of course, people say that there is much gold and silver buried there, from his many train robberies. However, I have never heard of anyone finding any of this buried money.

Old Grandpa Kelly was another settler who had a ranch between Flat Creek and Grasshopper, on the county line between Cooke and Denton counties. One of the oldest landmarks known in North Texas is a large lone elm tree

standing on a high ridge between these two creeks. It can be seen for miles in every direction; it was still living a few years ago. In the early days, this tree was used as a landmark to direct travelers through the country. H. H. Halsell, who is the author of *Cowboys and Cattleland* and *Romance of the West*, was reared near Decatur, Texas, and knew this landmark as a boy.

Mr. Kelly, whom I remember as a lad, told a story of the time when he was riding a fine stallion across his range. He had imported this stallion from Kentucky. He was extremely fond of the horse, for horses in those days were worth very much. On this particular morning, he was riding across the range when he noticed a man riding toward him waving his hand for him to stop. As the stranger approached, he could tell his horse was practically ridden down. The stranger greeted him and, after a few minutes conversation, bantered him to trade horses. Mr. Kelly replied that he did not care to trade his horse, so the stranger said: "My name is Sam Bass. I have an awful good horse, but he is ridden down. I need a new mount and will trade with you and give you a twenty dollar gold piece to boot. If you will rest my horse up, I'll drop by before long and exchange back with you." Mr. Kelly said he could see it would be foolhardy to argue with the man for he had heard of his reputation. So he agreed, and took the outlaw's horse back to the ranch house and turned him in the horse lot and fed and cared for him. Before many days had passed, Sam came back by with his horse rid-

den down and asked him how the horse was that he had left with him. Mr. Kelly replied that he seemed to be all right. So Sam took his original horse and gave Mr. Kelly another twenty dollar piece and asked him if he thought that was fair. To this Mr. Kelly readily agreed, as his horse was not hurt other than being ridden down. These instances were told to me as a boy by men whose honesty and integrity were beyond reproach in the community in which they resided. Thus is illustrated the difference between the old-time outlaw and our modern hijackers and kidnappers of today.

I am not trying to paint a flowery picture of the old-time outlaw, but facts are truer than fiction and facts are harder to relate than fiction, for anyone with an imaginative mind can put down on paper almost anything that sounds good to the reading public. My experience with men in life is that you will find all classes in every environment. Some of the old-time outlaws, when young men in an unguarded moment, had committed a crime and were too proud to ever give up to the law; but preferred to migrate to some new country where they were unknown. And for their own protection, they had to associate with men of their kind. Uncle Charlie Jones used to say that the officers did not kill so many of these men. They killed themselves, over bad women and quarreling over the division of their spoils. Hogishness and greed, and "man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn." Some of the mixed-blood Indians drifted into outlawry.

The story of Henry Star, Indian, will fit in well here. I never saw him perform this feat but have heard many times that he was a wonderful shot. A man whose honesty I have no reason to doubt said he had seen him mount a good horse and ride at full speed straight into a three-strand barbed-wire fence and jerk a forty-five Colt six-shooter out of his pocket when he was within fifteen or twenty paces of the fence. And shooting close to a post, he would cut each wire into two parts which would bound back so that the horse and rider could pass through the fence without checking his speed. This man said that Star would bet any amount of money that he could do this. And no one had ever seen him fail. He wandered over into Arkansas and robbed a small town bank and herded all of the employees into the vault. The banker who was getting along in years, grabbed up an old shotgun and wounded him so badly that he later died. Some of the men who knew Star asked him why he didn't kill the old man, and he made the statement that he never shot at a man to hit him, in his life. It stands to reason he could have easily killed the old banker, if he had cared to do so. I am not writing down my thoughts for the purpose of upholding the old-time outlaw, but am only trying to show the change from the old order to the new, in men as well as other things.

When Mother was a girl, she said she remembered talking back to her father only one time. Her father raised a family of five girls and one boy. Grandmother Allen died before

the oldest girl was grown. "Sassing" or talking back to your parents was unknown. In many of our modern homes of today, the youngster is the boss. He tells the parents what he is going to do, and to have peace in the family, they usually give in to the youngster. The colt goes unbridled without a restraining hand to guide his footsteps. The modern way is not restrain his spirit, but let him have his way. Of course, this is not always the case in rearing children. When I was a youngster I never thought of calling an older person's name without putting Mr. or Mrs. before it. I was taught to respect all old age including my parents, and they respected me. Father was not a person to whip or scold his children. His theory was: bring a child up and teach him right from wrong, and if there is anything to him, it will come out as he grows older. When I was a youngster, as a rule, the boys were more venturesome or wilder than the girls. Most girls went to school and got an education far more readily than boys. The boy's mind matures more slowly than the girl's and in those days there were so many more new countries to conquer than now. The boys would wander away from home and school.

I remember attending a baccalaureate sermon in 1910 at Tioga, Texas. There were nineteen girls graduating from High School and only one boy. Well, that preacher or speaker said things that started me thinking things over, seriously. Most of the boys I associated with were smoking and drinking in those days. A

girl never thought of such thing. This speaker asked the boys a question: "Do you want to be the little end of a cigarette?" His statement made such a profound impression on my mind that I have never used tobacco to this day.

I am not going to say that the condition has reversed itself, for I have a daughter coming on; but I will let you be the judge. As far as the masses of humanity are concerned, I don't believe that we are as quarrelsome in this day and age as they were thirty-five or forty years ago. I can remember going to picnics on July 4, and we would always wonder who was going to have a fight that day. Usually someone did. Most of them were fist fights; but some were far worse than that. In those days, it was always the men who fought. I talked with a man only last year who has run a concession every fourth of July in a town in the mountains of New Mexico, for over thirty-five years. He stated that when he first went to this mountain village, there were always some serious fights among the men. Year before last, on the fourth of July picnic there were two fights among the women who had drunk too much; none among the men.

History tells us that when the women lower themselves the morals of the nation are lowered and that country is due for a downfall. I am not condemning the women of this day and age, but am only trying to relate conditions. I am like the Irishman who said, "Faith, and my mother was a woman." There are plenty of good women in the world. I can repeat here with all sincerity what Lincoln once said. "All

that I am and all that I ever hope to be goes to my Mother first and Father second."

Three other women besides my mother have wielded a great deal of influence in my life as a youngster. One was Father's mother, the other his sister, Aunt Mary. The last one was one of my teachers, Mrs. C. C. Franks, who now resides in Waco, Texas.

We are traveling at a very fast pace, somewhat like driftwood caught in the waters of a swift stream. It seems to be hard for us to get to the bank or backwater where we can rest for a spell.

People of this day and time do not stop to enjoy themselves and their friends like the old settlers or pioneers used to do. Everything is commercialized now, even to the air we breathe (air conditioning). We are harassed with interest on our investments, and taxes of every conceivable nature. We have more things with which to enjoy living than the old pioneers did, but I think it can be truthfully said there is more unrest in the world today than in all of the history of this so-called modern civilization. The Aztec Indians of old Mexico reached a high state of culture and civilization for that time and age, and then they perished from the earth. If we continue at the rate we are going, what will happen to us? I sometimes wonder.

I was told, first hand, the horrors of our own Civil War and experienced the horrors of the last World War. Now, once more we have wars and rumors of wars in almost every country or nation; and all nations are taxing them-

selves to a point almost past endurance on the part of the people, in order to create more implements of destruction. The peace loving nations are forced to create implements of defense in preparation for the next war which will be directed against women and children as much as against the soldier on the fields of battle. I made the statement at the close of the World War that the next world war would destroy modern civilization, and I see nothing to cause me to change that statement, for the aggressor nations who are fighting today have been using prisoners of war for bayonet practice.

I could go on and on describing the horrors that war is creating today. Our implements of destruction in the air, on the land, and in the sea are marvelous to behold. Our modern conveniences for the peoples of the earth to really enjoy life, created in the mechanical world by master minds of this age, are marvelous also. The ultimate triumph of human ingenuity is beyond comparison; no doubt but what our modern radios will soon be equipped with television, and some day we will be able to push a button and hear the announcer say, "Ladies and gentlemen, with the perfection of radio-synchronized - three - or four - dimensional - color - television, we are now able to bring to you the complete picture of the end of Civilization"—all of which brings to my mind the only hope I can see for us as a nation or an individual. It is the promises that are written in the Bible by our Lord and Savior who said "Times and conditions change. Heaven and earth shall pass

away, but my word shall be with you always
even to the ends of the earth."

Not, "How did he die?"
But, "How did he live?"
Not, "What did he gain?"
But, "What did he give?"

These are the units
To measure the worth
Of a man as a man,
Regardless of birth.

Not, "What was his station?"
But, "Had he a heart?"
And, "How did he play
His God-given part?"

Was he ever ready
With words of good cheer
To bring back a smile?
To banish a tear?

Not, "What did the sketch
In the newspapers say?"
But, "How many were sorry
When he passed away?"

—Author Unknown

THE STAGECOACH

There was no rubber tires or roads of cement
For people to ride on wherever they went.
The roads in them days, if you recollect back,
Was some mud or some dust and a couple wheel tracks.

The bridges were few, and they forded the cricks,
You might think they was shore in a terrible fix;
But lots of folks liked to be livin' out there.
They was wild as the country and didn't much care.

Each little town watched for the stage to come through,
With the mail and express and some passengers too.
Up the rough rugged hills they would labor and climb,
But going down hill, that was where they made time.

When they started they never knowed what they might
face,

On a journey like that, anything could take place.
But you'd find mighty quick if it ever got rough,
The guard and the driver was both plenty tough.

—*Bruce Kiskaddon.*

Used by permission of the Los Angeles Union Stock Yards.

THE OVERLAND STAGE

Up to the time railroads began their development in America, the stagecoach was one of the most popular means of going from one part of the country to another. Even after the first development of the railroads, stagecoach lines acted as feeders to the railroad in out-of-the-way places, for years. Up to the close of the last century, means of transportation was usually by hack, buggy, wagon, prairie schooner, or stagecoach. If you wanted to go somewhere in a hurry, you went by stage, for they usually had good horses and changed them at regular intervals which enabled the passengers to make more time. The coach was one of the first means of four-wheel transportation in both the new and old world. For want of roads in former times, four-wheel carriages were comparatively rare. It is believed that beyond the rudest sort of peasant carts, there were not a dozen carriages or coaches in all Europe when America was discovered. The bodies of the early carriages or coaches were hung or swung on leather straps by way of springs.

The carriage spring has passed through many stages of evolution. The first attempt to relieve the jar of riding over rough roads was the suspension of the box or body of the coach by

leather straps from stiff iron arms or jacks rising in front and behind from the axles. Then it occurred to some smith to give the upper end of the jacks, or arms, a little spring. The next step was to coil the upper end of the jacks into springs having the shape of the letter "C." The elliptical steel springs have been in use for a century or more.

The names of various kinds of carriages are really amusing as well as bewildering. Some of our automobile manufacturers have copied or appropriated some of these names in modern cars: gig, sulky, and go-cart; chaise, calash, cariole, coupé, hansom, and jaunting-car; coach, brougham, barouche, rock-away, landau, and victoria; buggy, phaeton and surrey; cab, hackney, fiacre, and drosky; drag, carryall, and tally-ho; wagonette, barge, stage, and omnibus; dray, express-wagon, and van; cart, truck, and farm-wagon. There is no end to the classes, styles, and variations of the vehicle. Two-wheeled carts or chariots were known to the Assyrians and Egyptians. The Bible tells us that David brought home the Ark of the Covenant in a new cart, and the anger of the Lord was kindled against Uzzah, and he smote him for putting his unhallowed hand on the Ark, when the oxen drawing the cart stumbled over rough ground. The chariot is a historic vehicle with a low axle and two wheels, a pole for a tongue, and a bed or box open behind. The driver stands in the box and guides his steeds. The ancient Assyrians and Egyptians understood the making of elaborate chariots with spoked wheels as depicted on the monu-

ments. Achilles tied the body of Hector to his chariot and dragged it about the walls of Troy. The Egyptians pursued the children of Israel with chariots drawn by horses, and were drowned in the Red Sea. Strong blades or knives were often affixed to the wheels of war chariots, which caused much havoc in the ranks of the enemy. Chariot races were a favorite amusement among the ancients. History gives us a spirited account of the historical chariot race of Ben Hur, which has been reproduced in moving pictures.

The stagecoach of the Old West is used as a basis for many a western picture. In fact, it has almost become immortalized in western fiction of the screen. The stagecoach was used to carry mail across the country along with the Pony Express which carried mail by a relay system of horses. At the end of a certain number of miles the rider would change to a fresh horse and dash away, at full speed. Much ground could be covered by relaying with a fresh horse. Most of our western stagecoaches were drawn by four horses. However, at times six were used. Gold and silver bullion was shipped to the smelters from mines of the West, and in return payrolls were shipped back to the mines by stage. The lawless element had some way, possibly through the grapevine system, of knowing or finding out how and when these shipments were to take place; and the outlaws or robbers would usually hide in some place where the road was extremely bad and the stage would have to slow up. The robbers would sometimes only call for the strong box or the

money bag, not molesting the passengers; but on some occasions they would rob the passengers of all their money and valuables.

Uncle Sam Moore of Seguin, Texas, whose father rode a mule from Virginia to Texas to join the Texas army under Sam Houston, when a boy watched the Pack-Saddle Mountain Indian fight in Llano County in 1872. He has driven many herds up the trail, killed thousands of buffalo, brushed elbows with outlaws and gentlemen, and fought with the Indians. He is one of the few living men of today who has been in a stagecoach hold-up. It happened at what was known as the peg-leg crossing on the San Saba River. The coach was going west from Austin, Texas, in 1879. The lone robber took all the passengers' money except that of one lady and Mr. Moore, who was the lone cowboy. The robber told him to keep his belongings, for no cowboy had a damn thing anyway. Mr. Moore is past eighty, hale and hearty, awaiting the last sunset, with a fine, eventful life. In his mind are stored memories of pioneer life in the great state of Texas.

There was constant danger on every hand when the stage was going through hostile Indian country. The Indians did not rob so much, but would kill all the passengers including the driver, and often steal the horses. Many of the stage lines had paid scouts who were fine shots who rode the stage in addition to the driver, for the hold-ups by highway robbers were more to be feared than anything else. Of course, they would not kill the passengers, provided they turned all their money and valuables over to

them without making any false moves or complaining too much. But the driver and paid guard would get drilled if the robbers got the drop on them and they made any resistance whatsoever.

Many old forts are now in ruins, such as: old Fort Davis in the southwestern part of Texas, in Jeff Davis County, Old Fort McKavett in Menard County, old Fort Griffin in Shackelford County, old Fort Worth in Tarrant County, old Fort Elliott in Wheeler County, old Fort Sumner on the Pecos River in New Mexico, old Fort Cobb in Caddo County, Oklahoma, Old Fort Sill in Comanche County, Oklahoma. All these old forts were established to protect trade or travel routes of the old prairie schooners and stagecoaches. Practically all of these old forts are now in decay, having served their usefulness, with the exception of old Fort Sill in Oklahoma which is a permanent fort and military reservation. If the Indians got too bad, or there was too much robbery in a certain locality, the soldiers would be sent out to round up the Indians or chase down the outlaws. Most of these old forts were abandoned in the early '90's.

W. W. Pollard told me an interesting story of a stagecoach robbery which occurred in the year of 1881 in the mountains west of Roswell, New Mexico. Pollard was working on the old Diamond A Ranch in Southwestern New Mexico and a fellow was working there named Johnson, who was a rather tough *hombre* (Spanish word meaning man); but he wasn't a highway robber. This man was later killed

in a saloon in Brisbee, Arizona. Johnson stated that he and another passenger whom he knew well were the only passengers going across the mountains. The stage had only one driver and no guard. He said that the passengers did not know there was a money sack on the stage which was the payroll for a mine. When they were deep into the mountains, and had to slow down to make a sharp turn in the road, a lone, masked man stepped from behind a cedar bush with a winchester and ordered the stage driver to halt. When the stage had stopped he said, "Boys, just pitch me that sack of money under the seat, and you can be on your way." In the fall of 1900 or just about nineteen years after the robbery, Johnson was in a saloon in Roswell, New Mexico, and a bunch of men were talking and discussing the adventures they had been through, and swapping yarns as men will do. A real tough looking *hombre* told about being a passenger on a stagecoach in 1881 and going through the mountains west of Roswell when one lone highwayman held up the stage and asked for a sack of money that was under the driver's seat. He went on to describe the robbery in detail. Johnson knew the other passenger was not this man, and he knew this man telling the story knew too much about the robbery not to have been the actual robber himself, so he slipped out of the saloon and went to the sheriff's office and told the sheriff he wanted two of the best deputies he had to make an arrest, for this fellow was armed and plenty tough looking. Johnson told the sheriff that he would go with them and point the man out. The

officers went back with Johnson to the saloon, and since Johnson had described the man so that they would know him, they stuck a gun in his ribs and said, "Pardner, come and go with us." They took him to jail and kept quizzing him about the robbery which had occurred in 1881 and he finally admitted he was the lone bandit who had held up and robbed the stage nineteen years before. He said that was the first time he had ever told anyone about the robbery, and he would not have told it then if he had not been drinking too much.

Most of those old stagecoach routes are now paved trans-continental highways that a modern car can travel sixty or more miles per hour over. These cars pass many a spot where a tragedy, some fifty or more years ago, had been enacted. The Indians and old scouts like Kit Carson knew the gaps or passes in the mountains and the first overland stage routes followed these gaps or mountain passes in the land of yesterday. Many old timers will tell you that the buffalo in his migration followed the lines of least resistance going through mountain passes, crossing streams and rivers at the point of least resistance. Many of our modern highways follow the general course that the buffalo took when traveling across the country. Buffalo evidently knew these routes by instinct. These same routes were later followed by the railroads.

In three generations of time, think where America has advanced in transportation. Even when I was a small boy, the Western Plains Indian used the travios, or poles tied to the sides

of an Indian pony and a crude platform usually of skins erected behind the horse to carry the Indians' meager belongings or for the squaw and papoose to ride on. In days before the Civil War lots of freighting was done by pack-mules, with pack-saddles on their backs, the load being held on by ropes with the famous diamond hitch holding them down. In the days of the Pony Express, it was considered one of the fastest conveyances to carry the mail for that day and age. Next came the old prairie schooner, with enormous wheels pulled by the plodding oxen bringing those hardy, venturesome souls called "Our Pioneers." To many of us of the great Southwest, the pioneers behind the old plodding oxen or mule teams were Mother and Dad who helped to blaze the way, with a tow-headed boy riding in the spring seat along by the side of Mother. Now the little tow-headed boys who trekked westward with their parents as lads, are your business men of today. Their temples are now streaked with grey or maybe they have started to meet; or maybe their chests have started to slipping slightly, making it rather difficult to tie their shoes.

Just before the great southwestern development of the railroads, the stagecoach was at its height of fame and glory acting as a transport for those hardy, venturesome souls, to the West, also, in returning the weaklings back to the land from whence they came where the hardships to endure were not so many. The stagecoach helped restless humanity to keep ever on the move or to migrate as the wild geese

or the buffalo, carrying mail to and from loved ones.

Our rivers and navigable streams have also played their part in early day transportation. I talked with my daughter's great-great-grandmother Greenwell in 1917 who was then an old lady. She came down the Ohio River from eastern Kentucky on a flat boat to St. Louis, a bride when only seventeen years of age. Then she went up the Missouri River to Lexington in a steamboat. She said her mother and sisters were almost hysterical when she left to go into that awful wilderness of Missouri. She promised them she would return for a visit at least once each year, and to show you how life will play tricks on us and change our interests, it was over fifty years before she got to return to her old home. With the coming of the railroads, travel was speeded up but there were still many out-of-the-way places where it was many miles to the railroad. Take our own Staked Plains around Lubbock, going either north or south it was for years over a hundred miles to the closest railroad. These old routes are now paved highways with modern automobiles traveling as fast over them as airplanes could travel during the World War; and in the sky, we have passenger and mail planes that can fly across the United States, flying westward with the sun. In conclusion, I will repeat a poem by Gene Lindberg:

When men ride West in ships that fly,
They follow the ancient trails,
There are no landmarks in the sky;
The friendly earth still must supply
Her rivers, roads and rails.

When men ride West by speeding train
They travel well-worn ways.
Swift iron wheels retrace again
The course traversed across the plain
By wheels of by-gone days.

Fleet motors climb the western grade
The stagecoach used to take.
The ox-carts in their slow parade
Sought out the tracks the trapper made
And followed in their wake.

We who ride West and spurn the ground
With wheels that rise and soar,
Still need the trails our fathers found
When jolting wheels turned slowly round
Where feet had trudged before.

—Reprinted from Denver Post by Permission

